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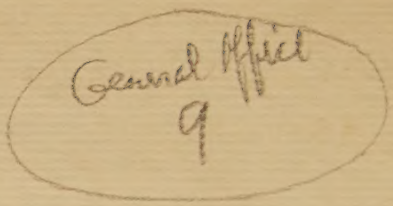

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THE SHREWSBURY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. EDITED BY HENRY FESTING JONES AND A. T. BARTHOLOMEW. IN TWENTY VOLUMES.
VOLUME ONE: A FIRST YEAR IN CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT AND OTHER EARLY ESSAYS

SAMUEL BUTLER WHEN AN UNDERGRADUATE AT CAMBRIDGE, ABOUT 1858

From a photograph

Frontispiece

A First Year in

CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT

AND OTHER EARLY ESSAYS

by

SAMUEL BUTLER

LONDON: JONATHAN CAPE
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
MCMXXIII

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & GRIGGS
(PRINTERS), LTD. AT TOOKS COURT
LONDON MCMXXIII

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SAMUEL BUTLER SOON AFTER HIS RETURN FROM NEW ZEALAND, ABOUT 1866. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
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SINCE BUTLER'S DEATH IN 1902 HIS FAME HAS spread so rapidly and the world of letters now takes so keen an interest in the man and his writings that no apology is necessary for the republication of even his least significant works. I had long desired to bring out a new edition of his earliest book, *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, together with the other pieces that he wrote during his residence in New Zealand, and, that wish being now realized, I have added a supplementary group of pieces written during his undergraduate days at Cambridge, so that the present volume forms a tolerably complete record of Butler's literary activity up to the days of *Erewhon*, the only omission of any importance being that of his pamphlet, published anonymously in 1865, *The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ as given by the Four Evangelists critically examined*. I have not reprinted this, because practically the whole of it was incorporated into *The Fair Haven*.

A First Year in Canterbury Settlement has long been out of print, and copies of the original edition are difficult to procure. Butler professed to think poorly of it. Writing in 1889 to his friend Alfred Marks, who had picked up a second-hand copy and felt some doubt as to its authorship, he said: "I am afraid the little book you have referred to was written by me. My people edited my letters home. I did not write freely to them, of course, because they were my people. If I was at all freer anywhere they cut it out before printing it; besides, I had not yet shed my Cambridge skin and its trail is everywhere, I am afraid, perceptible. I have never read the book myself. I dipped into a few pages when they sent it to me in New Zealand, but saw 'prig' written upon them so plainly that I read no more and never have and never mean to. I am told the book sells for £1 a copy in New Zealand; in fact, last autumn I know Sir Walter Buller gave that for a copy in England, so as a speculation it is worth 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* I stole a passage or two from it for *Erewhon*, meaning to let it go and never be reprinted during my lifetime."

This must be taken with a grain of salt. It was Butler's habit sometimes to entertain his friends and himself by speaking of his own works with studied disrespect, as when, with reference to his own "Darwin on the Origin of Species," which also is reprinted in this volume, he described philosophical dialogues as "the most offensive form, except poetry and books of travel into supposed unknown countries, that even literature can assume." The circumstances which led to *A First Year* being written have been fully described by Mr. Festing Jones in his Sketch of Butler's Life, and I will only briefly recapitulate them. Butler left England for New Zealand in September 1859, remaining in the colony until 1864. *A First Year* was published in 1863 in Butler's name by his father, who contributed a short preface, stating that the book was compiled from his son's journal and letters, with extracts from two papers contributed to *The Eagle*, the magazine of St. John's College, Cambridge. These two papers had appeared in 1860-1 in the form of three articles entitled "Our Emigrant" and signed "Cellarius." By comparing these articles with the book as published by Butler's father it is possible to arrive at some conclusion as to the amount of editing to which Butler's prose was submitted. Some passages in the articles do not appear in the book at all; others appear unaltered; others again have been slightly doctored, apparently with the object of robbing them of a certain youthful "cocksureness," which probably grated upon the paternal nerves, but seems to me to create an atmosphere of engaging freshness which I miss in the edited version. So much of the "Our Emigrant" articles is repeated in *A First Year* almost, if not quite, verbatim that it did not seem worth while to reprint the articles in their entirety. I have, however, included in this collection one extract from the latter which was not incorporated into *A First Year*, though it describes at greater length an incident referred to on p. 121. From this extract, which I have called "Crossing the Rangitata," readers will be able to see for themselves how fresh and spirited Butler's original

descriptions of his adventures were, and will probably regret that he did not take the publication of *A First Year* into his own hands, instead of allowing his father to have a hand in it.

With regard to the other pieces included in this volume I have thought it best to prefix brief notes, when necessary, to each in turn explaining the circumstances in which they were written and, when it was possible, giving the date of composition.

In preparing the book for publication I have been materially helped by friends in both hemispheres. My thanks are specially due to Miss Colborne-Veel, of Christchurch, N.Z., for copying some of Butler's early contributions to *The Press*, and in particular for her kindness in allowing me to make use of her notes on "The English Cricketers"; to Mr. A. T. Bartholomew for his courtesy in allowing me to reprint his article on "Butler and the Simeonites," which originally appeared in *The Cambridge Magazine* of 1st March 1913, and throws so interesting a light upon a certain passage in *The Way of All Flesh*—the article is here reprinted by the kind permission of the editor and proprietor of *The Cambridge Magazine*; to Mr. J. F. Harris for his generous assistance in tracing and copying several of Butler's early contributions to *The Eagle*; to Mr. W. H. Triggs, the editor of *The Press*, for allowing me to make use of much interesting matter relating to Butler that has appeared in the columns of that journal; and lastly to Mr. Henry Festing Jones, whose help and counsel have been as invaluable to me in preparing this volume for the press as they have been in past years in the case of the other books by Butler that I have been privileged to edit.

R. A. STREATFEILD

IN 1914 STREATFEILD PUBLISHED A COLLECTION of Butler's early writings previous to *Erewhon* divided into Part I, New Zealand; Part II, Cambridge. The volume, which is here reprinted with a few slight alterations, was entitled *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, with other Early Essays*, and it had an Introduction and Notes by Streatfeild to which it is not necessary to add anything new. I take this opportunity of apologizing for correcting a supposed error in volume I of my *Memoir* of Butler. I got my information from *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement* and from my imperfect recollection of what Butler had told me; and in the *Memoir*, when writing of Butler's arrival in New Zealand, I said:

"Port Lyttelton lies in the crater of an extinct volcano, the sides of which rise round it on the land side as a range of hills; behind the hills are the Canterbury Plains, and through the plains the river Heathcote runs to the sea; beyond it runs the Avon, with Christchurch upon its banks. In Butler's time the road from Port Lyttelton to Christchurch was by bridle-path over the hills to the ferry across the Heathcote, and from there by a good road to Christchurch."

This passage was set up in type and together with the rest of the book had passed through the press, when in 1917 I had the pleasure of meeting in the New Zealand Hospital at Walton-on-Thames a wounded corporal from Christchurch. In the course of conversation about his country this corporal told me, or I understood him to say, that the river Heathcote can no longer be said to run; it ran in Butler's time, but it is now dried up. There was still time for me to make the correction in a postscript to the preface to the *Memoir*, and I did so. Then came the Armistice and my corporal returned to New Zealand. In October 1919 the *Memoir* appeared, and those of my correspondents who knew the colony and had read the book all agreed in telling me that what the soldier said was not evidence; the river Heathcote is still running. One of them went so far as to say that he was fishing in it "last Easter."

Introduction to Part III

Since Streatfeild's death seven other pre-Erewhonian writings have come to light which are here included under the heading Part III, London, about which a few words seem necessary.

The first of these is "The Mechanical Creation," which appeared in *The Reasoner*, 1st July 1865. It is perhaps misleading to say that this article came to light recently, because it appears from Butler's Preface to the 1901 edition of *Erewhon* that he rewrote and enlarged his letter to the New Zealand *Press*, "Darwin among the Machines" (signed "Cellarius"), and that the result was republished as "The Mechanical Creation" (signed S.B.) on 1st July 1865, in *The Reasoner*, a paper then published in London by Mr. G. J. Holyoake. And this I repeat in the *Memoir*, volume I, p. 117. Butler says that there is a copy in the British Museum. I knew this when I was writing the *Memoir*, but I did not go to the Museum and see the files of *The Reasoner* until the other day, when Miss P. J. de Lange, Litt.Doct^{a}., of Alkmaar, in Holland, who has made Butler and his writings a subject of study, sent me a copy of an article which she had found in *The Reasoner*, "Precaution in Freethought," signed S.B., and asked whether I thought it was by Butler. As soon as I read it I had no doubt about it, and it is printed here as the second of the articles belonging to this period. I thank Miss de Lange for her kindness in sending me the article.

Butler continues, in the Preface to the 1901 edition of *Erewhon*, that he again rewrote "The Mechanical Creation" as "The Book of the Machines" for *Erewhon*. He also says that he rewrote "The World of the Unborn" from an article which had originally appeared in *The Reasoner*, or some other paper, but he did not keep a copy; and that he turned the substance of two articles written about 1865 into "The Musical Banks" and "An Erewhonian Trial." These passages, with a few sentences which he took from memory from *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, were all of *Erewhon* that was written before 1870; and in this way the book began to grow. He further says that a second

article on the machines appeared in *The Press* shortly after the first, but he had no copy. This was "Lucubratio Ebria" (*The Press*, 29th July 1865), and was reprinted by Streatfeild in the 1914 volume. He did not find in the copies of *The Reasoner* which are in the British Museum his article on "The World of the Unborn"; I looked for it, but neither did I find it, nor did I find anything about the Musical Banks or the Erewhonian Trial.

In "The Mechanical Creation" here reprinted Butler speaks as though he intended to follow it by a second article; but I found none. The paper came to an end with the number for December 1865, having existed for nearly twenty years under the editorship of Mr. G. J. Holyoake; and the substance of Butler's second article on the machines, if he actually began it, no doubt forms part of "The Book of the Machines" in *Erewhon*.

In 1883 Butler made this note, which he revised in 1897:

MYSELF A LATE DEVELOPER

"No one will understand me or my work unless they bear in mind that I was an unusually slow and late grower. I have not developed into much, but I have developed into much more than as a young or middle-aged man I seemed likely to do."

I often heard Butler repeat the substance of this note, and I used to take it as being true because, of course, he must have been so much better able than I to form an opinion of what he went through before I knew him. But since his death, and since reading his early writings and comparing them with his later works, I have begun to doubt. It is the fact that he continued to develop right up to his death; but just as he discovered and adopted early in life those principles of English composition from which he never departed (as I have pointed out in my "brief but imperfect sketch" of his life, prefixed to this volume), so he seems to have discovered and adopted, quite early, those principles of philo-

sophy on which he based the views which he continued to hold until his death. I suppose now that his note should be read as meaning that he only gradually came to understand fully the significance of what had already commended itself to him, rather than that, as he grew older, he developed any startlingly new opinions. It is the same with his style of writing. These early essays are offered as helping the reader to follow the growth of his mind and to realize how practice made him more expert in self-expression. In saying this I am not thinking of the note prefixed to the first article from *The Reasoner*. We must not rob Mr. Holyoake of any of the credit for the artless form in which we are there told about the return to America of Dr. Ferguson.

In reading the article "The Mechanical Creation" I found a passage which awakened in me memories of the Pontifexes. Butler is speaking of the steam engine and writes:

"It is employed in the manufacture of machinery and, though steam engines are as the angels in heaven with regard to matrimony, we seem to catch a glimpse of the extraordinary vicarious arrangement whereby it is not impossible that the reproductive system of the mechanical world will be always carried on."

This sentence transported me to the Rectory dining-room at Battersby. I sat again among the guests while Ernest's christening dinner was in progress, as in chapter 18 of *The Way of All Flesh*. Old George Pontifex had helped himself to turbot. Then came the lobster sauce, and I heard him hiss in Christina's ear these disastrous words:

"'It was not made with a hen lobster. What's the use of my calling the boy Ernest, and getting him christened in water from the Jordan, if his own father does not know a cock from a hen lobster?' This [continues Butler in the person of Edward Overton] cut me too, for I felt that till that moment I had not so much as known that there were cocks and hens among lobsters, but had vaguely thought that in the matter of matrimony they were even as the angels

in heaven, and grew up almost spontaneously from rocks and seaweed."

In 1871 Butler, in a letter to Miss Savage (*Memoir*, I, 143), speaks of writing for *The Drawing-Room Gazette* half a column of criticism of every concert for which Mrs. Briggs, the then editor of the *Gazette*, should give him tickets. "But," he wrote, "I only want Handel's oratorios. I would have added 'and things of that sort,' but there are no 'things of that sort' except Handel's." In a note at the head of this letter, made when he was "editing his remains" in 1901, he says he is happy to see that there are no copies of the *Gazette* in the British Museum. He was happy because in the interval of thirty years he had become convinced that his criticisms must have contained much youthful incompetence, and he did not want anyone to read them.

Since the appearance of the *Memoir* Mr. Robert Farquharson Sharp, of the British Museum, has informed me that there are copies of *The Drawing-Room Gazette* in the Museum; Butler was misled by some scheme of classification in the catalogue, the reason of which was not obvious. I accordingly went to the Museum and saw what they have. The collection is not complete, it begins on 1st July 1871 and extends, with gaps, until 1873. Several times as I looked through it I felt as though I was in the presence of Miss Savage. For instance, on the 25th of May 1872, under the general heading "Art and Literature," I found this note:

"Mr. Butler, a gentleman well-known in London society, and an artist of some reputation and great promise, is the author of *Erewhon*, a new book that has lately created so much sensation and has received such favourable notice from the press."

I think that Miss Savage and Butler must have had a laugh over this, if, as I suppose, they concocted the paragaph together. And yet perhaps it was done entirely by Miss Savage, for I doubt whether Butler would have acquiesced in being described as "well-known in London society."

Introduction to Part III

On the 22nd June someone, who I felt sure could only be Miss Savage again, instructed the readers of the *Gazette*, under "Literary," that Erewhon is Nowhere backwards and that Ydgrun is Grundy backwards. And on the 13th July she informs them that *Erewhon* (Nowhere) has reached a third and cheaper edition.

I found five articles by Butler, unsigned but certainly by him; the first two on painting, and the remaining three on music. There may be others by him in those numbers which are not in the Museum; but the five articles reproduced in this volume will give a sufficient idea of Butler's literary method at this period.

The Dedomenici da Rossa of the first article and his picture at Varallo occur in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, chapter 11 (chapter 12 in the first edition), as an introduction to the chapter headed "Considerations on the Decline of Italian Art"; and much of what he writes in these two chapters of the book reads as though he then had before him his article in *The Drawing-Room Gazette*; if so, he must have destroyed the article after using as much of it as he wanted, for we did not find it with his papers. But it is just as likely that he was using only his memory. The conclusion he arrives at is that the student should not learn to do, but should learn by doing.

I have no doubt that the title of the second article, "Instead of an Article on the Dudley Exhibition," arose out of some conversation between Butler and Miss Savage. She, trying, according to her custom, to get him to write in a style more adapted for the general public than that in which he usually wrote, probably said: "Why don't you write us an article on the Dudley Gallery Exhibition? You've been there."

He would reply that he did not feel up to it, that he was not used to writing in magazines.

She would say, "Well, not a regular magazine article if you like; but something instead of an article."

And then to please her he would force himself to write as nearly as possible in what he considered to be the manner

of the art critics. But with all his desire to please Miss Savage his article cannot be said to be so very much like what one usually sees in magazines. It is on the difficulty of acquiring the power of judging any work of art, and might be the essay to which he refers in chapter 2 of *Alps and Sanctuaries*, where he writes:

"I once began an essay on 'The Art of Knowing what gives one Pleasure,' but soon found myself out of the diatonic with it, and in all manner of strange keys amid a maze of metaphysical accidentals and double and treble flats, so I left it alone as a question not worth the trouble it seemed likely to take in answering."

Of the three articles on music, the first is about a performance of *Jephtha* at Exeter Hall, and in a subsequent letter to Miss Savage he speaks of his criticism as flippant, and refers to "the bit of naughtiness" about Handel's having had Polyphemus in view when he wrote the overture, the subject of the fugue being reminiscent of "Wretched Lovers" in *Acis and Galatea*. "Was it unconsciously present to his mind," he asks, "that God's treatment of Jephtha was something like that of Polyphemus in respect of Acis?"

In the next article on *Israel in Egypt* he regrets the absence of an overture and says that "a movement of some sort, even if it were only a dozen bars, would be an assistance. There are about a dozen bars of tremendous consecutive chords more full and Titanic than anything else which we know, we had almost said in music, buried away in an unknown leçon of Handel's."

These chords, he thinks, might do as an introductory movement, and he believes that Handel would have given his consent. "But," he says, "one hardly dares propose it seriously." He was thinking of the chords, moaned by the statues, introduced into the opening of *Erewhon*, which was published a few months after the date of the concert. He does not, in *Erewhon*, actually name Handel, he says that the chords "are by the greatest of all musicians." They are from the Prelude to the first of Handel's *Trois Leçons* or,

as Butler used to say, " That is where they live when they are at home."

The last article is about *Deborah* and Bach's St. Matthew *Passion*. In *Deborah* he was especially delighted with the magnificent chorus, " O Baal! Monarch of the Skies." This contains a passage about " the sun immensely bright," wherein " there shoots forth a beautiful spray-like growth of melody which must be heard to be understood; it is as though there were a sudden breaking forth from behind clouds and shining of the sun himself."

And in writing of Bach's *Passion* he speaks of the evidently intended musical allusion to the cock's crowing in the recitative " Now Peter sat without in the Palace," an allusion not assigned to the instruments, but to the human voice; and later on, in the same recitative, the detestable whining on the words " wept bitterly " which people actually applauded and seemed to want to hear a second time.

In making this contrast between Handel's sun-burst and Bach's cock-crow Butler is no doubt intending to draw attention to the right and the wrong way of doing things. Handel does not try to make you think the sun is there, he uses his knowledge and skill to compose music which shall bring into your mind emotions similar to those you experience when you see the real sun. Bach is content to astonish you with a farmyard imitation of an actual cock-crow, and leaves you wondering whether it might not be possible to make it more like.

Do not let any worshipper of Bach take offence. Let him remember that Butler is here speaking of Bach only as a composer of vocal music, and everyone knows—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say—few are aware that to write music for words to be sung and to write absolute music are two different arts. Butler only means that when he heard a performance of the *Messiah* he was deeply moved, and when he heard a performance of the St. Matthew *Passion* he was not deeply moved. It is always good to know a man's real feelings, whether we feel as he does or not.

If it is the business of a musical critic to treat music apart from other manifestations of life, as though it were in a watertight compartment, then it is not fair to consider Butler as a musical critic, for this was not his way; he never treated anything as being apart from other manifestations of life. For him life was a whole, and everything overlapped everything else. He was interested in the work, but he was always more interested in the man behind the work; that is, he was less interested in the technical skill than in what the artist is telling us about himself. The book, the picture, or the music is the work of man, but the writer, the painter, or the composer is the work of God. In this spirit he approached all art. At a concert, as in a picture gallery, he was asking himself: "Has the painter or composer made me feel that he felt rightly? Or has he only painted or written so that he may appear to have felt so? Are all the figures upon this so much praised canvas—are all the notes in this so much praised composition—found upon reflection to be nothing but an academic arrangement quickened neither by thought nor by any excellence other than technical excellence?" And in the same spirit he approached also literature.

In the three arts which interested him most deeply Butler knew most about the technique of writing and was most expert at it. This was no doubt due partly to his classical education which had been begun as soon as he could speak; in literary technique he had become what he speaks of in the opening of *Life and Habit* as an unconscious knower. He did not begin to study the technique of painting until he was already grown up; he then spent much time over it, and over the history of painting, and the lives of the painters. He became a conscious knower in this art, but his knowledge was acquired with difficulty and did not carry him far as a practical painter. His knowledge of his weakness here made him approach painting with feelings of tenderness for the other feeble ones; it made him able to understand them and ready to sympathize with them and forgive them. Whereas

in the writing of words he was conscious that he was strong, and he preferred to read the works of those who were at least as expert as he was himself, or of those who could give him information of which he might happen to be in want.

In the days of *The Drawing-Room Gazette* he knew scarcely anything about the technique of the composition of music. He made a note in 1885, speaking of himself as he was in 1883:

"At that time I knew nothing consciously about phrases of two, four, eight, or sixteen bars. I did not know what counterpoint was; and as for harmony, I know about as much now as I knew then, *i.e.*, about as much as a governess will teach her pupils in a second-rate school."

It was the extreme of ignorance, as contrasted with the extreme of knowledge which he possessed in literature. And so things went on until about 1888 when we were studying mediaeval counterpoint with that learned old musician, William Smith Rockstro, and he began to pick up something about how music is made. Therefore it is no use expecting from him in 1871 the criticism of a trained musician.

Moreover, to be an intelligent critic of music one must be a trained listener, and there are many ways of listening to music. To begin with, there are two extreme kinds of listeners: the intellectual and the emotional. After a concert the intellectual listener, in talking it over with his friend, the emotional listener, will refer to the development of the thematic material; of how one part imitated another; of how the music modulated, how it led up to a climax; and will conclude by looking upon him with pity and saying:

"Ah, my dear boy, if only you would learn a little about the technique of musical composition you would enjoy these concerts so much more."

The emotional listener is quite happy; while the music proceeds he is perhaps analysing his feelings, comparing his state of mind now with what it was the other day when

he heard some other piece of music, and settling whether he was on a higher emotional plane then or now. He repays his intellectual friend for his pity by quoting from memory and saying:

"Oh that men should put an enemy into their brains to steal away their hearts."

There is no reason why these two extreme types should change places or why they should want to change; each is content as he is. They are, however, so extreme that we are now forced to consider a third type—or rather, we are now led to abolishing our distinction; for, as Butler often said, nothing exists in its extreme form, but everything is interpenetrated with its opposite; and so no intellectual listener is absolutely deaf to the emotional appeal of the music, and every emotional listener knows something of technique. Butler, in 1871, was not entirely ignorant of the technique; he could have told you, for instance, whether the music ended with a major or with a minor chord. Somewhere between the two extremes exists the listener for whom the composer wrote his music. This third kind has absorbed all that there is to be known about technique until he has become an unconscious knower, and at the same time he has preserved all his power of receiving emotional impressions.

Now, what kind of a listener was Butler? There are more than the three kinds we have mentioned—there are probably as many different kinds as there are individual listeners. Butler could talk about the technique of painting, but he could not talk about the technique of music because he had not the requisite knowledge; nor could he say much in words about the emotional side of music; no one can, for words are not the right medium in which to convey your meaning, to try to make words serve the purpose is to realize how inadequate they are. Music is the only medium that will convey the emotions raised by music. So that, being unable to talk about the music either emotionally because of the incompetence of language or intellectually because of the inadequacy of his knowledge, he treated it, when he wished

to write about it, as we have seen him treat painting. He remembered that music also is a language whereby mind is conveyed to mind and he tried to get inside the mind of the composer. He looked for the answer to this question: "Has the composer made me feel that he felt rightly, or has he only written so that he may appear to have felt so?" The search for this caused him to write that passage in the opening of *Alps and Sanctuaries* wherein he draws a comparison between Handel and Shakespeare. And the adoration of Handel as a poet there expressed led Butler to introduce those musical quotations, which occur now and then in the text of *Alps and Sanctuaries*, to illustrate his description of the scenery. Take, for instance, the cemetery at Calpiogna in the Val Leventina, of which he gives an outline sketch. He catches sight of a lovely village nestling on a plateau high up on the other side of the valley; then loftier slopes across which, as he was fond of saying, Tobias and the Angel walked arm in arm and their dog went with them; and, beyond and above all, the Dalpe glacier roseate with sunset. The dusk was deepening as he paused to contemplate the Campo Santo. There were wild roses, great daisies, salvia running riot among the graves. And then:

"There was no sound save the subdued but ceaseless roar of the Ticino and the Piumogna. Involuntarily I found the following passage from the *Messiah* sounding in my ears and felt as though Handel who, in his travels as a young man, doubtless saw such places, might have had one of them in his mind when he wrote the divine music which he has wedded to the words "of them that sleep."

And here follows an extract from "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

120 Maida Vale, W.9. *May* 1923 H.F.J.

SAMUEL BUTLER: A SKETCH

BY HENRY FESTING JONES

NOTE

This Sketch of Butler's Life first appeared in December 1902 in *The Eagle*, the magazine of St. John's College, Cambridge. I revised the sketch and read it before the British Homoeopathic Association at 43 Russell Square, W.C., on the 9th February, 1910; some of Butler's music was performed by Miss Grainger Kerr, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, and Mr. H. J. T. Wood, the secretary of the Association. I again revised it and read it before the Historical Society of St. John's College, Cambridge, in the Combination Room of the College on the 16th November 1910; the Master (Mr. R. F. Scott), who was also Vice-Chancellor of the University, was in the chair, and a vote of thanks was proposed by Professor William Bateson, F.R.S. As the full *Memoir* of Butler on which I was then engaged was not ready for publication (it appeared in 1919), I again revised the sketch and it was published in 1913 prefixed to *The Humour of Homer, and other Essays*, by Samuel Butler. In 1921 Mr. Jonathan Cape reprinted the sketch separately in his "Life and Colour" series; and it now appears once more with a few trifling alterations.

1923. H.F.J.

SAMUEL BUTLER WAS BORN ON THE 4TH December 1835 at the Rectory, Langar, near Bingham, in Nottinghamshire. His father was the Rev. Thomas Butler, then Rector of Langar, afterwards one of the canons of Lincoln Cathedral, and his mother was Fanny Worsley, daughter of John Philip Worsley of Arno's Vale, Bristol, sugar refiner. His grandfather was Dr. Samuel Butler, the famous headmaster of Shrewsbury School, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. The Butlers are not related either to the author of *Hudibras*, or to the author of the *Analogy*, or to the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Butler's father, after being at school at Shrewsbury under Dr. Butler, went up to St. John's College, Cambridge; he took his degree in 1829, being seventh classic and twentieth senior optime; he was ordained and returned to Shrewsbury, where he was for some time assistant master at the school under Dr. Butler. In 1832 he married and left Shrewsbury for Langar. He was a learned botanist, and made a collection of dried plants which he gave to the Town Museum of Shrewsbury.

Butler's childhood and early life were spent at Langar among the surroundings of an English country rectory, and his education was begun by his father. In 1843, when he was only eight years old, the first great event in his life occurred; the family, consisting of his father and mother, his two sisters, his brother and himself, went to Italy. The South-Eastern Railway stopped at Ashford, whence they travelled to Dover in their own carriage; the carriage was put on board the steamboat, they crossed the Channel, and proceeded to Cologne, up the Rhine to Basle and on through Switzerland into Italy, through Parma, where Napoleon's widow was still reigning, Modena, Bologna, Florence, and so to Rome. They had to drive where there was no railway, and there was then none in all Italy except between Naples and Castellamare. They seemed to pass a fresh custom-house every day, but, by tipping the searchers, generally got through without inconvenience. The bread was sour and the Italian butter

rank and cheesy—often uneatable. Beggars ran after the carriage all day long, and when they got nothing jeered at the travellers and called them heretics. They spent half the winter in Rome, and the children were taken up to the top of St. Peter's as a treat to celebrate their father's birthday. In the Sistine Chapel they saw the cardinals kiss the toe of Pope Gregory XVI, and in the Corso, in broad daylight, they saw a monk come rolling down a staircase like a sack of potatoes, bundled into the street by a man and his wife. The second half of the winter was spent in Naples. This early introduction to the land which he always thought of and often referred to as his second country made an ineffaceable impression upon him.

In January 1846 he went to school at Allesley, near Coventry, under the Rev. E. Gibson. He seldom referred to his life there, though sometimes he would say something that showed he had not forgotten all about it. For instance, in 1900, Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, now the Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, showed him a mediaeval missal, laboriously illuminated. He found that it fatigued him to look at it, and said that such books ought never to be made. Cockerell replied that such books relieved the tedium of divine service, on which Butler made a note ending thus:

"Give me rather a robin or a peripatetic cat like the one whose loss the parishioners of St. Clement Danes are still deploring. When I was at school at Allesley the boy who knelt opposite me at morning prayers, with his face not more than a yard away from mine, used to blow pretty little bubbles with his saliva which he would send sailing off the tip of his tongue like miniature soap bubbles; they very soon broke, but they had a career of a foot or two. I never saw anyone else able to get saliva bubbles right away from him and, though I have endeavoured for some fifty years and more to acquire the art, I never yet could start the bubble off my tongue without its bursting. Now things like this really do relieve the tedium of church, but no missal that I have ever seen will do anything except increase it."

In 1848 he left Allesley and went to Shrewsbury under the Rev. B. H. Kennedy. Many of the recollections of his school life at Shrewsbury are reproduced for the school life of Ernest Pontifex at Roughborough in *The Way of All Flesh*, Dr. Skinner being Dr. Kennedy.

During these years he first heard the music of Handel; it went straight to his heart and satisfied a longing which the music of other composers had only awakened and intensified. He became as one of the listening brethren who stood around "when Jubal struck the chorded shell" in the *Song for Saint Cecilia's Day*:

"Less than a god, they thought, there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well."

This was the second great event in his life, and henceforward Italy and Handel were always present at the bottom of his mind as a kind of double pedal to every thought, word, and deed. Almost the last thing he ever asked me to do for him, within a few days of his death, was to bring *Solomon* that he might refresh his memory as to the harmonies of "With thee th' unsheltered moor I'd trace." He often tried to like the music of Bach and Beethoven, but found himself compelled to give them up—they bored him too much. Nor was he more successful with the other great composers; Haydn, for instance, was a sort of Horace, an agreeable, facile man of the world, while Mozart, who must have loved Handel, for he wrote additional accompaniments to the *Messiah*, failed to move him. It was not that he disputed the greatness of these composers, but he was out of sympathy with them, and never could forgive the last two for having led music astray from the Handel tradition, and paved the road from Bach to Beethoven. Everything connected with Handel interested him. He remembered old Mr. Brooke, Rector of Gamston, North Notts, who had been present at the Handel Commemoration in 1784; and his great-aunt, Miss Susannah Apthorp, of Cambridge, had known a lady

who had sat upon Handel's knee. He often regretted that these were his only links with "the greatest of all composers."

Besides his love for Handel he had a strong liking for drawing, and during the winter of 1853-4 his family again took him to Italy, where, being now eighteen, he looked on the works of the old masters with intelligence.

In October 1854 he went into residence at St. John's College, Cambridge. He showed no aptitude for any particular branch of academic study, nevertheless he impressed his friends as being likely to make his mark. Just as he used reminiscences of his own schooldays at Shrewsbury for Ernest's life at Roughborough, so he used reminiscences of his own Cambridge days for those of Ernest. When the Simeonites, in *The Way of All Flesh*, "distributed tracts, dropping them at night in good men's letter boxes while they slept, their tracts got burnt or met with even worse contumely." Ernest Pontifex went so far as to parody one of these tracts and to get a copy of the parody "dropped into each of the Simeonites' boxes." Ernest did this in the novel because Butler had done it in real life. Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, of the University Library, has found, among the Cambridge papers of the late J. Willis Clark's collection, three printed pieces belonging to the year 1855 bearing on the subject. He speaks of them in an article headed "Samuel Butler and the Simeonites," and signed A. T. B. in *The Cambridge Magazine*, 1st March 1913; the first is "a genuine Simeonite tract; the other two are parodies. All three are anonymous. At the top of the second parody is written: 'By S. Butler, March 31.'" The article gives extracts from the genuine tract and the whole of Butler's parody.

Besides parodying Simeonite tracts, Butler wrote various other papers during his undergraduate days, some of which, preserved by one of his contemporaries, who remained a lifelong friend, the late Rev. Canon Joseph M'Cormick, Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, are reproduced in this volume.

He also steered the Lady Margaret first boat, and Canon M'Cormick told me of a mishap that occurred on the last night of the races in 1857. Lady Margaret had been head of the river since 1854, Canon M'Cormick was rowing 5, Philip Pennant Pearson (afterwards P. Pennant) was 7, Canon Kynaston, of Durham (whose name formerly was Snow), was stroke, and Butler was cox. When the cox let go of the bung at starting, the rope caught in his rudder lines, and Lady Margaret was nearly bumped by Second Trinity. They escaped, however, and their pursuers were so much exhausted by their efforts to catch them that they were themselves bumped by First Trinity at the next corner. Butler wrote home about it:

"11 March, 1857. Dear Mamma: My foreboding about steering was on the last day nearly verified by an accident which was more deplorable than culpable the effects of which would have been ruinous had not the presence of mind of No. 7 in the boat rescued us from the very jaws of defeat. The scene is one which never can fade from my remembrance and will be connected always with the gentlemanly conduct of the crew in neither using opprobrious language nor gesture towards your unfortunate son but treating him with the most graceful forbearance; for in most cases when an accident happens which in itself is but slight, but is visited with serious consequences, most people get carried away with the impression created by the last so as to entirely forget the accidental nature of the cause and if we had been quite bumped I should have been ruined, as it is I get praise for coolness and good steering as much as and more than blame for my accident and the crew are so delighted at having rowed a race such as never was seen before that they are satisfied completely. All the spectators saw the race and were delighted; another inch and I should never have held up my head again. One thing is safe, it will never happen again."

The Eagle, "a magazine supported by members of St. John's College," issued its first number in the Lent term of

1858; it contains an article by Butler "On English Composition and Other Matters," signed "Cellarius":

"Most readers will have anticipated me in admitting that a man should be clear of his meaning before he endeavours to give it any kind of utterance, and that, having made up his mind what to say, the less thought he takes how to say it, more than briefly, pointedly, and plainly, the better."

From this it appears that, when only just over twenty-two, Butler had already discovered and adopted those principles of writing from which he never departed.

In the fifth number of *The Eagle* is an article, "Our Tour," also signed "Cellarius"; it is an account of a tour made in June 1857, with a friend whose name he Italianized into Giuseppe Verdi, through France into North Italy, and was written, so he says, to show how they got so much into three weeks and spent only £25; they did not, however, spend quite so much, for the article goes on, after bringing them back to England, "Next day came safely home to dear old St. John's, cash in hand 7*d*."[1]

Butler worked hard with Shilleto, an old pupil of his grandfather, and was bracketed twelfth in the Classical Tripos of 1858. Canon M'Cormick told me that he would no doubt have been higher but for the fact that he at first intended to go out in mathematics; it was only during the last year of his time that he returned to the classics, and his being so high as he was spoke well for the classical education of Shrewsbury.

It had always been an understood thing that he was to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather and become a clergyman; accordingly, after taking his degree, he went to London and began to prepare for ordination, living and working among the poor as lay assistant under the Rev. Philip Perring, Curate of St. James's, Piccadilly, an

[1] I am indebted to one of Butler's contemporaries at Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. T. G. Bonney, F.R.S., and also to the late Mr. John F. Harris, both of St. John's College, for help in finding and dating Butler's youthful contributions to *The Eagle*.

old pupil of Dr. Butler at Shrewsbury.[1] Placed among such surroundings, he felt bound to think out for himself many theological questions which at this time were first presented to him, and, the conclusion being forced upon him that he could not believe in the efficacy of infant baptism, he declined to be ordained.

It was now his desire to become an artist; this, however, did not meet with the approval of his family, and he returned to Cambridge to try for pupils and, if possible, to get a fellowship. He liked being at Cambridge, but there were few pupils and, as there seemed to be little chance of a fellowship, his father wished him to come down and adopt some profession. A long correspondence took place in the course of which many alternatives were considered. There are letters about his becoming a farmer in England, a tutor, a homoeopathic doctor, an artist, or a publisher, and the possibilities of the army, the bar, and diplomacy. Finally it was decided that he should emigrate to New Zealand. His passage was paid, and he was to sail in the *Burmah*, but a cousin of his received information about this vessel which caused him, much against his will, to get back his passage money and take a berth in the *Roman Emperor*, which sailed from Gravesend on one of the last days of September 1859. On that night, for the first time in his life, he did not say his prayers. "I suppose the sense of change was so great that it shook them quietly off. I was not then a sceptic; I had got as far as disbelief in infant baptism, but no further. I felt no compunction of conscience, however, about leaving off my morning and evening prayers—simply I could no longer say them."

The *Roman Emperor*, after a voyage every incident of which interested him deeply, arrived outside Port Lyttelton. The captain shouted to the pilot who came to take them in:

"Has the *Robert Small* arrived?"

"No," replied the pilot, "nor yet the *Burmah*."

[1] This gentleman, on the death of his father in 1866, became the Rev. Sir Philip Perring, Bart.

And Butler, writing home to his people, adds the comment: "You may imagine what I felt."

The *Burmah* was never heard of again.

He spent some time looking round, considering what to do and how to employ the money with which his father was ready to supply him, and determined upon sheep-farming. He made several excursions looking for country, and ultimately took up a run which is still called Mesopotamia, the name he gave it because it is situated among the head-waters of the Rangitata.

It was necessary to have a horse, and he bought one for £55, which was not considered dear. He wrote home that the horse's name was "Doctor": "I hope he is a Homoeopathist." From this, and from the fact that he had already contemplated becoming a homoeopathic doctor himself, I conclude that he had made the acquaintance of Dr. Robert Ellis Dudgeon, the eminent homoeopathist, while he was doing parish work in London. After his return to England Dr. Dudgeon was his medical adviser, and remained one of his intimate friends until the end of his life. Doctor, the horse, is introduced into *Erewhon Revisited*; the shepherd in chapter 26 tells John Hicks that Doctor "would pick fords better than that gentleman could, I know, and if the gentleman fell off him he would just stay stock still."

Butler carried on his run for about four and a half years, and the open-air life agreed with him; he ascribed to this the good health he afterwards enjoyed. The following, taken from a notebook he kept in the colony and destroyed, gives a glimpse of one side of his life there; he preserved the note because it recalled New Zealand so vividly.

"April, 1861. It is Sunday. We rose later than usual. There are five of us sleeping in the hut. I sleep in a bunk on one side of the fire; Mr. Haast,[1] a German who is making a geological survey of the province, sleeps upon

[1] The late Sir Julius von Haast, K.C.M.G., appointed Provincial Geologist in 1860, was ennobled by the Austrian Government and knighted by the British. He died in 1887.

the opposite one; my bullock-driver and hut-keeper have two bunks at the far end of the hut, along the wall, while my shepherd lies in the loft among the tea and sugar and flour. It was a fine morning, and we turned out about seven o'clock.

"The usual mutton and bread for breakfast with a pudding made of flour and water baked in the camp oven after a joint of meat—Yorkshire pudding, but without eggs. While we were at breakfast a robin perched on the table and sat there a good while pecking at the sugar. We went on breakfasting with little heed to the robin, and the robin went on pecking with little heed to us. After breakfast Pey, my bullock-driver, went to fetch the horses up from a spot about two miles down the river, where they often run; we wanted to go pig-hunting.

"I go into the garden and gather a few peascods for seed till the horses should come up. Then Cook, the shepherd, says that a fire has sprung up on the other side of the river. Who could have lit it? Probably someone who had intended coming to my place on the preceding evening and has missed his way, for there is no track of any sort between here and Phillips's. In a quarter of an hour he lit another fire lower down, and by that time, the horses having come up, Haast and myself—remembering how Dr. Sinclair had just been drowned so near the same spot—think it safer to ride over to him and put him across the river. The river was very low and so clear that we could see every stone. On getting to the river-bed we lit a fire and did the same on leaving it; our tracks would guide anyone over the intervening ground."

Besides his occupation with the sheep, he found time to play the piano, to read, and to write. In the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, are two copies of the Greek Testament, very fully adnotated by him at the University and in the colony. He also read the *Origin of Species*, which, as everyone knows, was published in 1859. He became "one of Mr. Darwin's many enthusiastic admirers, and wrote a

philosophic dialogue (the most offensive form, except poetry and books of travel into supposed unknown countries, that even literature can assume) upon the *Origin of Species*" (*Unconscious Memory*, close of chapter 1). This dialogue, unsigned, was printed in *The Press*, Canterbury, New Zealand, on 20th December 1862. A copy of the paper was sent to Charles Darwin, who forwarded it to a, presumably, English editor with a letter, now in the Canterbury Museum, New Zealand, speaking of the dialogue as "remarkable from its spirit and from giving so clear and accurate an account of Mr. D's theory." It is possible that Butler himself sent the newspaper containing his dialogue to Mr. Darwin; if so he did not disclose his name, for Darwin says in his letter that he does not know who the author was. Butler was closely connected with *The Press*, which was founded by James Edward FitzGerald, the first Superintendent of the Province, in May 1861; he frequently contributed to its pages, and once, during FitzGerald's absence, had charge of it for a short time, though he was never its actual editor. *The Press* reprinted the dialogue and the correspondence which followed its original appearance on 8th June 1912.

On 13th June 1863 *The Press* printed a letter by Butler signed "Cellarius" and headed "Darwin among the Machines," reprinted, with his other early writings, in this volume. The letter begins:

"Sir: There are few things of which the present generation is more justly proud than of the wonderful improvements which are daily taking place in all sorts of mechanical appliances"; and goes on to say that, as the vegetable kingdom was developed from the mineral, and as the animal kingdom supervened upon the vegetable, "so now, in the last few ages, an entirely new kingdom has sprung up of which we as yet have only seen what will one day be considered the antediluvian types of the race." He then speaks of the minute members which compose the beautiful and intelligent little animal which we call the watch, and of how it has gradually been evolved from the clumsy brass clocks

of the thirteenth century. Then comes the question: Who will be man's successor? To which the answer is: We are ourselves creating our own successors. Man will become to the machine what the horse and the dog are to man; the conclusion being that machines are, or are becoming, animate.

In 1863 Butler's family published in his name *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, which, as the preface states, was compiled from his letters home, his journal, and extracts from two papers contributed to *The Eagle*. These two papers had appeared in *The Eagle* as three articles entitled "Our Emigrant" and signed "Cellarius." The proof-sheets of the book went out to New Zealand for correction and were sent back in the *Colombo*, which was as unfortunate as the *Burmah*, for she was wrecked. The proofs, however, were fished up, though so nearly washed out as to be almost undecipherable. Butler would have been just as well pleased if they had remained at the bottom of the Indian Ocean, for he never liked the book and always spoke of it as being full of youthful priggishness; but I think he was a little hard upon it. Years afterwards, in one of his later books, after quoting two passages from Mr. Grant Allen and pointing out why he considered the second to be a recantation of the first, he wrote: "When Mr. Allen does make stepping-stones of his dead selves he jumps upon them to some tune." And he was perhaps a little inclined to treat his own dead self too much in the same spirit.

Butler did very well with the sheep, sold out in 1864, and returned via Callao to England. He travelled with three friends whose acquaintance he had made in the colony; one was Charles Paine Pauli, to whom he dedicated *Life and Habit*. He arrived in August 1864 in London, where he took chambers consisting of a sitting-room, a bedroom, a painting-room, and a pantry, at 15 Clifford's Inn, second floor (north). The net financial result of the sheep-farming and the selling out was that he practically doubled his capital, that is to say, he had about £8,000. This he left in New Zealand, invested

on mortgage at ten per cent., the then current rate in the colony; it produced more than enough for him to live upon in the very simple way that suited him best, and life in the Inns of Court resembles life at Cambridge in that it reduces the cares of housekeeping to a minimum; it suited him so well that he never changed his rooms, remaining there thirty-eight years till his death.

He was now his own master and able at last to turn to painting. He studied at the art school in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, which had formerly been managed by Henry Sass, but, in Butler's time, was being carried on by Francis Stephen Cary, son of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, who had been a schoolfellow of Dr. Butler at Rugby, and is well known as the translator of Dante and the friend of Charles Lamb. Among his fellow students was Mr. H. R. Robertson, who told me that the young artists got hold of the legend, which is in some of the books about Lamb, that when Francis Stephen Cary was a boy and there was a talk at his father's house as to what profession he should take up, Lamb who, was present, said:

"I should make him an apo-po-pothe-Cary."

They used to repeat this story freely among themselves, being, no doubt, amused by the Lamb-like pun, but also enjoying the malicious pleasure of hinting that it might have been as well for their art education if the advice of the gentle humourist had been followed. Anyone who wants to know what kind of an artist F. S. Cary was can see his picture of Charles and Mary Lamb in the National Portrait Gallery.

In 1865 Butler sent from London to New Zealand an article entitled "Lucubratio Ebria," which was published in *The Press* of 29th July 1865. It treated machines from a point of view different from that adopted in "Darwin among the Machines," and was one of the steps that led to *Erewhon* and ultimately to *Life and Habit*.

Butler also studied art at South Kensington, but by 1867 he had begun to go to Heatherley's School of Art in Newman Street, where he continued going for many years. He made a

number of friends at Heatherley's, and among them Miss Eliza Mary Anne Savage. There also he first met Charles Gogin, who, in 1896, painted the portrait of Butler which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. He described himself as an artist in the Post Office Directory, and between 1868 and 1876 exhibited at the Royal Academy about a dozen pictures, of which the most important was "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday," hung on the line in 1874. He left it by his will to his college friend Jason Smith, whose representatives, after his death, in 1910, gave it to the nation, and it is now in the National Gallery of British Art. Mr. Heatherley never went away for a holiday; he once had to go out of town on business and did not return till the next day; one of the students asked him how he had got on, saying no doubt he had enjoyed the change and that he must have found it refreshing to sleep for once out of London.

"No," said Heatherley, "I did not like it. Country air has no body."

The consequence was that, whenever there was a holiday and the school was shut, Heatherley employed the time in mending the skeleton; Butler's picture represents him so engaged in a corner of the studio. In this way he got his model for nothing. Sometimes he hung up a looking-glass near one of his windows and painted his own portrait. Many of these he painted out, but after his death we found a little store of them in his rooms, some of the early ones very curious. Of the best of them one is now at Canterbury, New Zealand, one at St. John's College, Cambridge, and one at the Schools, Shrewsbury.

This is Butler's own account of himself, taken from a letter to Sir Julius von Haast; although written in 1865 it is true of his mode of life for many years:

"I have been taking lessons in painting ever since I arrived. I was always very fond of it and mean to stick to it; it suits me and I am not without hopes that I shall do well at it. I live almost the life of a recluse, seeing very few people and going nowhere that I can help—I mean

in the way of parties and so forth; if my friends had their way they would fritter away my time without any remorse; but I made a regular stand against it from the beginning and so, having my time pretty much in my own hands, work hard; I find, as I am sure you must find, that it is next to impossible to combine what is commonly called society and work."

But the time saved from society was not all devoted to painting. He modified his letter to *The Press* about "Darwin among the Machines" and, so modified, it appeared in 1865 as "The Mechanical Creation" in *The Reasoner*, a paper then published in London by Mr. G. J. Holyoake. And his mind returned to the considerations which had determined him to decline to be ordained. In 1865 he printed anonymously a pamphlet which he had begun in New Zealand, the result of his study of the Greek Testament, entitled *The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ as given by the Four Evangelists critically examined.* After weighing this evidence and comparing one account with another, he came to the conclusion that Jesus Christ did not die upon the cross. It is improbable that a man officially executed should escape death, but the alternative, that a man actually dead should return to life, seemed to Butler more improbable still and unsupported by such evidence as he found in the gospels. From this evidence he concluded that Christ swooned and recovered consciousness after his body had passed into the keeping of Joseph of Arimathæa. He did not suppose fraud on the part of the first preachers of Christianity; they sincerely believed that Christ died and rose again. Joseph and Nicodemus probably knew the truth but kept silence. The idea of what might follow from belief in one single supposed miracle was never hereafter absent from Butler's mind.

In 1869, having been working too hard, he went abroad for a long change. On his way back, at the Albergo La Luna, in Venice, he met an elderly Russian lady in whose company he spent most of his time there. She was no doubt impressed by his versatility and charmed, as everyone always

was, by his conversation and original views on the many subjects that interested him. We may be sure he told her all about himself and what he had done and was intending to do. At the end of his stay, when he was taking leave of her, she said:

"Et maintenant, Monsieur, vous allez créer," meaning, as he understood her, that he had been looking long enough at the work of others and should now do something of his own.

This sank into him and pained him. He was nearly thirty-five, and hitherto all had been admiration, vague aspiration, and despair; he had produced in painting nothing but a few sketches and studies, and in literature only a few ephemeral articles, a collection of youthful letters and a pamphlet on the Resurrection; moreover, to none of his work had anyone paid the slightest attention. This was a poor return for all the money which had been spent upon his education, as Theobald would have said in *The Way of All Flesh*. He returned home dejected, but resolved that things should be different in the future. While in this frame of mind he received a visit from one of his New Zealand friends, the late Sir F. Napier Broome, afterwards Governor of Western Australia, who incidentally suggested his rewriting his New Zealand articles. The idea pleased him; it might not be creating, but at least it would be doing something. So he set to work on Sundays and in the evenings, as relaxation from his profession of painting, and, taking his New Zealand article, "Darwin among the Machines," and another, "The World of the Unborn," as a starting-point and helping himself with a few sentences from *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, he gradually formed *Erewhon*. He sent the MS. bit by bit, as it was written, to Miss Savage for her criticism and approval. He had the usual difficulty about finding a publisher. Chapman and Hall refused the book on the advice of George Meredith, who was then their reader, and in the end he published it at his own expense through Messrs. Trübner.

Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell told me that in 1912 Mr. Bertram

Dobell, second-hand bookseller of Charing Cross Road, offered a copy of *Erewhon* for £1 10*s*.; it was thus described in his catalogue: " Unique copy with the following note in the author's handwriting on the half-title: ' To Miss E. M. A. Savage this first copy of *Erewhon* with the author's best thanks for many invaluable suggestions and corrections.' " When Mr. Cockerell inquired for the book it was sold. After Miss Savage's death in 1885 all Butler's letters to her were returned to him, including the letter he wrote when he sent her this copy of *Erewhon*. He gave her the first copy issued of all his books that were published in her lifetime, and, no doubt, wrote an inscription in each. If the present possessors of any of them should happen to read this sketch I hope they will communicate with me, as I should like to see these books.

Miss Savage wrote in *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, which about this time belonged to or was edited by a Mrs. Briggs, a review of *Erewhon*, which appeared in the number for 8th June 1872, and Butler quoted a sentence from her review among the press notices in the second edition. The complete review is reprinted in an appendix to my *Memoir* of Butler. She persuaded him to write for Mrs. Briggs notices of concerts at which Handel's music was performed; some of these notices are reprinted in the present volume.

The opening of *Erewhon* is based upon Butler's colonial experiences; some of the descriptions remind one of passages in *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, where he speaks of the excursions he made with Doctor when looking for sheep-country. The walk over the range as far as the Statues is taken from the Upper Rangitata district, with some alterations; but the walk down from the Statues into Erewhon is reminiscent of the Leventina Valley in the Canton Ticino. The great chords, which are like the music moaned by the Statues, are from the prelude to the first of Handel's *Trois Leçons*; he used to say: " One feels them in the diaphragm —they are, as it were, the groaning and labouring of all creation travailing together until now."

There is a place in New Zealand named Erewhon, after the book; it is marked on the large maps, a township about fifty miles west of Napier in the Hawke Bay Province (North Island). I am told that people in New Zealand sometimes call their houses Erewhon and occasionally spell the word Erehwon, which Butler did not intend; he treated wh as a single letter, as one would treat th. Among other traces of Erewhon now existing in real life are Butler's Stones on the Hokitika Pass, so called because of a legend that they were in his mind when he described the statues.

The book was translated into Dutch in 1873, into German in 1897, and into French in 1920 by M. Valery Larbaud.

Butler wrote to Charles Darwin to explain what he meant by "The Book of the Machines": "I am sincerely sorry that some of the critics should have thought I was laughing at your theory, a thing which I never meant to do and should be shocked at having done." Soon after this Butler was invited to Down and paid two visits to Mr. Darwin there; he thus became acquainted with all the family and for some years was on intimate terms with Mr. (now Sir) Francis Darwin.

It is easy to see by the light of subsequent events that we should probably have had something not unlike *Erewhon* sooner or later, even without the Russian lady and Sir F. N. Broome, to whose promptings, owing to a certain diffidence which never left him, he was perhaps inclined to attribute too much importance. But he would not have agreed with this view at the time; he looked upon himself as a painter and upon *Erewhon* as an interruption. It had come, like one of those creatures from the Land of the Unborn, pestering him and refusing to leave him at peace until he consented to give it bodily shape. It was only a little one, and he saw no likelihood of its having any successors. So he satisfied its demands and then, supposing that he had written himself out, looked forward to a future in which nothing should interfere with the painting. Nevertheless, when another of the unborn came teasing him he yielded to its importunities

and allowed himself to become the author of *The Fair Haven*, which is his pamphlet on the Resurrection, enlarged and preceded by a realistic memoir of the pseudonymous author, John Pickard Owen. In the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, are two copies of the pamphlet with pages cut out; he used these pages in forming the MS. of *The Fair Haven*. To have published this book as by the author of *Erewhon* would have been to give away the irony and satire. And he had another reason for not disclosing his name; he remembered that as soon as curiosity about the authorship of *Erewhon* was satisfied, the weekly sales fell from fifty down to only two or three. But, as he always talked openly of whatever was in his mind, he soon let out the secret of the authorship of *The Fair Haven*, and it became advisable to put his name to a second edition.

One result of his submitting the MS. of *Erewhon* to Miss Savage was that she thought he ought to write a novel, and urged him to do so. I have no doubt that he wrote the memoir of John Pickard Owen with the idea of quieting Miss Savage and also as an experiment to ascertain whether he was likely to succeed with a novel. The result seems to have satisfied him, for, not long after *The Fair Haven*, he began *The Way of All Flesh*, sending the MS. to Miss Savage, as he did everything he wrote, for her approval and putting her into the book as Ernest's Aunt Alethea. He continued writing it in the intervals of other work until her death in February 1885, after which he did not touch it. It was published in 1903 by the late R. A. Streatfeild, his literary executor.

Soon after *The Fair Haven* Butler began to be aware that his letter in *The Press*, " Darwin among the Machines," was descending with further modifications and developing in his mind into a theory about evolution which took shape as *Life and Habit*; but the writing of this very remarkable and suggestive book was delayed and the painting interrupted by absence from England on business in Canada. He had been persuaded by a college friend, a member of one of the great

banking families, to call in his colonial mortgages and to put the money into several new companies. He was going to make thirty or forty per cent. instead of only ten. One of these companies was a Canadian undertaking, of which he became a director; it was necessary for someone to go to headquarters and investigate its affairs; he went, and was much occupied by the business for two or three years. By the beginning of 1876 he had returned finally to London, but most of his money was lost and his financial position for the next ten years caused him very serious anxiety. His personal expenditure was already so low that it was hardly possible to reduce it, and he set to work at his profession more industriously than ever, hoping to paint something that he could sell, his spare time being occupied with *Life and Habit*, which was the subject that really interested him more deeply than any other.

Following his letter in *The Press*, wherein he had seen machines as in process of becoming animate, he went on to regard them as living organs and limbs which we had made outside ourselves. What would follow if we reversed this and regarded our limbs and organs as machines which we had manufactured as parts of our bodies? In the first place, how did we come to make them without knowing anything about it? But then, how comes anybody to do anything unconsciously? The answer usually would be: By habit. But can a man be said to do a thing by habit when he has never done it before? His ancestors have done it, but not he. Can the habit have been acquired by them for his benefit? Not unless he and his ancestors are the same person. Perhaps, then, they are the same person.

In February 1876, partly to clear his mind and partly to tell someone, he wrote down his thoughts in a letter to his namesake, Thomas William Gale Butler, a fellow art-student who was then in New Zealand; so much of the letter as concerns the growth of his theory is given in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*.

In September 1877, when *Life and Habit* was on the eve of

publication, Mr. Francis Darwin came to lunch with him in Clifford's Inn and, in course of conversation, told him that Professor Ray Lankester had written something in *Nature* about a lecture by Dr. Ewald Hering of Prague, delivered so long ago as 1870, "On Memory as a Universal Function of Organized Matter." This rather alarmed Butler, but he deferred looking up the reference until after December 1877, when his book was out, and then, to his relief, he found that Hering's theory was very similar to his own, so that, instead of having something sprung upon him which would have caused him to want to alter his book, he was supported. He at once wrote to *The Athenæum*, calling attention to Hering's lecture, and then pursued his studies in evolution.

Life and Habit was followed in 1879 by *Evolution Old and New*, wherein he compared the teleological or purposive view of evolution taken by Buffon, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck with the view taken by Charles Darwin, and came to the conclusion that the old was better. But while agreeing with the earlier writers in thinking that the variations whose accumulation results in species were originally due to intelligence, he could not take the view that the intelligence resided in an external personal God. He had done with all that when he gave up the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. He proposed to place the intelligence inside the creature.

In 1880 he continued the subject by publishing *Unconscious Memory*. Chapter 4 of this book is concerned with a personal quarrel between himself and Charles Darwin which arose out of the publication by Charles Darwin of Dr. Krause's *Life of Erasmus Darwin*. We need not enter into particulars here; the matter is fully dealt with in a pamphlet, *Charles Darwin and Samuel Butler: a Step towards Reconciliation*, which I wrote in 1911, the result of a correspondence between Mr. Francis Darwin and myself, and also in my *Memoir* of Butler. Before this correspondence took place Mr. Francis Darwin had made several public allusions to *Life and Habit*; and in September 1908 in his inaugural

address to the British Association at Dublin, he did Butler the posthumous honour of quoting from his translation of Hering's lecture "On Memory," which is in *Unconscious Memory*, and of mentioning Butler as having enunciated the theory contained in *Life and Habit*.

In 1886 Butler published his last book on evolution, *Luck or Cunning as the Main Means of Organic Modification?* His other contributions to the subject are some essays, written for *The Examiner* in 1879, "God the Known and God the Unknown," and the articles "The Deadlock in Darwinism" which appeared in *The Universal Review* in 1890, all of which are republished in Butler's *Collected Essays*. Some further notes on evolution will be found in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*.

It was while he was writing *Life and Habit* that I first met him. For several years he had been in the habit of spending six or eight weeks of the summer in Italy and the Canton Ticino, generally making Faido his headquarters. Many a page of his books was written while resting by the fountain of some subalpine village or waiting in the shade of the chestnuts till the light came so that he could continue a sketch. Every year he returned home by a different route, and thus gradually became acquainted with every part of the Canton and North Italy. There is scarcely a town or village, a point of view, a building, statue, or picture in all this country with which he was not familiar. In 1878 he happened to be on the Sacro Monte above Varese at the time I took my holiday; there I joined him, and nearly every year afterwards we were in Italy together.

He was always a delightful companion, and perhaps at his gayest on these occasions. "A man's holiday," he would say, "is his garden," and he set out to enjoy himself and to make everyone about him enjoy themselves too. I told him the old schoolboy muddle about Sir Walter Raleigh introducing tobacco and saying: "We shall this day light up such a fire in England as I trust shall never be put out." He had not heard it before and, though amused, appeared preoccupied,

and perhaps a little jealous, during the rest of the evening. Next morning, while he was pouring out his coffee, his eyes twinkled and he said, with assumed carelessness:

" By the by, do you remember?—wasn't it Columbus who bashed the egg down on the table and said ' Eppur non si muove '? "

He was welcome wherever he went, full of fun and ready to play while doing the honours of the country. Many of the peasants were old friends, and every day we were sure to meet someone who remembered him. Perhaps it would be an old woman labouring along under a burden; she would smile and stop, take his hand and tell him how happy she was to meet him again and repeat her thanks for the empty wine bottle he had given her after an out-of-door luncheon in her neighbourhood four or five years before. There was another who had rowed him many times across the Lago di Orta and had never been in a train but once in her life, when she went to Novara to her son's wedding. He always remembered all about these people and asked how the potatoes were doing this year and whether the grandchildren were growing up into fine boys and girls, and he never forgot to inquire after the son who had gone to be a waiter in New York. At Civiasco there is a restaurant which used to be kept by a jolly old lady, known for miles round as La Martina; we always lunched with her on our way over the Colma to and from Varallo-Sesia. On one occasion we were accompanied by two English ladies and, one being a tee-totaller, Butler maliciously instructed La Martina to make the *sabbaglione* so that it should be *forte* and *abbondante*, and to say that the Marsala, with which it was more than flavoured, was nothing but vinegar. La Martina never forgot that when she looked in to see how things were going, he was pretending to lick the dish clean. These journeys provided the material for a book which he thought of calling " Verdi Prati," after one of Handel's most beautiful songs; but he changed his mind, and it appeared at the end of 1881 as *Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino* with more than

eighty illustrations, nearly all by Butler. Charles Gogin made an etching for the frontispiece, drew some of the pictures, and put figures into others; half a dozen are mine. They were all redrawn in ink from sketches made on the spot, in oil, water-colour, and pencil. There were also many illustrations of another kind—extracts from Handel's music, each chosen because Butler thought it suitable to the spirit of the scene he wished to bring before the reader. The introduction concludes with these words: "I have chosen Italy as my second country, and would dedicate this book to her as a thank-offering for the happiness she has afforded me."

In the spring of 1883 he began to compose music, and in 1885 we published together an album of minuets, gavottes, and fugues. This led to our writing *Narcissus*, which is an oratorio buffo in the Handelian manner—that is as nearly so as we could make it. It is a mistake to suppose that all Handel's oratorios are upon sacred subjects; some of them are secular. And not only so, but, whatever the subject, Handel was never at a loss in treating anything that came into his words by way of allusion or illustration. As Butler puts it in one of his sonnets:

> "He who gave eyes to ears and showed in sound
> All thoughts and things in earth or heaven above—
> From fire and hailstones running along the ground
> To Galatea grieving for her love—
> He who could show to all unseeing eyes
> Glad shepherds watching o'er their flocks by night,
> Or Iphis angel-wafted to the skies,
> Or Jordan standing as an heap upright—"

And so on. But there is one subject which Handel never treated—I mean the Money Market. Perhaps he avoided it intentionally; he was twice bankrupt, and Mr. R. A. Streatfeild told me that the British Museum possesses a MS. letter from him giving instructions as to the payment of the dividends on £500 South Sea Stock. Let us hope he sold

out before the bubble burst; if so, he was more fortunate than Butler, who was at this time of his life in great anxiety about his own financial affairs. It seemed a pity that Dr. Morell had never offered Handel some such words as these:

> "The steadfast funds maintain their wonted state
> While all the other markets fluctuate."

Butler wondered whether Handel would have sent the steadfast funds up above par and maintained them on an inverted pedal with all the other markets fluctuating iniquitously round them like the sheep that turn every one to his own way in the *Messiah*. He thought something of the kind ought to have been done, and in the absence of Handel and Dr. Morell we determined to write an oratorio that should attempt to supply the want. In order to make our libretto as plausible as possible, we adopted the dictum of Monsieur Jourdain's *maître à danser*: "Lorsqu'on a des personnes à faire parler en musique, il faut bien que, pour la vraisemblance, on donne dans la bergerie." Narcissus is accordingly a shepherd in love with Amaryllis; they come to London with other shepherds and lose their money in imprudent speculations on the Stock Exchange. In the second part the aunt and godmother of Narcissus, having died at an advanced age worth one hundred thousand pounds, all of which she has bequeathed to her nephew and godson, the obstacle to his union with Amaryllis is removed. The money is invested in consols and all ends happily.

In December 1886 Butler's father died, and his financial difficulties ceased. He engaged Alfred Emery Cathie as clerk, but made no other change, except that he bought a pair of new hair brushes and a larger wash-hand basin. Any change in his mode of life was an event. When in London he got up at 6.30 in the summer and 7.30 in the winter, went into his sitting-room, lighted the fire, put the kettle on, and returned to bed. In half an hour he got up again, fetched the kettle of hot water, emptied it into the cold water that was already in his bath, refilled the kettle and put it back on the

fire. After dressing, he came into his sitting-room, made tea and cooked, in his Dutch oven, something he had bought the day before. His laundress was an elderly woman, and he could not trouble her to come to his rooms so early in the morning; on the other hand, he could not stay in bed until he thought it right for her to go out; so it ended in his doing a great deal for himself. He then got his breakfast and read *The Times*. At 9.30 Alfred came, with whom he discussed anything requiring attention, and soon afterwards his laundress arrived. Then he started to walk to the British Museum, where he arrived about 10.30, every alternate morning calling at the butcher's in Fetter Lane to order his meat. In the Reading Room at the Museum he sat at Block B (" B for Butler ") and spent an hour " posting his notes " –that is reconsidering, rewriting, amplifying, shortening, and indexing the contents of the little notebook he always carried in his pocket. After the notes he went on till 1.30 with whatever book he happened to be writing.

On three days of the week he dined in a restaurant on his way home, and on the other days he dined in his chambers where his laundress had cooked his dinner. At two o'clock Alfred returned (having been home to dinner with his wife and children) and got tea ready for him. He then wrote letters and attended to his accounts till 3.45, when he smoked his first cigarette. He used to smoke a great deal, but, believing it to be bad for him, took to cigarettes instead of pipes, and gradually smoked less and less, making it a rule not to begin till some particular hour, and pushing this hour later and later in the day, till it settled itself at 3.45. There was no water laid on in his rooms, and every day he fetched one can-full from the tap in the court, Alfred fetching the rest. When anyone expostulated with him about cooking his own breakfast and fetching his own water, he replied that it was good for him to have a change of occupation. This was partly the fact, but the real reason, which he could not tell everyone, was that he shrank from inconveniencing anybody; he always paid more than was necessary when

anything was done for him, and was not happy then unless he did some of the work himself.

At 5.30 he got his evening meal, he called it his tea, and it was little more than a facsimile of breakfast. Alfred left in time to post the letters before 6. Butler then wrote music till about 8, when he came to see me in Staple Inn, returning to Clifford's Inn by about 10. After a light supper, latterly not more than a piece of toast and a glass of milk, he played one game of his own particular kind of Patience, prepared his breakfast things and fire ready for the next morning, smoked his seventh and last cigarette, and went to bed at eleven o'clock.

He was fond of the theatre, but avoided serious pieces. He preferred to take his Shakespeare from the book, finding that the spirit of the plays rather evaporated under modern theatrical treatment. In one of his books he brightens up the old illustration of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark by putting it thus: "If the character of Hamlet be entirely omitted, the play must suffer, even though Henry Irving himself be cast for the title-rôle." Anyone going to the theatre in this spirit would be likely to be less disappointed by performances that were comic or even frankly farcical. Latterly, when he grew slightly deaf, listening to any kind of piece became too much of an effort; nevertheless, he continued to the last the habit of going to one pantomime every winter.

There were about twenty houses where he visited, but he seldom accepted an invitation to dinner—it upset the regularity of his life; besides, he belonged to no club and had no means of returning hospitality. When two colonial friends called unexpectedly about noon one day, soon after he settled in London, he went to the nearest cook-shop in Fetter Lane and returned carrying a dish of hot roast pork and greens. This was all very well once in a way, but not the sort of thing to be repeated indefinitely.

On Thursdays, instead of going to the Museum, he often took a day off, going into the country sketching or walking,

and on Sundays, whatever the weather, he nearly always went into the country walking; his map of the district for thirty miles round London is covered all over with red lines showing where he had been. He sometimes went out of town from Saturday to Monday, and for over twenty years spent Christmas at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

There is a Sacro Monte at Varallo-Sesia with many chapels, each containing life-sized statues and frescoes illustrating the life of Christ. Butler had visited this sanctuary repeatedly, and was a great favourite with the townspeople, who knew that he was studying the statues and frescoes in the chapels, and who remembered that in the preface to *Alps and Sanctuaries* he had declared his intention of writing about them. In August 1887 the Varallesi brought matters to a head by giving him a civic dinner on the Mountain. Everyone was present, there were several speeches and, when we were coming down the slippery mountain path after it was all over, he said to me:

"You know, there's nothing for it now but to write that book about the Sacro Monte at once. It must be the next thing I do."

Accordingly, on returning home, he took up photography and, immediately after Christmas, went back to Varallo to photograph the statues and collect material. Much research was necessary and many visits to out-of-the-way sanctuaries which might have contained work by the sculptor Tabachetti, whom he was rescuing from oblivion and identifying with the Flemish Jean de Wespin. One of these visits, made after his book was published, forms the subject of "The Sanctuary of Montrigone." *Ex Voto*, the book about Varallo, appeared in 1888, and an Italian translation by Cavaliere Angelo Rizzetti was published at Novara in 1894.

"Quis Desiderio . . . ?" (reprinted in Butler's *Collected Essays*) was developed in 1888 from something in a letter from Miss Savage nearly ten years earlier. On the 15th of December 1878, in acknowledging this letter, Butler wrote:

"I am sure that any tree or flower nursed by Miss Cobbe would be the *very* first to fade away and that her gazelles would die long before they ever came to know her *well*. The sight of the brass buttons on her pea-jacket would settle them out of hand."

There was an enclosure in Miss Savage's letter, but it is unfortunately lost; I suppose it must have been a newspaper cutting with an allusion to Moore's poem and perhaps a portrait of Miss Frances Power Cobbe–pea-jacket, brass buttons, and all.

On the 10th November 1879 Miss Savage, having been ill, wrote to Butler:

"I have been dipping into the books of Moses, being sometimes at a loss for something to read while shut up in my apartment. You know that I have never read the Bible much, consequently there is generally something of a novelty that I hit on. As you do know your Bible well, perhaps you can tell me what became of Aaron. The account given of his end in Numbers xx is extremely ambiguous and unsatisfactory. Evidently he did not come by his death fairly, but whether he was murdered secretly for the furtherance of some private ends, or publicly in a State sacrifice, I can't make out. I myself rather incline to the former opinion, but I should like to know what the experts say about it. A very nice, exciting little tale might be made out of it in the style of the police stories in *All the Year Round* called 'The Mystery of Mount Hor, or What became of Aaron?' Don't forget to write to me."

Butler's people had been suggesting that he should try to earn money by writing in magazines, and Miss Savage was falling in with the idea and offering a practical suggestion. I do not find that he had anything to tell her about the death of Aaron. On 23rd March 1880 she wrote:

"Dear Mr. Butler: Read the subjoined poem of Wordsworth and let me know what you understand its meaning to be. Of course I have my opinion, which I think of communicating to the Wordsworth Society. You can

belong to that Society for the small sum of 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum. I think of joining because it is cheap."

"The subjoined poem" was the one beginning: "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," and Butler made this note on the letter:

"To the foregoing letter I answered that I concluded Miss Savage meant to imply that Wordsworth had murdered Lucy in order to escape a prosecution for breach of promise."

Miss Savage to Butler

"2nd April, 1880: My dear Mr. Butler: I don't think you see all that I do in the poem, and I am afraid that the suggestion of a DARK SECRET in the poet's life is not so very obvious after all. I was hoping you would propose to devote yourself for a few months to reading *The Excursion*, his letters, etc., with a view to following up the clue, and I am disappointed though, to say the truth, the idea of a *crime* had not flashed upon me when I wrote to you. How well the works of *great* men repay attention and study! But you, who know your Bible so well, how was it that you did not detect the plagiarism in the last verse? Just refer to the account of the disappearance of Aaron (I have not a Bible at hand, we want one sadly in the club) but I am sure that the words are identical. [I cannot see what Miss Savage meant. 1901. S.B.] *Cassell's Magazine* have offered a prize for setting the poem to music, and I fell to thinking how it could be treated musically, and so came to a right comprehension of it."

Although Butler, when editing Miss Savage's letters in 1901, could not see the resemblance between Wordsworth's poem and Numbers xx, he at once saw a strong likeness between Lucy and Moore's heroine whom he had been keeping in an accessible pigeon-hole of his memory ever since his letter about Miss Frances Power Cobbe. He now sent Lucy to keep her company and often spoke of the pair of them as probably the two most disagreeable young women

in English literature–an opinion which he must have expressed to Miss Savage and with which I have no doubt she agreed.

In the spring of 1888, on his return from photographing the statues at Varallo, he found, to his disgust, that the authorities of the British Museum had removed Frost's *Lives of Eminent Christians* from its accustomed shelf in the Reading Room. Soon afterwards Harry Quilter asked him to write for *The Universal Review* and he responded with "Quis Desiderio . . . ?" In this essay he compares himself to Wordsworth and dwells on the points of resemblance between Lucy and the book of whose assistance he had now been deprived in a passage which echoes the opening of chapter 5 of *Ex Voto*, where he points out the resemblances between Varallo and Jerusalem.

Early in 1888 the leading members of the Shrewsbury Archaeological Society asked Butler to write a memoir of his grandfather and of his father for their Quarterly Journal. This he undertook to do when he should have finished *Ex Voto*. In December 1888 his sisters, with the idea of helping him to write the memoir, gave him his grandfather's correspondence, which extended from 1790 to 1839. On looking over these very voluminous papers he became penetrated with an almost Chinese reverence for his ancestor and, after getting the Archaeological Society to absolve him from his promise to write the memoir, set about a full life of Dr. Butler, which was not published till 1896. The delay was caused partly by the immense quantity of documents he had to sift and digest, the number of people he had to consult, and the many letters he had to write, and partly by something that arose out of *Narcissus*, which we published in June 1888.

Butler was not satisfied with having written only half of this work; he wanted it to have a successor, so that by adding his two halves together, he could say he had written a whole Handelian oratorio. While staying with his sisters at Shrewsbury with this idea in his mind, he casually took up a book by Alfred Ainger about Charles Lamb and therein

stumbled upon something about the *Odyssey*. It was years since he had looked at the poem, but, from what he remembered, he thought it might provide a suitable subject for musical treatment. He did not, however, want to put Dr. Butler aside, so I undertook to investigate. It is stated on the title-page of both *Narcissus* and *Ulysses* that the words were written and the music composed by both of us. As to the music, each piece bears the initials of the one who actually composed it. As to the words, it was necessary first to settle some general scheme and this, in the case of *Narcissus*, grew in the course of conversation. The scheme of *Ulysses* was constructed in a more formal way and Butler had perhaps rather less to do with it. We were bound by the *Odyssey*, which is, of course, too long to be treated fully, and I selected incidents that attracted me and settled the order of the songs and choruses. For this purpose, as I out-Shakespeare Shakespeare in the smallness of my Greek, I used *The Adventures of Ulysses* by Charles Lamb, which we should have known nothing about but for Ainger's book. Butler acquiesced in my proposals, but, when it came to the words themselves, he wrote practically all the libretto, as he had done in the case of *Narcissus*; I did no more than suggest a few phrases and a few lines here and there.

We had sent *Narcissus* for review to the papers, and, as a consequence, about this time, made the acquaintance of Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, then musical critic of *The Times*; he introduced us to that learned musician William Smith Rockstro, under whom we studied mediaeval counterpoint while composing *Ulysses*. We had already made some progress with it when it occurred to Butler that it would not take long and might, perhaps, be safer if he were to look at the original poem, just to make sure that Lamb had not misled me. Not having forgotten all his Greek, he bought a copy of the *Odyssey* and was so fascinated by it that he could not put it down. When he came to the Phaeacian episode of Ulysses at Scheria he felt he must be reading the description of a real place and that something in the personality of the

author was eluding him. For months he was puzzled, and, to help in clearing up the mystery, set about translating the poem. In August 1891 he had preceded me to Chiavenna, and on a letter I wrote him, telling him when to expect me, he made this note:

"It was during the few days that I was at Chiavenna (at the Hotel Grotta Crimée) that I hit upon the feminine authorship of the *Odyssey*. I did not find out its having been written at Trapani till January, 1892."

He suspected that the authoress in describing both Scheria and Ithaca was drawing from her native country and searched on the Admiralty charts for the features enumerated in the poem; this led him to the conclusion that the country could only be Trapani, Mount Eryx, and the Aegadean Islands. As soon as he could after this discovery he went to Sicily to study the locality and found it in all respects suitable for his theory; indeed, it was astonishing how things kept turning up to support his view. It is all in his book *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, published in 1897 and dedicated to his friend Cavaliere Biagio Ingroja of Calatafimi.

His first visit to Sicily was in 1892, in August—a hot time of the year, but it was his custom to go abroad in the autumn. He returned to Sicily every year (except one), but latterly went in the spring. He made many friends all over the island, and after his death the people of Calatafimi called a street by his name, the Via Samuel Butler, "thus," as Ingroja wrote when he announced the event to me, "honouring a great man's memory, handing down his name to posterity, and doing homage to the friendly English nation." Besides showing that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman in Sicily and translating the poem into English prose, he also translated the *Iliad*, and, in March 1895, went to Greece and the Troad to see the country therein described, where he found nothing to cause him to disagree with the received theories.

It has been said of him in a general way that the fact of an opinion being commonly held was enough to make him profess the opposite. It was enough to make him examine

the opinion for himself, when it affected any of the many subjects which interested him, and if, after giving it his best attention, he found it did not hold water, then no weight of authority could make him say that it did. This matter of the geography of the *Iliad* is only one among many commonly received opinions which he examined for himself and found no reason to dispute; on these he considered it unnecessary to write.

It is characteristic of his passion for doing things thoroughly that he learnt nearly the whole of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* by heart. He had a Pickering copy of each poem, which he carried in his pocket and referred to in railway trains, both in England and Italy, when saying the poems over to himself. These two little books are now in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was, however, disappointed to find that he could not retain more than a book or two at a time and that, on learning more, he forgot what he had learnt first; but he was about sixty at the time. Shakespeare's Sonnets, on which he published a book in 1899, gave him less trouble in this respect; he knew them all by heart, and also their order, and one consequence of this was that he wrote some sonnets in the Shakespearean form. He found this intimate knowledge of the poet's work more useful for his purpose than reading commentaries by those who are less familiar with it. "A commentary on a poem," he would say, "may be useful as material on which to form an estimate of the commentator, but the poem itself is the most important document you can consult, and it is impossible to know it too intimately if you want to form an opinion about it and its author."

It was always the author, the work of God, that interested him more than the book, the work of man; the painter more than the picture; the composer more than the music. "If a writer, a painter, or a musician makes me feel that he held those things to be lovable which I myself hold to be lovable I am satisfied; art is only interesting in so far as it reveals the personality of the artist." Handel was, of course,

"the greatest of all musicians." Among the painters he chiefly loved Giovanni Bellini, Carpaccio, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Rembrandt, Holbein, Velasquez, and De Hooghe; in poetry Shakespeare, Homer, and the Authoress of the *Odyssey*; and in architecture the man, whoever he was, who designed the Temple of Neptune at Paestum. Life being short, he did not see why he should waste any of it in the company of inferior people when he had these. And he treated those he met in daily life in the same spirit: it was what he found them to be that attracted or repelled him; what others thought about them was of little or no consequence.

And now, at the end of his life, his thoughts reverted to the two subjects which had occupied him more than thirty years previously—namely, *Erewhon* and the evidence for the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The idea of what might follow from belief in one single supposed miracle had been slumbering during all those years and at last rose again in the form of a sequel to *Erewhon*. In *Erewhon Revisited* Mr. Higgs returns to find that the Erewhonians now believe in him as a god in consequence of the supposed miracle of his going up in a balloon to induce his heavenly father to send the rain. Mr. Higgs and the reader know that there was no miracle in the case, but Butler wanted to show that whether it was a miracle or not did not signify provided that the people believed it be one. And so Mr. Higgs is present in the temple which is being dedicated to him and his worship.

The existence of his son George was an afterthought and gave occasion for the second leading idea of the book—the story of a father trying to win the love of a hitherto unknown son by risking his life in order to show himself worthy of it—and succeeding.

Butler's health had already begun to fail, and when he started for Sicily on Good Friday 1902 it was for the last time: he knew he was unfit to travel, but was determined to go, and was looking forward to meeting Mr. and Mrs.

J. A. Fuller Maitland, whom he was to accompany over the Odyssean scenes at Trapani and Mount Eryx. But he did not get beyond Palermo; there he was so much worse that he could not leave his room. In a few weeks he was well enough to be removed to Naples, and Alfred went out and brought him home to London. He was taken to a nursing home in St. John's Wood where he lay for a month, attended by his old friend Dr. Dudgeon, and where he died on the 18th June 1902.

There was a great deal he still wanted to do. He had intended to revise *The Way of All Flesh*, to write a book about Tabachetti, and to publish a new edition of *Ex Voto* with the mistakes corrected. Also he wished to reconsider the articles reprinted in the *Collected Essays*, and was looking forward to painting more sketches and composing more music. While lying ill and very feeble within a few days of the end, and not knowing whether it was to be the end or not, he said to me:

"I am much better to-day. I don't feel at all as though I were going to die. Of course, it will be all wrong if I do get well, for there is my literary position to be considered. First I write *Erewhon*—that is my opening subject; then, after modulating freely through all my other books and the music and so on, I return gracefully to my original key and write *Erewhon Revisited*. Obviously, now is the proper moment to come to a full close, make my bow and retire; but I believe I am getting well, after all. It's very inartistic, but I cannot help it."

Some of his readers complain that they often do not know whether he is serious or jesting. He wrote of Lord Beaconsfield: "Earnestness was his greatest danger, but if he did not quite overcome it (as indeed who can? it is the last enemy that shall be subdued), he managed to veil it with a fair amount of success." To veil his own earnestness he turned most naturally to humour, employing it in a spirit of reverence, as all the great humorists have done, to express his deepest and most serious convictions. He was aware

that he ran the risk of being misunderstood by some, but he also knew that it is useless to try to please all, and, like Mozart, he wrote to please himself and a few intimate friends.

I cannot speak at length of his kindness, consideration, and sympathy; nor of his generosity, the extent of which was very great and can never be known—it was sometimes exercised in unexpected ways, as when he gave my laundress a shilling because it was "such a beastly foggy morning"; nor of his slightly archaic courtliness—unless among people he knew well he usually left the room backwards, bowing to the company; nor of his punctiliousness, industry, and painstaking attention to detail—he kept accurate accounts not only of all his property by double entry, but also of his daily expenditure, which he balanced to a halfpenny every evening, and his handwriting, always beautiful and legible, was more so at sixty-six than at twenty-six; nor of his patience and cheerfulness during years of anxiety when he had few to sympathize with him; nor of the strange mixture of simplicity and shrewdness that caused one who knew him well to say: "Il sait tout; il ne sait rien; il est poète."

Epitaphs always fascinated him, and formerly he used to say he should like to be buried at Langar and to have on his tombstone the subject of the last of Handel's *Six Great Fugues*. He called this "The Old Man Fugue," and said it was like an epitaph composed for himself by one who was very old and tired and sorry for things; and he made young Ernest Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh* offer it to Edward Overton as an epitaph for his Aunt Alethea. Butler, however, left off wanting any tombstone long before he died. In accordance with his wish his body was cremated, and a week later Alfred and I returned to Woking and buried his ashes under the shrubs in the garden of the crematorium, with nothing to mark the spot.

PART I: CAMBRIDGE

This essay[1] *is believed to be the first composition by Samuel Butler that appeared in print. It was published in the first number of "The Eagle," a magazine written and edited by members of St. John's College, Cambridge, in the Lent Term* 1858, *when Butler was in his fourth and last year of residence.*

I SIT DOWN SCARCELY KNOWING HOW TO grasp my own meaning, and give it a tangible shape in words; and yet it is concerning this very expression of our thoughts in words that I wish to speak. As I muse things fall more into their proper places, and, little fit for the task as my confession pronounces me to be, I will try to make clear that which is in my mind.

I think, then, that the style of our authors of a couple of hundred years ago was more terse and masculine than that of those of the present day, possessing both more of the graphic element, and more vigour, straightforwardness, and conciseness. Most readers will have anticipated me in admitting that a man should be clear of his meaning before he endeavours to give to it any kind of utterance, and that having made up his mind what to say, the less thought he takes how to say it, more than briefly, pointedly, and plainly, the better; for instance, Bacon tells us, "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark"; he does not say, what I can imagine a last century writer to have said, "A feeling somewhat analogous to the dread with which children are affected upon entering a dark room, is that which most men entertain at the contemplation of death." Jeremy Taylor says, "Tell them it is as much intemperance to weep too much as to laugh too much"; he does not say, "All men will acknowledge that laughing admits of intemperance, but some men may at first sight hesitate to allow that a similar imputation may be at times attached to weeping."

I incline to believe that as irons support the rickety child, whilst they impede the healthy one, so rules, for the most part, are but useful to the weaker among us. Our greatest

[1] From *The Eagle*, vol. I, no. 1. Lent Term, 1858, p. 41.

masters in language, whether prose or verse, in painting, music, architecture, or the like, have been those who preceded the rule and whose excellence gave rise thereto; men who preceded, I should rather say, not the rule, but the discovery of the rule, men whose intuitive perception led them to the right practice. We cannot imagine Homer to have studied rules, and the infant genius of those giants of their art, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, who composed at the ages of seven, five, and ten, must certainly have been unfettered by them: to the less brilliantly endowed, however, they have a use as being compendious safeguards against error. Let me then lay down as the best of all rules for writing, "forgetfulness of self, and carefulness of the matter in hand." No simile is out of place that illustrates the subject; in fact, a simile as showing the symmetry of this world's arrangement is always, if a fair one, interesting; every simile is amiss that leads the mind from the contemplation of its object to the contemplation of its author. This will apply equally to the heaping up of unnecessary illustrations: it is as great a fault to supply the reader with too many as with too few; having given him at most two, it is better to let him read slowly and think out the rest for himself than to surfeit him with an abundance of explanation. Hood says well,

> "And thus upon the public mind intrude it;
> As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
> No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it."

A book that is worth reading will be worth reading thoughtfully, and there are but few good books, save certain novels, that it is well to read in an arm-chair. Most will bear standing to. At the present time we seem to lack the impassiveness and impartiality which was so marked among the writings of our forefathers, we are seldom content with the simple narration of fact, but must rush off into an almost declamatory description of them; my meaning will be plain to all who have studied Thucydides. The dignity of his

simplicity is, I think, marred by those who put in the accessories which seem thought necessary in all present histories. How few writers of the present day would not, instead of νὺξ γὰρ ἐπεγένετο τῷ ἔργῳ, rather write, "Night fell upon this horrid scene of bloodshed."[1] This is somewhat a matter of taste, but I think I shall find some to agree with me in preferring for plain narration (of course I exclude oratory) the unadorned gravity of Thucydides. There are, indeed, some writers of the present day who seem returning to the statement of facts rather than their adornment, but these are not the most generally admired. This simplicity, however, to be truly effective must be unstudied; it will not do to write with affected terseness, a charge which, I think, may be fairly preferred against Tacitus; such a style if ever effective must be so from excess of artifice and not from that artlessness of simplicity which I should wish to see prevalent among us.

Neither again is it well to write and go over the ground again with the pruning knife, though this fault is better than the other; to take care of the matter, and let the words take care of themselves, is the best safeguard.

To this I shall be answered, "Yes, but is not a diamond cut and polished a more beautiful object than when rough?" I grant it, and more valuable, inasmuch as it has run chance of spoliation in the cutting, but I maintain that the thinking man, the man whose thoughts are great and worth the consideration of others, will "deal in proprieties," and will from the mine of his thoughts produce ready-cut diamonds, or rather will cut them there spontaneously, ere ever they see the light of day.

There are a few points still which it were well we should consider. We are all too apt when we sit down to study a subject to have already formed our opinion, and to weave all matter to the warp of our preconceived judgment, to fall in with the received idea, and, with biassed minds, uncon-

[1] This was called to my attention by a distinguished Greek scholar of this University.

sciously to follow in the wake of public opinion, while professing to lead it. To the best of my belief half the dogmatism of those we daily meet is in consequence of the unwitting practice of this self-deception. Simply let us not talk about what we do not understand, save as learners, and we shall not by writing mislead others.

There is no shame in being obliged to others for opinions, the shame is not being honest enough to acknowledge it: I would have no one omit to put down a useful thought because it was not his own, provided it tended to the better expression of his matter, and he did not conceal its source; let him, however, set out the borrowed capital to interest. One word more and I have done. With regard to our subject, the best rule is not to write concerning that about which we cannot at our present age know anything save by a process which is commonly called cram: on all such matters there are abler writers than ourselves; the men, in fact, from whom we cram. Never let us hunt after a subject, unless we have something which we feel urged on to say, it is better to say nothing; who are so ridiculous as those who talk for the sake of talking, save only those who write for the sake of writing? but there are subjects which all young men think about. Who can take a walk in our streets and not think? the most trivial incident has ramifications, to whose guidance if we surrender our thoughts, we are oft-times led upon a gold mine unawares, and no man whether old or young is worse for reading the ingenuous and unaffected statement of a young man's thoughts. There are some things in which experience blunts the mental vision, as well as others in which it sharpens it. The former are best described by younger men; our province is not to lead public opinion, is not in fact to ape our seniors, and transport ourselves from our proper sphere, it is rather to show ourselves as we are, to throw our thoughts before the public as they rise, without requiring it to imagine that we are right and others wrong, but hoping for the forbearance which I must beg the reader to concede to myself, and trust-

ing to the genuineness and vigour of our design to attract it may be more than a passing attention.

I am aware that I have digressed from the original purpose of my essay, but I hope for pardon, if, believing the digression to be of more value than the original matter, I have not checked my pen, but let it run on even as my heart directed it.

CELLARIUS

This essay[1] *was published in "The Eagle," vol. I, no. 5, in the Easter Term* 1859. *It describes a holiday trip made by Butler in June* 1857, *in company with a friend whose name, which was Joseph Green, Butler Italianized as Giuseppe Verdi. I am permitted by Professor Bonney to quote a few words from a private letter of his referring to Butler's tour: "It was remarkable in the amount of ground covered and the small sum spent, but still more in the direction taken in the first part of the tour. Dauphiné was then almost a "Terra Incognita" to English or any other travellers."*

AS THE VACATION IS NEAR, AND MANY MAY find themselves with three weeks' time on their hands, five-and-twenty pounds in their pockets, and the map of Europe before them, perhaps the following sketch of what can be effected with such money and in such time may not come amiss to those who, like ourselves a couple of years ago, are in doubt how to enjoy themselves most effectually after a term's hard reading.

To some, probably, the tour we decided upon may seem too hurried, and the fatigue too great for too little profit; still even to these it may happen that a portion of the following pages may be useful. Indeed, the tour was scarcely conceived at first in its full extent, originally we had intended devoting ourselves entirely to the French architecture of Normandy and Brittany. Then we grew ambitious, and stretched our imaginations to Paris. Then the longing for a snowy mountain waxed, and the love of French Gothic waned, and we determined to explore the French Alps. Then we thought that we must just step over them and take a peep into Italy, and so, disdaining to return by the road we had already travelled, we would cut off the north-west corner of Italy, and cross the Alps again into Switzerland, where, of course, we must see the cream of what was to be seen; and then thinking it possible that our three weeks and our five-and-twenty pounds might be looking foolish, we would return, via Strasburg to Paris, and so to Cambridge. This

[1] From *The Eagle*, vol. I, no. 5. Easter Term, 1859, p. 241.

plan we eventually carried into execution, spending not a penny more money, nor an hour's more time; and, despite the declarations which met us on all sides that we could never achieve anything like all we had intended, I hope to be able to show how we did achieve it, and how anyone else may do the like if he has a mind. A person with a good deal of energy might do much more than this; we ourselves had at one time entertained thoughts of going to Rome for two days, and thence to Naples, walking over the Monte St. Angelo from Castellamare to Amalfi (which for my own part I cherish with fond affection, as being far the most lovely thing that I have ever seen), and then returning as with a *Nunc Dimittis*, and I still think it would have been very possible; but, on the whole, such a journey would not have been so well, for the long tedious road between Marseilles and Paris would have twice been traversed by us, to say nothing of the sea journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia. However, no more of what might have been, let us proceed to what was.

If on Tuesday, 9th June [1857], you leave London Bridge at six o'clock in the morning, you will get (via Newhaven) to Dieppe at fifteen minutes past three. If on landing you go to the Hôtel Victoria, you will find good accommodation and a table d'hôte at five o'clock; you can then go and admire the town, which will not be worth admiring, but which will fill you with pleasure on account of the novelty and freshness of everything you meet; whether it is the old bonnetless, short-petticoated women walking arm and arm with their grandsons, whether the church with its quaint sculpture of the Entombment of our Lord, and the sad votive candles ever guttering in front of it, or whether the plain evidence that meets one at every touch and turn, that one is among people who live out of doors very much more than ourselves, or what not - all will be charming, and if you are yourself in high spirits and health, full of anticipation and well inclined to be pleased with all you see, Dieppe will appear a very charming place, and one which a year or two

hence you will fancy that you would like to revisit. But now we must leave it at forty-five minutes past seven, and at twelve o'clock on Tuesday night we shall find ourselves in Paris. We drive off to the Hôtel de Normandie in the Rue St. Honoré, 290 (I think), stroll out and get a cup of coffee, and return to bed at one o'clock.

The next day we spent in Paris, and of it no account need be given, save perhaps the reader may be advised to ascend the Arc de Triomphe, and not to waste his time in looking at Napoleon's hats and coats and shoes in the Louvre; to eschew all the picture rooms save the one with the Murillos, and the great gallery, and to dine at the Dîners de Paris. If he asks leave to wash his hands before dining there, he will observe a little astonishment among the waiters at the barbarian cleanliness of the English, and be shown into a little room, where a diminutive bowl will be proffered to him, of which more anon; let him first (as we did) wash or rather sprinkle his face as best he can, and then we will tell him after dinner what we generally do with the bowls in question. I forget how many things they gave us, but I am sure many more than would be pleasant to read, nor do I remember any circumstance connected with the dinner, save that on occasion of one of the courses, the waiter perceiving a little perplexity on my part as to how I should manage an artichoke served *à la française*, feelingly removed my knife and fork from my hand and cut it up himself into six mouthfuls, returning me the whole with a sigh of gratitude for the escape of the artichoke from a barbarous and unnatural end; and then after dinner they brought us little tumblers of warm lavender scent and water to wash our mouths out, and the little bowls to spit into; but enough of eating, we must have some more coffee at a café on the Boulevards, watch the carriages and the people and the dresses and the sunshine and all the pomps and vanities which the Boulevards have not yet renounced; return to the inn, fetch our knapsacks, and be off to the Chemin de Fer de Lyon by forty-five minutes past seven; our train leaves at five minutes past

eight, and we are booked to Grenoble. All night long the train speeds towards the south. We leave Sens with its grey cathedral solemnly towering in the moonlight a mile on the left. (How few remember, that to the architect William of Sens we owe Canterbury Cathedral.) Fontainebleau is on the right, station after station wakes up our dozing senses, while ever in our ears are ringing as through the dim light we gaze on the surrounding country, "the pastures of Switzerland and the poplar valleys of France."

It is still dark—as dark, that is, as the midsummer night will allow it to be, when we are aware that we have entered on a tunnel; a long tunnel, very long—I fancy there must be high hills above it; for I remember that some few years ago when I was travelling up from Marseilles to Paris in midwinter, all the way from Avignon (between which place and Châlons the railway was not completed), there had been a dense frozen fog; on neither hand could anything beyond the road be descried, while every bush and tree was coated with a thick and steadily increasing fringe of silver hoar-frost, for the night and day, and half-day that it took us to reach this tunnel, all was the same—bitter cold, dense fog and ever silently increasing hoar-frost: but on emerging from it, the whole scene was completely changed; the air was clear, the sun shining brightly, no hoar-frost and only a few patches of fast melting snow, everything in fact betokening a thaw of some days' duration. Another thing I know about this tunnel which makes me regard it with veneration as a boundary line in countries, namely, that on every high ground after this tunnel on clear days Mont Blanc may be seen. True, it is only very rarely seen, but I have known those who have seen it; and accordingly touch my companion on the side, and say, "We are within sight of the Alps"; a few miles farther on and we are at Dijon. It is still very early morning, I think about three o'clock, but we feel as if we were already at the Alps, and keep looking anxiously out for them, though we well know that it is a moral impossibility that we should see them for some hours

at the least. Indian corn comes in after Dijon; the oleanders begin to come out of their tubs; the peach trees, apricots, and nectarines unnail themselves from the walls, and stand alone in the open fields. The vineyards are still scrubby, but the practised eye readily detects with each hour some slight token that we are nearer the sun than we were, or, at any rate, farther from the North Pole. We don't stay long at Dijon nor at Châlons, at Lyons we have an hour to wait; breakfast off a basin of *café au lait* and a huge hunch of bread, get a miserable wash, compared with which the spittoons of the Dîners de Paris were luxurious, and return in time to proceed to St. Rambert, whence the railroad branches off to Grenoble. It is very beautiful between Lyons and St. Rambert. The mulberry trees show the silkworm to be a denizen of the country, while the fields are dazzlingly brilliant with poppies and salvias; on the other side of the Rhône rise high cloud-capped hills, but towards the Alps we strain our eyes in vain.

At St. Rambert the railroad to Grenoble branches off at right angles to the main line, it was then only complete as far as Rives, now it is continued the whole way to Grenoble; by which the reader will save some two or three hours, but miss a beautiful ride from Rives to Grenoble by the road. The valley bears the name of Grésivaudan. It is very rich and luxuriant, the vineyards are more Italian, the fig trees larger than we have yet seen them, patches of snow whiten the higher hills, and we feel that we are at last indeed among the outskirts of the Alps themselves. I am told that we should have stayed at Voreppe, seen the Grande Chartreuse (for which see Murray), and then gone on to Grenoble, but we were pressed for time and could not do everything. At Grenoble we arrived about two o'clock, washed comfortably at last and then dined; during dinner a *calèche* was preparing to drive us on to Bourg d'Oisans, a place some six or seven and thirty miles farther on, and by thirty minutes past three we find ourselves reclining easily within it, and digesting dinner with the assistance of a little packet, for which we

paid one-and-fourpence at the well-known shop of Mr. Bacon, Market-square, Cambridge. It is very charming. The air is sweet, warm, and sunny, there has been bad weather for some days here, but it is clearing up; the clouds are lifting themselves hour by hour, we are evidently going to have a pleasant spell of fine weather. The *calèche* jolts a little, and the horse is decidedly shabby, both *qua* horse and *qua* harness, but our moustaches are growing, and our general appearance is in keeping. The wine was very pleasant at Grenoble, and we have a pound of ripe cherries between us; so, on the whole, we would not change with his Royal Highness Prince Albert or all the Royal Family, and jolt on through the long straight poplar avenue that colonnades the road above the level swamp and beneath the hills, and turning a sharp angle enter Vizille, a wretched place, only memorable because from this point we begin definitely, though slowly, to enter the hills and ascend by the side of the Romanche through the valley, which that river either made or found—who knows or cares? But we do know very well that we are driving up a very exquisitely beautiful valley, that the Romanche takes longer leaps from rock to rock than she did, that the hills have closed in upon us, that we see more snow each time the valley opens, that the villages get scantier, and that at last a great giant iceberg walls up the way in front, and we feast our eyes on the long-desired sight till after that the setting sun has tinged it purple (a sure sign of a fine day), its ghastly pallor shows us that the night is upon us. It is cold, and we are not sorry at half-past nine to find ourselves at Bourg d'Oisans, where there is a very fair inn kept by one Martin; we get a comfortable supper of eggs and go to bed fairly tired.

This, we must remind the reader, is Thursday night, on Tuesday morning we left London, spent one day in Paris, and are now sleeping among the Alps, sharpish work, but very satisfactory, and a prelude to better things by and by. The next day we made rather a mistake, instead of going straight on to Briançon we went up a valley towards Mont

Pelvoux (a mountain nearly 14,000 feet high), intending to cross a high pass above La Bérarde down to Briançon, but when we got to St. Christophe we were told the pass would not be open till August, so returned and slept a second night at Bourg d'Oisans. The valley, however, was all that could be desired, mingled sun and shadow, tumbling river, rich wood, and mountain pastures, precipices all around, and snow-clad summits continually unfolding themselves; Murray is right in calling the valley above Venosc a scene of savage sterility. At Venosc, in the poorest of hostelries was a tuneless cracked old instrument, half piano, half harpsichord—how it ever found its way there we were at a loss to conceive—and an irrelevant clock that strucks even times by fits and starts at its own convenience during our one o'clock dinner; we returned to Bourg d'Oisans at seven, and were in bed by nine.

Saturday, 13th June.

Having found that a conveyance to Briançon was beyond our finances, and that they would not take us any distance at a reasonable charge, we determined to walk the whole fifty miles in the day, and accordingly left Bourg d'Oisans at a few minutes before five in the morning. The clouds were floating half-way down the mountains, sauntering listlessly over the uplands, but they soon began to rise, and before seven o'clock the sky was cloudless; along the road were passing hundreds of people (though it was only five in the morning) in detachments of from two to nine, with cattle, sheep, pigs, and goats, picturesque enough but miserably lean and gaunt: we leave them to proceed to the fair, and after a three miles' level walk through a straight poplar avenue, commence ascending far above the Romanche; all day long we slowly ascend, stopping occasionally to refresh ourselves with *vin ordinaire* and water, but making steady way in the main, though heavily weighted and under a broiling sun; at one we reach La Grave, which is opposite the Mont de Lans, a most superb mountain. The whole scene equal to anything in Switzerland, as far as the mountains go. The

Mont de Lans is opposite the windows, seeming little more than a stone's throw off, and causing my companion (whose name I will, with his permission, Italianize into that of the famous composer Giuseppe Verdi) to think it a mere nothing to mount to the top of those sugared pinnacles which he will not believe are many miles distant in reality. After dinner we trudge on, the scenery constantly improving, the snow drawing down to us, and the Romanche dwindling hourly; we reach the top of the Col du Lautaret, which Murray must describe; I can only say that it is first-class scenery. The flowers are splendid, acres and acres of wild narcissus, the Alpine cowslip, gentians, large purple and yellow anemones, soldanellas, and the whole kith and kin of the high Alpine pasture flowers; great banks of snow lie on each side of the road, and probably will continue to do so till the middle of July, while all around are glaciers and precipices innumerable.

We only got as far as Monêtier after all, for, reaching that town at half-past eight, and finding that Briançon was still eight miles further on, we preferred resting there at the miserable but cheap and honest Hôtel de l'Europe; had we gone on a little farther we should have found a much better one, but we were tired with our forty-two miles' walk, and, after a hasty supper and a quiet pipe, over which we watch the last twilight on the Alps above Briançon, we turn in very tired but very much charmed.

Sunday morning was the clearest and freshest morning that ever tourists could wish for, the grass crisply frozen (for we are some three or four thousand feet above the sea), the glaciers descending to a level but little higher than the road; a fine range of Alps in front over Briançon, and the road winding down past a new river (for we have long lost the Romanche) towards the town, which is some six or seven miles distant.

It was a fête–the *Fête du bon Dieu*, celebrated annually on this day throughout all this part of the country; in all the villages there were little shrines erected, adorned with strings

of blue corncockle, narcissus heads, and poppies, bunches of green, pink, and white calico, moss and fir-tree branches, and in the midst of these tastefully arranged bowers was an image of the Virgin and her Son, with whatever other saints the place was possessed of.

At Briançon, which we reached (in a trap) at eight o'clock, these demonstrations were more imposing, but less pleasing; the soldiers, too, were being drilled and exercised, and the whole scene was one of the greatest animation, such as Frenchmen know how to exhibit on the morning of a gala day.

Leaving our trap at Briançon and making a hasty breakfast at the Hôtel de la Paix, we walked up a very lonely valley towards Cervières. I dare not say how many hours we wended our way up the brawling torrent without meeting a soul or seeing a human habitation; it was fearfully hot too, and we longed for *vin ordinaire*; Cervières seemed as though it never would come—still the same rugged precipices, snow-clad heights, brawling torrent, and stony road, butterflies beautiful and innumerable, flowers to match, sky cloudless. At last we are there; through the town, or rather village, the river rushes furiously, the dismantled houses and gaping walls affording palpable traces of the fearful inundations of the previous year, not a house near the river was sound, many quite uninhabitable, and more such as I am sure few of us would like to inhabit. However, it is Cervières such as it is, and we hope for our *vin ordinaire*; but, alas! —not a human being, man, woman, or child, is to be seen, the houses are all closed, the noonday quiet holds the hill with a vengeance, unbroken, save by the ceaseless roar of the river.

While we were pondering what this loneliness could mean, and wherefore we were unable to make an entrance even into the little *auberge* that professed to *loger à pied et à cheval*, a kind of low wail or chaunt began to make itself heard from the other side of the river; wild and strange, yet full of a music of its own, it took my friend and myself so much by surprise

that we almost thought for the moment that we had trespassed on to the forbidden ground of some fairy people who lived alone here, high amid the sequestered valleys where mortal steps were rare, but on going to the corner of the street we were undeceived indeed, but most pleasurably surprised by the pretty spectacle that presented itself.

For from the church opposite, first were pouring forth a string of young girls clad in their Sunday's best, then followed the youths, as in duty bound, then came a few monks or friars or some such folk, carrying the Virgin, then the men of the place, then the women and lesser children, all singing after their own rough fashion; the effect was electrical, for in a few minutes the procession reached us, and dispersing itself far and wide, filled the town with as much life as it had before been lonely. It was like a sudden introduction of the whole company on to the theatre after the stage has been left empty for a minute, and to us was doubly welcome as affording us some hope of our wine.

"Vous êtes Piedmontais, monsieur," said one to me. I denied the accusation. "Alors vous êtes Allemands." I again denied and said we were English, whereon they opened their eyes wide and said, "Anglais,—mais c'est une autre chose," and seemed much pleased, for the alliance was then still in full favour. It caused them a little disappointment that we were Protestants, but they were pleased at being able to tell us that there was a Protestant minister higher up the valley which we said would "do us a great deal of pleasure."

The *vin ordinaire* was execrable—they only, however, charged us nine sous for it, and on our giving half a franc and thinking ourselves exceedingly stingy for not giving a whole one, they shouted out "Voilà les Anglais, voilà la generosité des Anglais," with evident sincerity. I thought to myself that the less we English corrupted the primitive simplicity of these good folks the better; it was really refreshing to find several people protesting about one's generosity for having paid a halfpenny more for a bottle of

wine than was expected; at Monêtier we asked whether many English came there, and they told us yes, a great many, there had been fifteen there last year, but I should imagine that scarcely fifteen could travel up past Cervières, and yet the English character be so little known as to be still evidently popular.

I don't know what o'clock it was when we left Cervières—midday I should imagine; we left the river on our left and began to ascend a mountain pass called Izouard, as far as I could make out, but will not pledge myself to have caught the name correctly; it was more lonely than ever, very high, much more snow on the top than on the previous day over the Col du Lautaret, the path scarcely distinguishable, indeed quite lost in many places, very beautiful but not so much so as the Col du Lautaret, and better on descending towards Queyras than on ascending; from the summit of the pass the view of the several Alpine chains about is very fine, but from the entire absence of trees of any kind it is more rugged and barren than I altogether liked; going down towards Queyras we found the letters S.I.C. marked on a rock, evidently with the spike of an alpine-stock,—we wondered whether they stood for St. John's College.

We reached Queyras at about four very tired, for yesterday's work was heavy, and refresh ourselves with a huge omelette and some good Provence wine.

Reader, don't go into that *auberge*, carry up provision from Briançon, or at any rate carry the means of eating it: they have only two knives in the place, one for the landlord and one for the landlady; these are clasp knives, and they carry them in their pockets; I used the landlady's, my companion had the other; the room was very like a cow-house—dark, wooden, and smelling strongly of manure; outside I saw that one of the beams supporting a huge projecting balcony that ran round the house was resting on a capital of white marble—a Lombard capital that had evidently seen better days, they could not tell us whence it came. Meat they have none, so we gorge ourselves with omelette, and at half-past

five trudge on, for we have a long way to go yet, and no alternative but to proceed.

Abriès is the name of the place we stopped at that night; it was pitch-dark when we reached it, and the whole town was gone to bed, but by great good luck we found a café still open (the inn was shut up for the night), and there we lodged. I dare not say how many miles we had walked, but we were still plucky, and having prevailed at last on the landlord to allow us clean sheets on our beds instead of the dirty ones he and his wife had been sleeping in since Christmas, and making the best of the solitary decanter and pie dish which was all the washing implements we were allowed (not a toothmug even extra), we had coffee and bread and brandy for supper, and retired at about eleven to the soundest sleep in spite of our somewhat humble accommodation. If nasty, at any rate it was cheap; they charged us a franc a piece for our suppers, beds, and two cigars; we went to the inn to breakfast, where, though the accommodation was somewhat better, the charge was most extortionate. Murray is quite right in saying that travellers should bargain beforehand at this inn (*chez* Richard); I think they charged us five francs for the most ordinary breakfast. From this place we started at about nine, and took a guide as far as the top of the Col de la Croix Haute, having too nearly lost our way yesterday; the paths have not been traversed much yet, and the mule and sheep droppings are but scanty indicators of the direction of paths of which the winds and rain have obliterated all other traces.

The Col de la Croix Haute is rightly named, it was very high, but not so hard to ascend until we reached the snow. On the Italian side it is terribly steep, from the French side, however, the slope is more gradual. The snow was deeper at the top of this pass than on either of the two previous days; in many places we sank deep in, but had no real difficulty in crossing; on the Italian side the snow was gone and the path soon became clear enough, so we sent our guide to the right about and trudged on alone.

A sad disappointment, however, awaited us, for instead of the clear air that we had heretofore enjoyed, the clouds were rolling up from the valley, and we entirely lost the magnificent view of the plains of Lombardy which we ought to have seen; this was our first mishap, and we bore it heroically. A lunch may be had at Prali, and there the Italian tongue will be heard for the first time.

We must have both looked very questionable personages, for I remember that a man present asked me for a cigar; I gave him two, and he proffered a sou in return as a matter of course.

Shortly below Prali the clouds drew off, or rather we reached a lower level, so that they were above us, and now the walnut and the chestnut, the oak and the beech have driven away the pines of the other side, not that there were many of them; soon, too, the vineyards come in, the Indian corn again flourishes everywhere, the cherries grow ripe as we descend, and in an hour or two we felt to our great joy that we were fairly in Italy.

The descent is steep beyond compare, for La Tour, which we reached by four o'clock, is quite on the plain, very much on a level with Turin—I do not remember any descent between the two—and the pass cannot be much under eight thousand feet.

Passports are asked at Bobbio, but the very sight of the English name was at that time sufficient to cause the passport to be returned unscrutinized.

La Tour is a Protestant place, or at any rate chiefly so, indeed, all the way from Cervières we have been among people half Protestant and half Romanist; these were the Waldenses of the Middle Ages, they are handsome, particularly the young women, and I should fancy an honest simple race enough, but not over clean.

As a proof that we were in Italy we happened, while waiting for table d'hôte, to be leaning over the balcony that ran round the house and passed our bedroom door, when a man and a girl came out with two large pails in their hands,

and we watched them proceed to a cart with a barrel in it, which was in a corner of the yard; we had been wondering what was in the barrel and were glad to see them commence tapping it, when lo! out spouted the blood-red wine with which they actually half filled their pails before they left the spot. This was as Italy should be. After dinner, too, as we stroll in the showy Italian sort of piazza near the inn, the florid music which fills the whole square, accompanied by a female voice of some pretensions, again thoroughly Italianizes the scene, and when she struck up our English national anthem (with such a bass accompaniment!) nothing could be imagined more incongruous.

Sleeping at La Tour at the hotel kept by M. Gai (which is very good, clean, and cheap), we left next morning, *i.e.*, Tuesday, 16th June, at four by diligence for Pinerolo, thence by rail to Turin where we spent the day. It was wet and we saw no vestiges of the Alps.

Turin is a very handsome city, very regularly built, the streets running nearly all parallel to and at right angles with each other; there are no suburbs, and the consequence is that at the end of every street one sees the country; the Alps surround the city like a horseshoe, and hence many of the streets seem actually walled in with a snowy mountain. Nowhere are the Alps seen to greater advantage than from Turin. I speak from the experience, not of the journey I am describing, but of a previous one. From the Superga the view is magnificent, but from the hospital for soldiers just above the Po on the eastern side of the city the view is very similar, and the city seen to greater advantage. The Po is a fine river, but very muddy, not like the Ticino which has the advantage of getting washed in the Lago Maggiore. On the whole Turin is well worth seeing. Leaving it, however, on Wednesday morning we arrived at Arona about half-past eleven: the country between the two places is flat, but rich and well cultivated: much rice is grown, and in consequence the whole country easily capable of being laid under water, a thing which I should imagine the Pied-

montese would not be slow to avail themselves of; we ought to have had the Alps as a background to the view, but they were still veiled. It was here that a countryman, seeing me with one or two funny little pipes which I had bought in Turin, asked me if I was a *fabricante di pipe*–a pipe-maker.

By the time that we were at Arona the sun had appeared, and the clouds were gone; here, too, we determined to halt for half a day, neither of us being quite the thing, so after a visit to the colossal statue of San Carlo, which is very fine and imposing, we laid ourselves down under the shade of some chestnut trees above the lake, and enjoyed the extreme beauty of everything around us, until we fell fast asleep, and yet even in sleep we seemed to retain a consciousness of the unsurpassable beauty of the scene. After dinner (we were stopping at the Hôtel de la Poste, a very nice inn indeed) we took a boat and went across the lake to Angera, a little town just opposite; it was in the Austrian territory, but they made no delay about admitting us; the reason of our excursion was, that we might go and explore the old castle there, which is seated on an inconsiderable eminence above the lake. It affords an excellent example of Italian domestic Gothic of the Middle Ages; San Carlo was born and resided here and, indeed, if saintliness were to depend upon beauty of natural scenery, no wonder at his having been a saint.

The castle is only tenanted by an old man who keeps the place; we found him cooking his supper over a small crackling fire of sticks, which he had lighted in the main hall; his feeble old voice chirps about San Carlo this and San Carlo that as we go from room to room. We have no carpets here–plain honest brick floors–the chairs, indeed, have once been covered with velvet, but they are now so worn that one can scarcely detect that they have been so, the tables warped and worm-eaten, the few, that is, that remained there, the shutters cracked and dry with the sun and summer of so many hundred years–no Renaissance work here, yet for all that there was something about it

which made it to me the only really pleasurable nobleman's mansion that I have ever been over; the view from the top is superb, and then the row home to Arona, the twinkling lights softly gleaming in the lake, the bells jangling from the tall and gaudy campaniles, the stillness of the summer night –so warm and yet so refreshing on the water; hush, there are some people singing–how sweetly their voices are borne to us upon the slight breath of wind that alone is stirring; oh, it is a cruel thing to think of war in connection with such a spot as this, and yet from this very Angera to this very Arona it is that the Austrians have been crossing to commence their attack on Sardinia. I fear these next summer nights will not be broken with the voice of much singing and that we shall have to hush for the roaring of cannon.

I never knew before how melodiously frogs can croak– there is a sweet guttural about some of these that I never heard in England: before going to bed, I remember particularly one amorous batrachian courting *malgrè sa maman* regaled us with a lusciously deep rich croak, that served as a good accompaniment for the shrill whizzing sound of the *cigales*.

My space is getting short, but fortunately we are getting on to ground better known; I will therefore content myself with sketching out the remainder of our tour and leaving the reader to Murray for descriptions.

We left Arona with regret on Thursday morning (18th June), took steamer to the Isola Bella, which is an example of how far human extravagance and folly can spoil a rock, which, had it been left alone, would have been very beautiful, and thence by a little boat went to Baveno; thence we took diligence for Domo d'Ossola; the weather clouded towards evening and big raindrops beginning to descend we thought it better to proceed at once by the same diligence over the Simplon; we did not care to walk the pass in wet, therefore leaving Domo d'Ossola at ten o'clock that night, we arrived at Iselle about two; the weather clearing we saw the gorge

of Gondo and walked a good way up the pass in the early morning by the diligence; breakfasted at Simplon at four o'clock in the morning, and without waiting a moment as soon as we got out at Brieg set off for Visp, which we reached at twelve on foot; we washed and dressed there, dined and advanced to Leuk, and thence up the most exquisitely beautiful road to Leukerbad, which we reached at about eight o'clock after a very fatiguing day. The Hôtel de la France is clean and cheap. Next morning we left at half-past five and, crossing the Gemmi, got to Frutigen at half-past one, took an open trap after dinner and drove to Interlaken, which we reached on the Saturday night at eight o'clock, the weather first rate; Sunday we rested at Interlaken; on Monday we assailed the Wengern Alp, but the weather being pouring wet we halted on the top and spent the night there, being rewarded by the most transcendent evening view of the Jungfrau, Eiger, and Mönch in the clear cold air seen through a thin veil of semi-transparent cloud that was continually scudding across them.

Next morning early we descended to Grindelwald, thence past the upper glacier under the Wetterhorn over the Scheidegg to Rosenlaui, where we dined and saw the glacier; after dinner, descending the valley we visited the falls of Reichenbach (which the reader need not do if he means to see those of the Aar at Handegg), and leaving Meyringen on our left we recommenced an ascent of the valley of the Aar, sleeping at Guttannen, about ten miles farther on.

Next day, *i.e.*, Wednesday, 24th June, leaving Guttannen very early, passing the falls of Handegg, which are first rate, we reached the hospice at nine; had some wine there, and crawled on through the snow and up the rocks to the summit of the pass—here we met an old lady, in a blue ugly, with a pair of green spectacles, carried in a *chaise à porteur*; she had taken it into her head in her old age that she would like to see a little of the world, and here she was. We had seen her lady's maid at the hospice, concerning whom we were told that she was "bien sage," and did not scream at the

precipices. On the top of the Gemmi, too, at half-past seven in the morning, we had met a somewhat similar lady walking alone with a blue parasol over the snow; about half an hour after we met some porters carrying her luggage, and found that she was an invalid lady of Berne, who was walking over to the baths at Leukerbad for the benefit of her health–we scarcely thought there could be much occasion –leaving these two good ladies then, let us descend the Grimsel to the bottom of the glacier of the Rhône, and then ascend the Furka–a stiff pull; we got there by two o'clock, dined (Italian is spoken here again), and finally reached Hospenthal at half-past five after a very long day.

On Thursday, walking down to Amstegg and taking a trap to Flüelen, we then embarked on board a steamer and had a most enjoyable ride to Lucerne, where we slept; Friday, to Basle by rail, walking over the Hauenstein,[1] and getting a magnificent panorama (alas! a final one) of the Alps, and from Basle to Strasburg, where we ascended the cathedral as far as they would let us without special permission from a power they called Mary, and then by the night train to Paris, where we arrived Saturday morning at ten.

Left Paris on Sunday afternoon, slept at Dieppe; left Dieppe Monday morning, got to London at three o'clock or thereabouts, and might have reached Cambridge that night had we been so disposed; next day came safely home to dear old St. John's, cash in hand *7d.*

From my window [2] in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river; Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left; opposite is the bridge; over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost into sombreness as the night draws on. Immediately beneath are the arched cloisters resounding with the solitary footfall of meditative students,

[1] The Hauenstein tunnel was not completed until later. Its construction was delayed by a fall of earth which occurred in 1857 and buried sixty-three workmen.–R.A.S.

[2] Butler's rooms were at D, New Court, top storey but one.–H.F.J.

and suggesting grateful retirement. I say to myself then, as I sit in my open window, that for a continuance I would rather have this than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour, and fetch down a Thucydides, for I must go to Shilleto [1] at nine o'clock to-morrow.

[1] Richard Shilleto (1809-1876), an eminent classical scholar and coach.—A.T.B.

This piece and the ten that follow it date from Butler's undergraduate days. They were preserved by the late Canon Joseph McCormick, who was Butler's contemporary at Cambridge and knew him well.

In a letter to "The Times," published 27th June 1902, shortly after Butler's death, Canon McCormick gave some interesting details of Butler's Cambridge days. "I have in my possession," he wrote, "some of the skits with which he amused himself and some of his personal friends. Perhaps the skit professed to be a translation from Thucydides, inimitable in its way, applied to Johnians in their successes or defeats on the river, or it was the 'Prospectus of the Great Split Society,' attacking those who wished to form narrow or domineering parties in the College, or it was a very striking poem on Napoleon in St. Helena, or it was a play dealing with a visit to the Paris Exhibition, which he sent to 'Punch,' and which, strange to say, the editor never inserted, or it was an examination paper set to a gyp of a most amusing and clever character." One at least of the pieces mentioned by Canon McCormick has unfortunately disappeared. Those that have survived are here published for what they are worth. There is no necessity to apologize for their faults and deficiencies, which do not, I think, obscure their value as documents illustrating the development of that gift of irony which Butler was afterwards to wield with such brilliant mastery. "Napoleon at St. Helena" and "The Shield of Achilles" have already appeared in "The Eagle," December 1902; "The Two Deans" in "The Eagle," March 1903; the "Translation from Herodotus," "The Shield of Achilles," "The Two Deans, II," and "On the Italian Priesthood" in "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler" (1912); the "Prospectus of the Great Split Society" and "A Skit on Examinations" in "The Eagle," June 1913.

AND THE JOHNIANS PRACTISE THEIR TUB IN the following manner: They select eight of the most serviceable freshmen and put these into a boat, and to each one of them they give an oar; and having told them to look at the backs of the men before them they

make them bend forward as far as they can and at the same moment, and having put the end of the oar into the water, pull it back again in to them about the bottom of the ribs; and if any of them does not do this or looks about him away from the back of the man before him they curse him in the most terrible manner, but if he does what he is bidden they immediately cry out:

"Well pulled, number so-and-so."

For they do not call them by their names but by certain numbers, each man of them having a number allotted to him in accordance with his place in the boat, and the first man they call stroke, but the last man bow; and when they have done this for about fifty miles they come home again, and the rate they travel at is about twenty-five miles an hour; and let no one think that this is too great a rate, for I could say many other wonderful things in addition concerning the rowing of the Johnians, but if a man wishes to know these things he must go and examine them himself. But when they have done they contrive some such a device as this, for they make them run many miles along the side of the river in order that they may accustom them to great fatigue, and many of them being distressed in this way fall down and die, but those who survive become very strong, and receive gifts of cups from the others; and after the revolution of a year they have great races with their boats against those of the surrounding islanders, but the Johnians, both owing to the carefulness of the training and a natural disposition for rowing, are always victorious. In this way then the Johnians, I say, practise their tub.

AND IN IT HE PLACED THE FITZWILLIAM and King's College Chapel and the lofty towered church of the Great Saint Mary, which looketh toward the Senate House, and King's Parade and Trumpington Road and the Pitt Press and the divine opening of the Market Square and the beautiful flowing fountain which formerly Hobson laboured to make with skilful art; him did his father beget in the many-public-housed Trumpington from a slavey mother, and taught him blameless works; and he, on the other hand, sprang up like a young shoot, and many beautifully matched horses did he nourish in his stable, which used to convey his rich possessions to London and the various cities of the world; but oftentimes did he let them out to others and whensoever anyone was desirous of hiring one of the long-tailed horses, he took them in order so that the labour was equal to all, wherefore do men now speak of the choice of the renowned Hobson. And in it he placed the close of the divine Parker, and many beautiful undergraduates were delighting their tender minds upon it playing cricket with one another; and a match was being played and two umpires were quarrelling with one another; the one saying that the batsman who was playing was out, and the other declaring with all his might that he was not; and while they two were contending, reviling one another with abusive language, a ball came and hit one of them on the nose, and the blood flowed out in a stream, and darkness was covering his eyes, but the rest were crying out on all sides:

"Shy it up."

And he could not; him then was his companion addressing with scornful words:

"Arnold, why dost thou strive with me since I am much wiser? Did I not see his leg before the wicket and rightly declare him to be out? Thee then has Zeus now punished according to thy deserts, and I will seek some other umpire of the game equally-participated-in-by-both-sides."

And in it he placed the Cam, and many boats equally

rowed on both sides were going up and down on the bosom of the deep-rolling river, and the coxswains were cheering on the men, for they were going to enter the contest of the scratchean fours; and three men were rowing together in a boat, strong and stout and determined in their hearts that they would either first break a blood-vessel or earn for themselves the electroplated Birmingham-manufactured magnificence of a pewter to stand on their hall tables in memorial of their strength, and from time to time drink from it the exhilarating streams of beer whensoever their dear heart should compel them; but the fourth was weak and unequally matched with the others, and the coxswain was encouraging him and called him by name and spake cheering words:

" Smith, when thou hast begun the contest, be not flurried nor strive too hard against thy fate; look at the back of the man before thee and row with as much strength as the Fates spun out for thee on the day when thou fellest between the knees of thy mother, neither lose thine oar, but hold it tight with thy hands."

PROSPECTUS OF THE GREAT SPLIT SOCIETY

IT IS THE OBJECT OF THIS SOCIETY TO PROmote parties and splits in general, and since of late we have perceived disunion among friends to be not nearly so ripe as in the Bible it is plainly commanded to be, we the members of this club have investigated the means of producing, fostering, and invigorating strife of all kinds, whereby the society of man will be profited much. For in a few hours we can by the means we have discovered create so beautiful a dissension between two who have lately been friends, that they shall never speak of one another again, and their spirit is to be greatly admired and praised for this. And since it is the great goddess Talebearer who has contributed especially to our success, inasmuch as where she is not strife will cease as surely as the fire goeth out when there is no wood to feed it, we will erect an altar to her and perform monthly rites at her shrine in a manner hereafter to be detailed. And all men shall do homage to her, for who is there that hath not felt her benefits? And the rites shall be of a cheerful character, and all the world shall be right merry, and we will write her a hymn and Walmisley[1] shall set it to music. And any shall be eligible to this society by only changing his name; for this is one of its happiest hits, to give a name to each of its members arising from some mental peculiarity (which the gods and peacemakers call "foible"), whereby each being perpetually kept in mind of this defect and being always willing to justify it shall raise a clamour and cause much delight to the assembly.

And we will have suppers once a month both to do honour unto Talebearer and to promote her interest. And the society has laid down a form of conversation to be used at all such meetings, which shall engender quarrellings even in the most unfavourable dispositions, and inflame the anger of one and all; and having raised it shall set it going and start it on so firm a basis as that it may be left safely to work its own way, for there shall be no fear of its dying out.

[1] As Walmisley died in January 1856 this piece probably belongs to Butler's first year at Cambridge.—R.A.S.

And the great key to this admirable treasure-house is Self, who hath two beautiful children, Self-Love and Self-Pride. . . . We have also aided our project much by the following contrivance, namely, that ten of the society, the same who have the longest tongues and ears, shall make a quorum to manage all affairs connected with it; and it is difficult to comprehend the amount of quarrelling that shall go on at these meetings.

And the monthly suppers shall be ordered in this way: Each man must take at least two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, which shall make the wit sharp, or in default thereof one teaspoonful of pepper and mustard; for the rest we leave the diet to the management of our stewards and bursars, but after the cloth has been removed the president shall single out some one of the company, and in a calm and friendly manner acquaint him with his faults and advise him in what way he may best amend the same. The member selected is compelled by the rules to remain silent for the space of three minutes, and is then to retort and bring up six instances. He is to call the present members to witness, and all are to take one side or the other, so that none be neutral, and the mêlée will doubtless become general, and we expect that much beautiful latent abusive talent will be developed in this way. But let all this be done with an air of great politeness, sincerity, and goodwill, at least at the commencement, for this, when evidently fictitious, is a two-edged sword of irritation.

And if any grow weak in spirit and retreat from this society, and afterwards repent and wish again to join, he shall be permitted to do so on condition of repeating the words, "Oh, ah!" "Lor!" "Such is life," "That's cheerful," "He's a lively man, is Mr. So-and-so" ten times over. For these are refreshing and beautiful words and mean much (!), they are the emblems of such talent.

And any members are at liberty to have small meetings among themselves, especially to tea, whereat they may enjoy the ever fresh and pleasant luxury of scandal and mischief-

making, and prepare their accusations and taunts for the next general meeting; and this is not only permitted but enjoined and recommended strongly to all the members.

And sentences shall be written for the training of any young hand who wishes to become one of us, since none can hope to arrive at once at the pitch of perfection to which the society has brought the art. And if that any should be heard of his own free will and invention uttering one or more of these sentences and by these means indicate much talent in the required direction, he shall be waited on by a committee of the club and induced, if possible, to join us, for he will be an acquisition; and the sentences required are such as: "I think so-and-so a very jolly fellow, indeed, I don't know a man in the college I like better than so-and-so, but I don't care twopence about him, at least it is all the same to me whether he cuts me or not."

The beauty of this sentence is not at first appreciable, for though self-deceit and self-satisfaction are both very powerfully demonstrated in it, and though these are some of the society's most vehement supporters, yet it is the good goddess Talebearer who nourisheth the seed of mischief thus sown.

It is also strictly forbidden by this society's laws to form a firm friendship grounded upon esteem and a perception of great and good qualities in the object of one's liking, for this kind of friendship lasts a long time—nay, for life; but each member must have a furious and passionate running after his friend for the time being, insomuch that he could never part for an instant from him. And when the society sees this it feels comfortable, for it is quite certain that its objects are being promoted, for this cannot be brought about by any but unnatural means and is the foundation and very soul of quarrelling. The stroking of the hair and affectionate embracings are much recommended, for they are so manly.

And at the suppers and the rites of Talebearer each member is to drop an anonymous opinion of some other member's character into a common letter box, and the president shall

read them out. Each member is to defend himself; the formula for the commencement of each speech being: "I know who wrote that about me, and it is a very blackguardly thing of him to say. . . ."

N.B.–Any number of persons are allowed to speak at the same time. By these means it is hoped to restore strife and dissension to the world, now, alas! so fatally subjugated to a mean-spirited thing called Charity, which during the last month has been perfectly rampant in the college. Yes, we will give a helping hand to bickerings, petty jealousies, backbitings, and all sorts of good things, and will be as jolly as ninepence and–who'll be the first president?

BUT, MY SON, THINK NOT THAT IT IS NECESsary for thee to be excellent if thou wouldst be powerful. Observe how the lighter substance in nature riseth by its own levity and overtoppeth that which is the more grave. Even so, my son, mayest thou be light and worthless, and yet make a goodly show above those who are of a more intrinsic value than thyself. But as much circumspection will be necessary for thee to attain this glorious end, and as by reason of thy youth thou art liable to miss many of the most able and effective means of becoming possessed of it, hear the words of an old man and treasure them in thy heart. The required qualities, my son, are easily procured; many are naturally gifted with them. In order, however, that thou mayest keep them in set form in thy mind commit to memory the following list of requisites: Love of self, love of show, love of sound, reserve, openness, distrust.

The love of self, which shall chiefly manifest itself in the obtaining the best of all things for thyself to the exclusion of another, be he who he may; and as meal-times are the fittest occasion for the exercise of this necessary quality, I will even illustrate my meaning that thou mayest the more plainly comprehend me. Suppose that many are congregated to a breakfast and there is a dish of kidneys on the table, but not so many but what the greater number must go without them, cry out with a loud voice, immediately that thou hast perceived them: "Kidneys! Oh, ah! I say, G., old fellow, give us some kidneys." Then will the master of the house be pleased that he hath provided something to thy liking, and as others from false shame will fear to do the like thou wilt both obtain that thy soul desireth, and be looked upon by thy fellows as a bold fellow and one who knoweth how to make his way in the world, and G. will say immediately: "Waiter, take this to Mr. Potguts," and he taketh them, and so on, my son, with all other meats that are on the table, see thou refrain not from one of them, for a large appetite well becometh a power, or if not a large one then a dainty one. But if thine appetite be small and dainty see thou

express contempt for a large eater as one inferior to thyself. Or again, my son, if thou art not at a banquet but enterest any room where there are many met together, see thou take the arm-chair or the best seat or couch, or what other place of comfort is in the room; and if there be another power in the room as well as thyself see thou fight with him for it, and if thou canst by any craft get rid of him an he be more thickly set than thyself, see that thou do this openly and with a noise, that all men may behold and admire thee, for they will fear thee and yield and not venture to reprove thee openly; and so long as they dare not, all will be well. Nevertheless I would have thee keep within certain bounds, lest men turn upon thee if thy rule is too oppressive to be borne. And under this head I would class also the care and tending of the sick; for in the first place the sick have many delicacies which those who are sound have not, so that if thou lay the matter well, thou mayest obtain the lion's share of these things also. But more particularly the minds of men being weak and easily overpowered when they are in sickness, thou shalt obtain much hold over them, and when they are well (whether thou didst really comfort them or not) they will fear to say aught against thee, lest men shall accuse them of ingratitude. But above all see thou do this openly and in the sight of men, who, thinking in consequence that thy heart is very soft and amiable notwithstanding a few outward defects, will not fail to commend thee and submit to thee the more readily, and so on all counts thou art the gainer, and it will serve thee as an excuse with the authorities for the neglect or breach of duty. But all this is the work of an exceedingly refined and clever power and not absolutely necessary, but I have named it as a means of making thy yoke really the lighter but nevertheless the more firmly settled upon the neck of thy fellows. So much then for the love of self.

As for the love of show this is to display itself in thy dress, in the trimming or in the growth of thy whiskers, in thy walk and carriage, in the company thou keepest, seeing that

thou go with none but powers or men of wealth or men of title, and caring not so much for men of parts, since these commonly deal less in the exterior and are not fit associates, for thou canst have nothing in common with them. When thou goest to thy dinner let a time elapse, so that thine entry may cause a noise and a disturbance, and when after much bustling thou hast taken thy seat, say not: "Waiter, will you order me green peas and a glass of college," but say: "Waiter (and then a pause), peas," and then suffer him to depart, and when he hath gone some little way recall him with a loud voice, which shall reach even unto the ears of the fellows, say, "and, waiter, college"; and when they are brought unto thee complain bitterly of the same. When thou goest to chapel talk much during the service, or pray much; do not the thing by halves; thou must either be the very religious power, which kind though the less remarked yet on the whole hath the greater advantage, or the thoughtless power, but above all see thou combine not the two, at least not in the same company, but let thy religion be the same to the same men. Always, if thou be a careless power, come in late to chapel and hurriedly; sit with the other powers and converse with them on the behaviour of others or any other light and agreeable topic. And, as I said above, under this love of show thou must include the choice of thine acquaintance, and as it is not possible for thee to order it so as not to have knowledge of certain men whom it will not be convenient for thee to know at all times and in all places, see thou cultivate those two excellent defects of both sight and hearing which will enable thee to pass one thou wouldst not meet, without seeing him or hearing his salutation. If thou hast a cousin or schoolfellow who is somewhat rustic or uncouth in his manner but nevertheless hath an excellent heart, know him in private in thine individual capacity, but when thou art abroad or in the company of other powers shun him as if he were a venomous thing and deadly. Again, if thou sittest at table with a man at the house of a friend and laughest and talkest with him and playest pleasant, if he be

not perfect in respect of externals see thou pass him the next day without a smile, even though he may have prepared his countenance for a thousand grins; but if in the house of the same friend or another thou shouldst happen to stumble upon him, deal with him as though thy previous conversation had broken off but five minutes previously; but should he be proud and have all nothing to say unto thee, forthwith calumniate him to thine acquaintance as a sorry-spirited fellow and mean.

And with regard to smoking, though that, too, is advantageous, it is not necessary so much for the power as for the fast man, for the power is a more calculating and thoughtful being than this one; but if thou smokest, see that others know it; smoke cigars if thou canst afford them; if not, say thou wonderest at such as do, for to thy liking a pipe is better. And with regard to all men except thine own favoured and pre-eminent clique, designate them as "cheerful," "lively," or use some other ironical term with regard to them. So much then for the love of show.

And of the love of sound I would have thee observe that it is but a portion of the love of show, but so necessary for him who would be admired without being at the same time excellent and worthy of admiration as to deserve a separate heading to itself. At meal-times talk loudly, laugh loudly, condemn loudly; if thou sneezest, sneeze loudly; if thou call the waiter do so with a noise and, if thou canst, while he is speaking to another and receiving orders from him; it will be a convenient test of thine advance to see whether he will at once quit the other in the midst of his speech with him and come to thee, or will wait until the other hath done; if thou handle it well he will come to thee at once. When others are in their rooms, as thou passeth underneath their windows, sing loudly and all men will know that a power goeth by and will hush accordingly; if thou hast a good voice it will profit thee much, if a bad one, care not so long as it be a loud one; but above all be it remembered that it is to be loud at all times and not low when with powers greater

than thyself, for this damneth much—even powers being susceptible of awe, when they shall behold one resolutely bent to out-top them, and thinking it advisable to lend such an one a helping hand lest he overthrow them—but if thy voice be not a loud one, thou hadst better give up at once the hope of rising to a height by thine own skill, but must cling to and flatter those who have, and if thou dost this well thou wilt succeed.

And of personal strength and prowess in bodily accomplishment, though of great help in the origin, yet are they not necessary; but the more thou lackest physical and mental powers the more must thou cling to the powerful and rise with them; the more careful must thou be of thy dress, and the more money will it cost thee, for thou must fill well the bladders that keep thee on the surface, else wilt thou sink.

And of reserve, let no man know anything about thee. If thy father is a greengrocer, as I dare say is the case with some of the most mighty powers in the land, what matter so long as another knoweth it not? See that thou quell all inquisitive attempts to discover anything about thine habits, thy country, thy parentage, and, in a word, let no one know anything of thee beyond the exterior; for if thou dost let them within thy soul, they will find but little, but if it be barred and locked, men will think that by reason of thy strong keeping of the same, it must contain much; and they will admire thee upon credit.

And of openness, be reserved in the particular, open in the general; talk of debts, of women, of money, but say not what debts, what women, or what money; be most open when thou doest a shabby thing, which thou knowest will not escape detection. If thy coat is bad, laugh and boast concerning it, call attention to it and say thou hast had it for ten years, which will be a lie, but men will nevertheless think thee frank, but run not the risk of wearing a bad coat, save only in vacation time or in the country. But when thou doest a shabby thing which will not reach the general light, breathe not a word of it, but bury it deeply in some corner

of thine own knowledge only; if it come out, glory in it; if not, let it sleep, for it is an unprofitable thing to turn over bad ground.

And of distrust, distrust all men, most of all thine own friends; they will know thee best, and thou them; thy real worth cannot escape them, think not then that thou wilt get service out of them in thy need, think not that they will deny themselves that thou mayest be saved from want, that they will in after life put out a finger to save thee, when thou canst be of no more use to them, the clique having been broken up by time. Nay, but be in thyself sufficient; distrust, and lean not so much as an ounce-weight upon another.

These things keep and thou shalt do well; keep them all and thou wilt be perfect; the more thou keep, the more nearly wilt thou arrive at the end I proposed to thee at the commencement, and even if thou doest but one of these things thoroughly, trust me thou wilt still have much power over thy fellows.

It should be explained that Tom Bridges was a gyp at St. John's College, during Butler's residence at Cambridge.

WE NOW COME TO THE MOST EVENTFUL period in Mr. Bridges' life: we mean the time when he was elected to the shoe-black scholarship, compared with which all his previous honours sank into insignificance.

Mr. Bridges had long been desirous of becoming a candidate for this distinction, but, until the death of Mr. Leader, no vacancy having occurred among the scholars, he had as yet had no opportunity of going in for it. The income to be derived from it was not inconsiderable, and as it led to the porter fellowship the mere pecuniary value was not to be despised, but thirst of fame and the desire of a more public position were the chief inducements to a man of Mr. Bridges' temperament, in which ambition and patriotism formed so prominent a part. Latin, however, was not Mr. Bridges' forte; he excelled rather in the higher branches of arithmetic and the abstruse sciences. His attainments, however, in the dead languages were beyond those of most of his contemporaries, as the letter he sent to the Master and Seniors will abundantly prove. It was chiefly owing to the great reverence for genius shown by Dr. Tatham that these letters have been preserved to us, as that excellent man, considering that no circumstance connected with Mr. Bridges' celebrity could be justly consigned to oblivion, rescued these valuable relics from the Bedmaker, as she was on the point of using them to light the fire. By him they were presented to the author of this memoir, who now for the first time lays them before the public. The first was to the Master himself, and ran as follows:

Reverende Sir,

Possum bene blackere shoas, et locus shoeblackissis vacuus est. Makee me shoeblackum si hoc tibi placeat, precor te, quia desidero hoc locum.

Your very humble servant,

THOMASUS BRIDGESSUS.

We subjoin Mr. Bridges' autograph. The reader will be astonished to perceive its resemblance to that of Napoleon I, with whom he was very intimate, and with anecdotes of whom he used very frequently to amuse his masters. We add that of Napoleon.

THOMAS BRIDGES

NAPOLEON

The second letter was to the Senior Bursar, who had often before proved himself a friend to Mr. Bridges, and did not fail him in this instance.

BURSARE SENIOR,

Ego humiliter begs pardonum te becausus quaereri dignitatum shoeblacki and credo me getturum esse hoc locum.

Your humble servant,

THOMASUS BRIDGESSUS.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bridges was called upon, with six other competitors, to attend in the Combination Room, and the following papers were submitted to him.

I

1. Derive the word "blacking." What does Paley say on this subject? Do you, or do you not, approve of Paley's arguments, and why? Do you think that Paley knew anything at all about it?

2. Who were Day and Martin? Give a short sketch of their lives, and state their reasons for advertising their blacking on the Pyramids. Do you approve of the advertising system in general?

3. Do you consider the Japanese the original inventors of blacking? State the principal ingredients of blacking, and give a chemical analysis of the following substances: Sulphate of zinc, nitrate of silver, potassium, copperas and corrosive sublimate.

4. Is blacking an effective remedy against hydrophobia?

against cholera? against lock-jaw? And do you consider it as valuable an instrument as burnt corks in playing tricks upon a drunken man?

This was the Master's paper. The Mathematical Lecturer next gave him a few questions, of which the most important were:

II

1. Prove that the shoe may be represented by an equation of the fifth degree. Find the equation to a man blacking a shoe: (1) in rectangular co-ordinates; (2) in polar co-ordinates.

2. A had 500 shoes to black every day, but being unwell for two days he had to hire a substitute, and paid him a third of the wages per shoe which he himself received. Had A been ill two days longer there would have been the devil to pay; as it was, he actually paid the sum of the geometrical series found by taking the first *n* letters of the substitute's name. How much did A pay the substitute? (Answer, 13*s.* 6*d.*)

3. Prove that the scraping-knife should never be a secant, and the brush always a tangent to a shoe.

4. Can you distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*? Prove that their values vary inversely as the propinquity of the owners.

5. How often should a shoe-black ask his master for beer notes? Interpret a negative result.

AMONG THE EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED during the past week we have to notice Mr. Arthur Ward, the author of the very elegant treatise on the penny whistle. Mr. Ward was rather above the middle height, inclined to be stout, and had lost a considerable portion of his hair. Mr. Ward did not wear spectacles, as asserted by a careless and misinformed contemporary. Mr. Ward was a man of great humour and talent; many of his sayings will be treasured up as household words among his acquaintance, for instance, "Lor!" "Oh, ah!" "Sech is life." "That's cheerful." "He's a lively man is Mr. . . ." His manners were affable and agreeable, and his playful gambols exhibited an agility scarcely to be expected from a man of his stature. On Thursday last Mr. Ward was dining off beef-steak pie when a bit of gristle, unfortunately causing him to cough, brought on a fit of apoplexy, the progress of which no medical assistance was able to arrest. It is understood that the funeral arrangements have been entrusted to our very respectable fellow-townsman Mr. Smith, and will take place on Monday.

I SEE A WARRIOR 'NEATH A WILLOW TREE;
His arms are folded, and his full fixed eye
Is gazing on the sky. The evening breeze
Blows on him from the sea, and a great storm
Is rising. Not the storm nor evening breeze,
Nor the dark sea, nor the sun's parting beam
Can move him; for in yonder sky he sees
The picture of his life, in yonder clouds
That rush towards each other he beholds
The mighty wars that he himself hath waged.
Blow on him, mighty storm; beat on him, rain;
You cannot move his folded arms nor turn
His gaze one second from the troubled sky.
Hark to the thunder! To him it is not thunder;
It is the noise of battles and the din
Of cannons on the field of Austerlitz,
The sky to him is the whole world disturbed
By war and rumours of great wars.
He tumbled like a thunderbolt from heaven
Upon the startled earth, and as he came
The round world leapt from out her usual course
And thought her time was come. Beat on him, rain;
And roar about him, O thou voice of thunder.
But what are ye to him? O more to him
Than all besides. To him ye are himself,
He knows it and your voice is lovely to him.
The storm is over; one terrific crash
Hath brought the warfare to a close.
Now, now he feels it, and he turns away;
His arms are now unfolded, and his hands
Pressed to his face conceal a warrior's tears.
He flings himself upon the springing grass,
And weeps in agony. See, again he rises;
His brow is calm, and all his tears are gone.
The vision now is ended, and he saith:
" Thou storm art hushed for ever. Not again
Shall thy great voice be heard. Unto thy rest

Thou goest, never, never to return.
I thank thee, that for one brief hour alone
Thou hast my bitter agonies assuaged;
Another storm may scare the frightened heavens,
And like to me may rise and fill
The elements with terror. I, alas!
Am blotted out as though I had not been,
And am become as though I was not born.
My day is over, and my night is come–
A night which brings no rest, nor quiet dreams,
Nor calm reflections, nor repose from toil,
But pain and sorrow, anguish never ceasing,
With dark uncertainty, despair and pain,
And death's wide gate before me. Fare ye well!
The sky is clear and the world at rest;
Thou storm and I have but too much in common."

I

WILLIAMS,[1] I LIKE THEE, AMIABLE divine!
No milk-and-water character is thine.
A lay more lovely should thy worth attend
Than my poor muse, alas! hath power to lend.
Shall I describe thee as thou late didst sit,
The gater gated and the biter bit,
When impious hands at the dead hour of night
Forbade the way and made the barriers tight?
Next morn I heard their impious voices sing;
All up the stairs their blasphemies did ring:
"Come forth, O Williams, wherefore thus supine
Remain within thy chambers after nine?
Come forth, suffer thyself to be admired,
And blush not so, coy dean, to be desired."
The captive churchman chafes with empty rage,
Till some knight-errant free him from his cage.
Pale fear and anger sit upon yon face
Erst full of love and piety and grace,
But not pale fear nor anger will undo
The iron might of gimlet and of screw.
Grin at the window, Williams, all is vain;
The carpenter will come and let thee out again.
Contrast with him the countenance serene
And sweet remonstrance of the junior dean;
The plural number and the accents mild,
The language of a parent to a child.
With plaintive voice the worthy man doth state,
We've not been very regular of late.
It should more carefully its chapels keep,
And not make noises to disturb our sleep
By having suppers and at early hours
Raising its lungs unto their utmost powers.
We'll put it, if it makes a noise again,
On gatesey patsems at the hour of ten;

[1] Basil Williams, B.D.—A.T.B.

And leafy peafy it will turn I'm sure,
And never vex its own dear Sharpey[1] more.

II

SCENE: *The Court of St. John's College, Cambridge. Enter the two Deans on their way to morning Chapel.*

JUNIOR DEAN. Brother, I am much pleased with Samuel Butler,
I have observed him mightily of late;
Methinks that in his melancholy walk
And air subdued whene'er he meeteth me
Lurks something more than in most other men.

SENIOR DEAN. It is a good young man. I do bethink me
That once I walked behind him in the cloister;
He saw me not, but whispered to his fellow:
" Of all men who do dwell beneath the moon
I love and reverence most the senior Dean."

JUNIOR DEAN. One thing is passing strange, and yet I know not
How to condemn it, but in one plain brief word
He never comes to Sunday morning chapel.
Methinks he teacheth in some Sunday-school,
Feeding the poor and starveling intellect
With wholesome knowledge, or on the Sabbath morn
He loves the country and the neighbouring spire
Of Madingley or Coton, or perchance
Amid some humble poor he spends the day,
Conversing with them, learning all their cares,
Comforting them and easing them in sickness.

SENIOR DEAN. I will advance him to some public post,
He shall be chapel clerk, some day a Fellow,
Some day perhaps a Dean, but as thou say'st
He is indeed an excellent young man—

Enter BUTLER *suddenly, without a coat or anything on his head,*

[1] William Charles Sharpe, B.D.—A.T.B.

rushing through the cloisters, bearing a cup, a bottle of cider, four lemons, two nutmegs, half a pound of sugar, and a nutmeg grater.

Curtain falls on the confusion of BUTLER *and the horror-stricken dismay of the two Deans.*

THE BATTLE OF ALMA MATER [1]

I

THE TEMPERANCE COMMISSIONERS
In awful conclave sat,
Their noses into this to poke
To poke them into that–
In awful conclave sat they,
And swore a solemn oath,
That snuff should make no Briton sneeze,
That smokers all to smoke should cease,
They swore to conquer both.

II

Forth went a great Teetotaller,
With pamphlet armed and pen,
He travelled east, he travelled west,
Tobacco to condemn.
At length to Cantabrigia,
To move her sons to shame,
Foredoomed to chaff and insult,
That gallant hero came.

III

'Tis Friday: to the Guildhall
Come pouring in apace
The gownsmen and the townsmen
Right thro' the market place–
They meet, these bitter foemen
Not enemies but friends–
Then fearless to the rostrum,
The Lecturer ascends.

IV

He cursed the martyr'd Raleigh,
He cursed the mild cigar,

[1] This piece refers to the "Cambridge Tobacco Riot," which took place on Friday, 3rd November 1854. See Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. v, p. 180.–A.T.B.

He traced to pipe and cabbage leaf
Consumption and catarrh;
He railed at simple bird's-eye,
By freshmen only tried,
And with rude and bitter jest assailed
The yard of clay beside.

V

When suddenly full twenty pipes,
And weeds full twenty more
Were seen to rise at signal,
Where none were seen before.
No mouth but puffed out gaily
A cloud of yellow fume,
And merrily the curls of smoke
Went circling thro' the room.

VI

In vain th' indignant mayor harangued,
A mighty chandler he!
While peas his hoary head around
They whistled pleasantly.
In vain he tenderly inquired,
'Mid many a wild "hurrah!"
"Of this what father dear would think,
Of that what dear mamma?"

VII

In rushed a host of peelers,
With a sergeant at the head,
Jaggard to every kitchen known,
Of missuses the dread.
In rushed that warlike multitude,
Like bees from out their hive,
With Fluffy of the squinting eye,
And fighting No. 5.

VIII

Up sprang Inspector Fluffy,
  Up Sergeant Jaggard rose,
And playfully with staff he tapped
  A gownsman on the nose.
As falls a thundersmitten oak,
  The valiant Jaggard fell,
With a line above each ogle,
  And a " mouse " or two as well.

IX

But hark! the cry is " Smuffkins! "
  And loud the gownsmen cheer,
And lo! a stalwart Johnian
  Comes jostling from the rear:
He eyed the flinching peelers,
  He aimed a deadly blow,
Then quick before his fist went down
  Inspector, Marshal, Peelers, Town,
While fiercer fought the joyful Gown,
  To see the claret flow.

X

They run, they run! to win the door
  The vanquished peelers flew;
They left the sergeant's hat behind,
  And the lecturer's surtout:
Now by our Lady Margaret,
  It was a goodly sight,
To see that routed multitude
  Swept down the tide of flight.

XI

Then hurrah! for gallant Smuffkins,
  For Cantabs one hurrah!

The Battle of Alma Mater

Like wolves in quest of prey they scent
A peeler from afar.
Hurrah! for all who strove and bled
For liberty and right,
What time within the Guildhall
Was fought the glorious fight.

This is an adaptation of the following epigram, which appeared in Giuseppe Giusti's "Raccolta di Proverbi Toscani" (Firenze, 1853):

Con arte e con inganno si vive mezzo l'anno
Con inganno e con arte si vive l'altra parte.

In knavish art and gathering gear
They spend the one half of the year;
In gathering gear and knavish art
They somehow spend the other part.

The following article, which originally appeared in "The Cambridge Magazine," 1st March 1913, is by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, of the University Library, Cambridge, who has most kindly allowed me to include it in the present volume. Mr. Bartholomew's discovery of Samuel Butler's parody of the Simeonite tract throws a most interesting light upon a curious passage in "The Way of all Flesh," and it is a great pleasure to me to be able to give Butlerians the story of Mr. Bartholomew's "find" in his own words.

READERS OF SAMUEL BUTLER'S REMARKable story *The Way of All Flesh* will probably recall his description of the Simeonites (chap. 46), who still flourished at Cambridge when Ernest Pontifex was up at Emmanuel. Ernest went down in 1858; so did Butler. Throughout the book the spiritual and intellectual life and development of Ernest are drawn from Butler's own experience.

"The one phase of spiritual activity which had any life in it during the time Ernest was at Cambridge was connected with the name of Simeon. There were still a good many Simeonites, or, as they were more briefly called, 'Sims,' in Ernest's time. Every college contained some of them, but their head-quarters were at Caius, whither they were attracted by Mr. Clayton, who was at that time senior tutor, and among the sizars of St. John's. Behind the then chapel of this last-named college was a 'labyrinth' (this was the name it bore) of dingy, tumble-down rooms," and here dwelt many Simeonites, "unprepossessing in feature, gait, and manners, unkempt and ill-dressed beyond what can be easily described. Destined most of them for the Church, the Simeonites held themselves to have received a very loud call to the ministry. . . . They would be instant in season and out of season in imparting spiritual instruction to all whom they could persuade to listen to them. But the soil of the more prosperous undergraduates was not suitable for the seed they tried to sow. When they distributed tracts, dropping them at night into good men's letter boxes while they were asleep, their

tracts got burnt, or met with even worse contumely." For Ernest Pontifex "they had a repellent attraction; he disliked them, but he could not bring himself to leave them alone. On one occasion he had gone so far as to parody one of the tracts they had sent round in the night, and to get a copy dropped into each of the leading Simeonites' boxes. The subject he had taken was 'Personal Cleanliness.'"

Some years ago I found among the Cambridge papers in the late Mr. J. W. Clark's collection three printed pieces bearing on the subject. The first is a genuine Simeonite tract; the other two are parodies. All three are anonymous. At the top of the second parody is written "By S. Butler. March 31." It will be necessary to give a few quotations from the Simeonite utterance in order to bring out the full flavour of Butler's parody, which is given entire. Butler went up to St. John's in October 1854; so at the time of writing this squib he was in his second term, and eighteen years of age. A.T.B.

I: Extracts from the sheet dated "St. John's College, March 13th, 1855." In a manuscript note this is stated to be by Ynyr Lamb, of St. John's (B.A., 1862).

1. When a celebrated French king once showed the infidel philosopher Hume into his carriage, the latter at once leaped in, on which his majesty remarked: "That's the most accomplished man living."

It is impossible to presume enough on Divine grace; this kind of presumption is the characteristic of Heaven. . . .

2. Religion is not an obedience to external forms or observances, but "a bold leap in the dark into the arms of an affectionate Father."

4. However Church Music may raise the devotional feelings, these bring a man not one iota nearer to Christ, neither is it acceptable in His sight. . . .

13. The *one* thing needful is Faith: Faith = $\frac{1}{4}$ (historical faith) + $\frac{3}{4}$ (heart-belief, or assurance, or justification) + $\frac{5}{4}$ peace; and peace = $\int^{n}$ trust − care + joy^{n-1+1}

18. The Lord's church has been always peculiarly tried at different stages of history, and each era will have its peculiar glory in eternity. . . . At the present time the trial for the Church is peculiar; never before, perhaps, were the insinuations of the adversary so plausible and artful–his ingenuity so subtle–himself so much an angel of light–experience has sharpened his wit–"*While men slept* the enemy sowed tares"–he is now the base hypocrite–he suits his blandishments to all–the Church is lulled in the arms of the monster, rolling the sweet morsel under her tongue. . . .

II: Samuel Butler's Parody

1. Beware! Beware! Beware! The enemy sowed tracts in the night, and the righteous men tremble.

2. There are only ten good men in John's; I am one; reader, calculate your chance of salvation.

3. The genuine recipe for the leaven of the Pharisees is still extant, and runs as follows: Self-deceit $\frac{1}{3}$ + want of charity $\frac{1}{2}$ + outward show $\frac{1}{3}$, humbug ∞, insert Sim or not as required. Reader, let each one who would seem to be righteous take unto himself this leaven.

4. "The University Church is a place too much neglected by the young men up here." Thus said the learned Selwyn,[1] and he said well. How far better would it be if each man's own heart was a little University Church, the pericardium a little University churchyard, wherein are buried the lust of the flesh, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; the veins and arteries, little clergymen and bishops ministering therein; and the blood a stream of soberness, temperance, and chastity perpetually flowing into it.

5. The deluge went before, misery followed after, in the middle came a Puseyite playing upon an organ. Reader, flee from him, for he playeth his own soul to damnation.

6. Church music is as the whore of Babylon, or the ramping lion who sought whom he might devour; music in

[1] William Selwyn, D.D., Fellow of St. John's, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, died 1875.–A.T.B.

a church cannot be good, when St. Paul bade those who were merry to sing psalms. Music is but tinkling brass, and sounding cymbals, which is what St. Paul says he should himself be, were he without charity; he evidently then did not consider music desirable.

7. The most truly religious and only thoroughly good man in Cambridge is Clayton,[1] of Caius.

8. "Charity is but the compassion that we feel for our own vices when we perceive their hatefulness in other people." Charity, then, is but another name for selfishness, and must be eschewed accordingly.

9. A great French king was walking one day with the late Mr. B., when the king dropped his umbrella. Mr. B. instantly stooped down and picked it up. The king said in a very sweet tone, "Thank you."

10. The Cam is the river Jordan. An unthinking mind may consider this a startling announcement. Let such an one pray for grace to read the mystery aright.

11. When I've lost a button off my trowsers I go to the tailor's and get a new one sewn on.

12. Faith and Works were walking one day on the road to Zion, when Works turned into a public-house, and said he would not go any further, at the same time telling Faith to go on by himself, and saying that "he should be only a drag upon him." Faith accordingly left Works in the ale-house, and went on. He had not gone far before he began to feel faint, and thought he had better turn back and wait for Works. He suited the action to the word, and finding Works in an advanced state of beer, fell to, and even surpassed that worthy in his potations. They then set to work and fought lustily, and would have done each other a mortal injury had not a Policeman providentially arrived, and walked them off to the station-house. As it was they were fined Five Shillings each, and it was a long time before they fully recovered.

[1] Charles Clayton, M.A., of Gonville and Caius, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, 1851-65, died 1883.—A.T.B.

13. What can ten fools do among 300 sinners? They can do much harm, and had far better let the sinners seek peace their own way in the wilderness than ram it down their throats during the night.

14. Barnwell is a place near Cambridge. It is one of the descents into the infernal regions; nay, the infernal regions have there ascended to the upper earth, and are rampant. He that goeth by it shall be scorched, but he that seeketh it knowingly shall be devoured in the twinkling of an eye, and become withered as the grass at noonday.

15. Young men do not seem to consider that houses were made to pray in, as well as to eat and to drink in. Spiritual food is much more easily procured and far cheaper than bodily nutriment; that, perhaps, is the reason why many overlook it.

16. When we were children our nurses used to say, "Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top, when the bough bends the cradle will rock." Do the nurses intend the wind to represent temptation and the storm of life, the tree-top ambition, and the cradle the body of the child in which the soul traverses life's ocean? I cannot doubt all this passes through the nurses' minds. Again, when they say, "Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep and doesn't know where to find them; let them alone and they'll come home with their tails all right behind them," is Little Bo-peep intended for mother Church? Are the sheep our erring selves, and our subsequent return to the fold? No doubt of it.

17. A child will often eat of itself what no compulsion can induce it to touch. Men are disgusted with religion if it is placed before them at unseasonable times, in unseasonable places, and clothed in a most unseemly dress. Let them alone, and many will perhaps seek it for themselves, whom the world suspects not. A whited sepulchre is a very picturesque object, and I like it immensely, and I like a Sim too. But the whited sepulchre is an acknowledged humbug, and most of the Sims are not, in my opinion, very far different.

PART II: NEW ZEALAND

PREFACE TO A FIRST YEAR IN CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT: BY THE REV. THOMAS BUTLER

THE WRITER OF THE FOLLOWING PAGES, having resolved on emigrating to New Zealand, took his passage in the ill-fated ship *Burmah*, which never reached her destination, and is believed to have perished with all on board. His berth was chosen, and the passage-money paid, when important alterations were made in the arrangements of the vessel, in order to make room for some stock which was being sent out to the Canterbury Settlement. The space left for the accommodation of the passengers being thus curtailed, and the comforts of the voyage seeming likely to be much diminished, the writer was most providentially induced to change his ship, and, a few weeks later, secured a berth in another vessel.

The work is compiled from the actual letters and journal of a young emigrant, with extracts from two papers contributed by him to *The Eagle*, a periodical issued by some of the members of St. John's College, Cambridge, at which the writer took his degree. This variety in the sources from which the materials are put together must be the apology for some defects in their connection and coherence. It is hoped also that the circumstances of bodily fatigue and actual difficulty under which they were often written, will excuse many faults of style.

For whatever of presumption may appear in giving this little book to the public, the friends of the writer alone are answerable. It was at their wish only that he consented to its being printed. It is, however, submitted to the reader, in the hope that the unbiassed impressions of colonial life, as they fell freshly on a young mind, may not be wholly devoid of interest. Its value to his friends at home is not diminished by the fact that the MS., having been sent out to New Zealand for revision, was, on its return, lost in the *Colombo*, and was fished up from the Indian Ocean so nearly washed out as to have been with some difficulty deciphered.

It should be further stated, for the encouragement of those who think of following the example of the author, and

emigrating to the same settlement, that his most recent letters indicate that he has no reason to regret the step that he has taken, and that the results of his undertaking have hitherto fully justified his expectations.

Langar Rectory, 29th *June* 1863

CHAPTER ONE: EMBARKATION AT GRAVESEND, ARREST OF PASSENGER, TILBURY FORT, DEAL, BAY OF BISCAY GALE, BECALMED OFF TENERIFFE, FIRE IN THE GALLEY, TRADE WINDS, BELT OF CALMS, DEATH ON BOARD, SHARK, CURRENT, S.E. TRADE WINDS, TEMPERATURE, BIRDS, SOUTHERN CROSS, CYCLONE.

IT IS A WINDY, RAINY DAY—COLD WITHAL; A little boat is putting off from the pier at Gravesend, and making for a ship that is lying moored in the middle of the river; therein are some half-dozen passengers and a lot of heterogeneous-looking luggage; among the passengers, and the owner of some of the most heterogeneous of the heterogeneous luggage, is myself. The ship is an emigrant ship, and I am one of the emigrants.

On having clambered over the ship's side and found myself on deck, I was somewhat taken aback with the apparently inextricable confusion of everything on board; the slush upon the decks, the crying, the kissing, the mustering of the passengers, the stowing away of baggage still left upon the decks, the rain and the gloomy sky created a kind of half-amusing, half-distressing bewilderment, which I could plainly see to be participated in by most of the other landsmen on board. Honest country agriculturists and their wives were looking as though they wondered what it would end in; some were sitting on their boxes and making a show of reading tracts which were being presented to them by a serious-looking gentleman in a white tie; but all day long they had perused the first page only, at least I saw none turn over the second.

And so the afternoon wore on, wet, cold, and comfortless—no dinner served on account of the general confusion. The emigration commissioner was taking a final survey of the ship and shaking hands with this, that, and the other of the passengers. Fresh arrivals kept continually creating a little additional excitement—these were saloon passengers, who alone were permitted to join the ship at Gravesend.

By and by a couple of policemen made their appearance and arrested one of the party, a London cabman, for debt. He had a large family, and a subscription was soon started to pay the sum he owed. Subsequently, a much larger subscription would have been made in order to have him taken away by anybody or anything.

Little by little the confusion subsided. The emigration commissioner left; at six we were at last allowed some victuals. Unpacking my books and arranging them in my cabin filled up the remainder of the evening, save the time devoted to a couple of meditative pipes. The emigrants went to bed, and when, at about ten o'clock, I went up for a little time upon the poop, I heard no sound save the clanging of the clocks from the various churches of Gravesend, the pattering of rain upon the decks, and the rushing of the river as it gurgled against the ship's side.

Early next morning the cocks began to crow vociferously. We had about sixty couple of the oldest inhabitants of the hen-roost on board, which were intended for the consumption of the saloon passengers – a destiny which they have since fulfilled: young fowls die on shipboard, only old ones standing the weather about the line. Besides this, the pigs began grunting and the sheep gave vent to an occasional feeble bleat, the only expression of surprise or discontent which I heard them utter during the remainder of their existence, for now, alas! they are no more. I remember dreaming I was in a farmyard, and woke as soon as it was light. Rising immediately, I went on deck and found the morning calm and sulky – no rain, but everything very wet and very grey. There was Tilbury Fort, so different from Stanfield's dashing picture. There was Gravesend, which but a year before I had passed on my way to Antwerp with so little notion that I should ever leave it thus. Musing in this way, and taking a last look at the green fields of old England, soaking with rain, and comfortless though they then looked, I soon became aware that we had weighed anchor, and that a small steam-tug which had been getting

her steam up for some little time had already begun to subtract a mite of the distance between ourselves and New Zealand. And so, early in the morning of Saturday, 1st October 1859, we started on our voyage.

The river widened out hour by hour. Soon our little steam-tug left us. A fair wind sprung up, and at two o'clock, or thereabouts, we found ourselves off Ramsgate. Here we anchored and waited till the tide, early next morning. This took us to Deal, off which we again remained a whole day. On Monday morning we weighed anchor, and since then we have had it on the forecastle, and trust we may have no further occasion for it until we arrive at New Zealand.

I will not waste time and space by describing the horrible sea-sickness of most of the passengers, a misery which I did not myself experience, nor yet will I prolong the narrative of our voyage down the Channel—it was short and eventless. The captain says there is more danger between Gravesend and the Start Point (where we lost sight of land) than all the way between there and New Zealand. Fogs are so frequent and collisions occur so often. Our own passage was free from adventure. In the Bay of Biscay the water assumed a blue hue of almost incredible depth; there, moreover, we had our first touch of a gale—not that it deserved to be called a gale in comparison with what we have since experienced, still we learnt what double-reefs meant. After this the wind fell very light, and continued so for a few days. On referring to my diary, I perceive that on the 10th of October we had only got as far south as the forty-first parallel of latitude, and late on that night a heavy squall coming up from the S.W. brought a foul wind with it. It soon freshened, and by two o'clock in the morning the noise of the flapping sails, as the men were reefing them, and of the wind roaring through the rigging, was deafening. All next day we lay hove to under a close-reefed main-topsail, which, being interpreted, means that the only sail set was the main-topsail, and that that was close-reefed; moreover, that the ship was laid at right angles to the wind and the yards

braced sharp up. Thus a ship drifts very slowly, and remains steadier than she would otherwise; she ships few or no seas, and, though she rolls a good deal, is much more easy and safe than when running at all near the wind. Next day we drifted due north, and on the third day, the fury of the gale having somewhat moderated, we resumed—not our course, but a course only four points off it. The next several days we were baffled by foul winds, jammed down on the coast of Portugal; and then we had another gale from the south, not such a one as the last, but still enough to drive us many miles out of our course; and then it fell calm, which was almost worse, for when the wind fell the sea rose, and we were tossed about in such a manner as would have forbidden even Morpheus himself to sleep. And so we crawled on till, on the morning of the 24th of October, by which time, if we had had anything like luck, we should have been close on the line, we found ourselves about thirty miles from the Peak of Teneriffe, becalmed. This was a long way out of our course, which lay three or four degrees to the westward at the very least; but the sight of the Peak was a great treat, almost compensating for past misfortunes. The Island of Teneriffe lies in latitude 28°, longitude 16°. It is about sixty miles long; towards the southern extremity the Peak towers upwards to a height of 12,300 feet, far above the other land of the island, though that too is very elevated and rugged. Our telescopes revealed serrated gullies upon the mountain sides, and showed us the fastnesses of the island in a manner that made us long to explore them. We deceived ourselves with the hope that some speculative fisherman might come out to us with oranges and grapes for sale. He would have realized a handsome sum if he had, but unfortunately none was aware of the advantages offered, and so we looked and longed in vain. The other islands were Palma, Gomera, and Ferro, all of them lofty, especially Palma—all of them beautiful. On the seaboard of Palma we could detect houses innumerable; it seemed to be very thickly inhabited and carefully cultivated. The calm continuing three days, we

took stock of the islands pretty minutely, clear as they were, and rarely obscured even by a passing cloud; the weather was blazing hot, but beneath the awning it was very delicious; a calm, however, is a monotonous thing even when an island like Teneriffe is in view, and we soon tired both of it and of the gambols of the blackfish (a species of whale), and the operations on board an American vessel hard by.

On the evening of the third day a light air sprung up, and we watched the islands gradually retire into the distance. Next morning they were faint and shrunken, and by midday they were gone. The wind was the commencement of the north-east trades. On the next day (Thursday, 27th October, lat. 27° 40′) the cook was boiling some fat in a large saucepan, when the bottom burnt through and the fat fell out over the fire, got lighted, and then ran about the whole galley, blazing and flaming as though it would set the place on fire, whereat an alarm of fire was raised, the effect of which was electrical: there was no real danger about the affair, for a fire is easily extinguishable on a ship when only above board; it is when it breaks out in the hold, is unperceived, gains strength, and finally bursts its prison, that it becomes a serious matter to extinguish it. This was quenched in five minutes, but the faces of the female steerage passengers were awful. I noticed about many a peculiar contraction and elevation of one eyebrow, which I had never seen before on the living human face, though often in pictures. I don't mean to say that all the faces of all the saloon passengers were void of any emotion whatever.

The trades carried us down to latitude 9°. They were but light while they lasted, and left us soon. There is no wind more agreeable than the N.E. trades. The sun keeps the air deliciously warm, the breeze deliciously fresh. The vessel sits bolt upright, steering a S.S.W. course, with the wind nearly aft: she glides along with scarcely any perceptible motion; sometimes, in the cabin, one would fancy one must be on dry land. The sky is of a greyish blue, and the sea silver grey, with a very slight haze round the horizon.

The water is very smooth, even with a wind which would elsewhere raise a considerable sea. In latitude 19°, longitude 25°, we first fell in with flying fish. These are usually in flocks, and are seen in greatest abundance in the morning; they fly a great way and very well, not with a kind of jump which a fish takes when springing out of the water, but with a *bona fide* flight, sometimes close to the water, sometimes some feet above it. One flew on board, and measured roughly eighteen inches between the tips of its wings. On Saturday, 5th November, the trades left us suddenly after a thunder-storm, which gave us an opportunity of seeing chain lightning, which I only remember to have seen once in England. As soon as the storm was over, we perceived that the wind was gone, and knew that we had entered that unhappy region of calms which extends over a belt of some five degrees rather to the north of the line.

We knew that the weather about the line was often calm, but had pictured to ourselves a gorgeous sun, golden sunsets, cloudless sky, and sea of the deepest blue. On the contrary, such weather is never known there, or only by mistake. It is a gloomy region. Sombre sky and sombre sea. Large cauliflower-headed masses of dazzling cumulus tower in front of a background of lavender-coloured satin. There are clouds of every shape and size. The sails idly flap as the sea rises and falls with a heavy regular but windless swell. Creaking yards and groaning rudder seem to lament that they cannot get on. The horizon is hard and black, save when blent softly into the sky upon one quarter or another by a rapidly approaching squall. A puff of wind—"Square the yards!"—the ship steers again; another—she moves slowly onward; it blows—she slips through the water; it blows hard—she runs; very hard—she flies; a drop of rain—the wind lulls; three or four more of the size of half a crown—it falls very light; it rains hard, and then the wind is dead—whereon the rain comes down in a torrent which those must see who would believe. The air is so highly charged with moisture that any damp thing remains damp

and any dry thing dampens: the decks are always wet. Mould springs up anywhere, even on the very boots which one is wearing; the atmosphere is like that of a vapour bath, and the dense clouds seem to ward off the light, but not the heat, of the sun. The dreary monotony of such weather affects the spirits of all, and even the health of some. One poor girl who had long been consumptive, but who apparently had rallied much during the voyage, seemed to give way suddenly as soon as we had been a day in this belt of calms, and four days after, we lowered her over the ship's side into the deep.

One day we had a little excitement in capturing a shark, whose triangular black fin had been veering about above water for some time at a little distance from the ship. I will not detail a process that has so often been described, but will content myself with saying that he did not die unavenged, inasmuch as he administered a series of cuffs and blows to anyone that was near him which would have done credit to a prize-fighter, and several of the men got severe handling or, I should rather say, " tailing " from him. He was accompanied by two beautifully striped pilot fish–the never-failing attendants of the shark.

One day during this calm we fell in with a current, when the aspect of the sea was completely changed. It resembled a furiously rushing river, and had the sound belonging to a strong stream, only much intensified; the waves, too, tossed up their heads perpendicularly into the air; whilst the empty flour-casks drifted ahead of us and to one side. It was impossible to look at the sea without noticing its very singular appearance. Soon a wind springing up raised the waves and obliterated the more manifest features of the current, but for two or three days afterwards we could perceive it more or less. There is always at this time of year a strong westerly set here. The wind was the commencement of the S.E. trades, and was welcomed by all with the greatest pleasure. In two days more we reached the line.

We crossed the line far too much to the west, in longitude

31° 6′, after a very long passage of nearly seven weeks, such as our captain says he never remembers to have made; fine winds, however, now began to favour us, and in another week we got out of the tropics, having had the sun vertically overhead, so as to have no shadow, on the preceding day. Strange to say, the weather was never at all oppressively hot after latitude 2° north, or thereabouts. A fine wind, or indeed a light wind, at sea removes all unpleasant heat even of the hottest and most perpendicular sun. The only time that we suffered any inconvenience at all from heat was during the belt of calms; when the sun was vertically over our heads it felt no hotter than on an ordinary summer day. Immediately, however, upon leaving the tropics the cold increased sensibly, and in latitude 27° 8′ I find that I was not warm once all day. Since then we have none of us ever been warm, save when taking exercise or in bed; when the thermometer was up at 50° we thought it very high and called it warm. The reason of the much greater cold of the southern than of the northern hemisphere is that the former contains so much less land. I have not seen the thermometer below 42° in my cabin, but am sure that outside it has often been very much lower. We almost all got chilblains, and wondered much what the winter of this hemisphere must be like if this was its summer: I believe, however, that as soon as we get off the coast of Australia, which I hope we may do in a couple of days, we shall feel a very sensible rise in the thermometer at once. Had we known what was coming, we should have prepared better against it, but we were most of us under the impression that it would be warm summer weather all the way. No doubt we felt it more than we should otherwise on account of our having so lately crossed the line.

The great feature of the southern seas is the multitude of birds which inhabit it. Huge albatrosses, molimorks (a smaller albatross), Cape hens, Cape pigeons, parsons, boobies, whale birds, mutton birds, and many more, wheel continually about the ship's stern, sometimes in dozens,

sometimes in scores, always in considerable numbers. If a person takes two pieces of pork and ties them together, leaving perhaps a yard of string between the two pieces, and then throws them into the sea, one albatross will catch hold of one end, and another of the other, each bolts his own end and then tugs and fights with his rival till one or other has to disgorge his prize; we have not, however, succeeded in catching any, neither have we tried the above experiment ourselves. Albatrosses are not white; they are grey, or brown with a white streak down the back, and spreading a little into the wings. The under part of the bird is a bluish-white. They remain without moving the wing a longer time than any bird that I have ever seen, but some suppose that each individual feather is vibrated rapidly, though in very small space, without any motion being imparted to the main pinions of the wing. I am informed that there is a strong muscle attached to each of the large plumes in their wings. It certainly is strange how so large a bird should be able to travel so far and so fast without any motion of the wing. Albatrosses are often entirely brown, but farther south, and when old, I am told, they become sometimes quite white. The stars of the southern hemisphere are lauded by some: I cannot see that they surpass or equal those of the northern. Some, of course, are the same. The southern cross is a very great delusion. It isn't a cross. It is a kite, a kite upside down, an irregular kite upside down, with only three respectable stars and one very poor and very much out of place. Near it, however, is a truly mysterious and interesting object called the coal sack: it is a black patch in the sky distinctly darker than all the rest of the heavens. No star shines through it. The proper name for it is the black Magellan cloud.

We reached the Cape, passing about six degrees south of it, in twenty-five days after crossing the line, a very fair passage; and since the Cape we have done well until a week ago, when, after a series of very fine runs, and during as fair a breeze as one would wish to see, we were some of us astonished to see

the captain giving orders to reef topsails. The royals were stowed, so were the top-gallant-sails, topsails close reefed, mainsail reefed, and just at 10.45 p.m., as I was going to bed, I heard the captain give the order to take a reef in the foresail and furl the mainsail; but before I was in bed a quarter of an hour afterwards, a blast of wind came up like a wall, and all night it blew a regular hurricane. The glass, which had dropped very fast all day, and fallen lower than the captain had ever seen it in the southern hemisphere, had given him warning what was coming, and he had prepared for it. That night we ran away before the wind to the north, next day we lay hove-to till evening, and two days afterwards the gale was repeated, but with still greater violence. The captain was all ready for it, and a ship, if she is a good sea-boat, may laugh at any winds or any waves provided she be prepared. The danger is when a ship has got all sail set and one of these bursts of wind is shot out at her; then her masts go overboard in no time. Sailors generally estimate a gale of wind by the amount of damage it does, if they don't lose a mast or get their bulwarks washed away, or at any rate carry away a few sails, they don't call it a gale, but a stiff breeze; if, however, they are caught even by comparatively a very inferior squall, and lose something, they call it a gale. The captain assured us that the sea never assumes a much grander or more imposing aspect than that which it wore on this occasion. He called me to look at it between two and three in the morning when it was at its worst; it was certainly very grand, and made a tremendous noise, and the wind would scarcely let one stand, and made such a roaring in the rigging as I never heard, but there was not that terrific appearance that I had expected. It didn't suggest any ideas to one's mind about the possibility of anything happening to one. It was excessively unpleasant to be rolled hither and thither, and I never felt the force of gravity such a nuisance before; one's soup at dinner would face one at an angle of 45° with the horizon, it would look as though immovable on a steep inclined plane, and it required the nicest handling

to keep the plane truly horizontal. So with one's tea, which would alternately rush forward to be drunk and fly as though one were a Tantalus; so with all one's goods, which would be seized with the most erratic propensities. Still we were unable to imagine ourselves in any danger, save that one flaxen-headed youth of two-and-twenty kept waking up his companion for the purpose of saying to him at intervals during the night, "I say, N——, isn't it awful?" till finally N—— silenced him with a boot. While on the subject of storms I may add that a captain, if at all a scientific man, can tell whether he is in a cyclone (as we were) or not, and if he is in a cyclone he can tell in what part of it he is, and how he must steer so as to get out of it. A cyclone is a storm that moves in a circle round a calm of greater or less diameter; the calm moves forward in the centre of the rotatory storm at the rate of from one or two to thirty miles an hour. A large cyclone 500 miles in diameter, rushing furiously round its centre, will still advance in a right line, only very slowly indeed. A small one 50 or 60 miles across will progress more rapidly. One vessel sailed for five days at the rate of 12, 13, and 14 knots an hour round one of these cyclones before the wind all the time, yet in the five days she had made only 187 miles in a straight line. I tell this tale as it was told to me, but have not studied the subjects myself. Whatever saloon passengers may think about a gale of wind, I am sure that the poor sailors who have to go aloft in it and reef topsails cannot welcome it with any pleasure.

CHAPTER TWO: LIFE ON BOARD, CALM, BOAT LOWERED, SNARES AND TRAPS, LAND, DRIVEN OFF COAST, ENTER PORT LYTTELTON, REQUISITES FOR A SEA VOYAGE, SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE AROUSED.

BEFORE CONTINUING THE NARRATIVE OF my voyage, I must turn to other topics and give you some account of my life on board. My time has passed very pleasantly: I have read a good deal; I have nearly finished Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, am studying Liebig's *Agricultural Chemistry*, and learning the concertina on the instrument of one of my fellow-passengers. Besides this, I have had the getting up and management of our choir. We practise three or four times a week; we chant the Venite, Glorias, and Te Deums, and sing one hymn. I have two basses, two tenors, one alto, and lots of girls, and the singing certainly is better than you would hear in nine country places out of ten. I have been glad by this means to form the acquaintance of many of the poorer passengers. My health has been very good all the voyage: I have not had a day's sea-sickness. The provisions are not very first-rate, and the day after to-morrow, being Christmas Day, we shall sigh for the roast beef of Old England, as our dinner will be somewhat of the meagrest. Never mind! On the whole I cannot see reason to find any great fault. We have a good ship, a good captain, and victuals sufficient in quantity. Everyone but myself abuses the owners like pickpockets, but I rather fancy that some of them will find themselves worse off in New Zealand. When I come back, if I live to do so (and I sometimes amass a wonderful fortune in a very short time, and come back fabulously rich, and do all sorts of things), I think I shall try the overland route. Almost every evening four of us have a very pleasant rubber, which never gets stale. So you will have gathered that, though very anxious to get to our journey's end, which, with luck, we hope to do in about three weeks' time, still the voyage has not proved at all the unbearable thing that some of us imagined it would have been. One great amusement I have forgotten to mention—

that is, shuffle-board, a game which consists in sending some round wooden platters along the deck into squares chalked and numbered from one to ten. This game will really keep one quite hot in the coldest weather if played with spirit.

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During the month that has elapsed since writing the last sentence, we have had strong gales and long, tedious calms. On one of these occasions the captain lowered a boat, and a lot of us scrambled over the ship's side and got in, taking it in turns to row. The first thing that surprised us was the very much warmer temperature of the sea-level than that on deck. The change was astonishing. I have suffered from a severe cold ever since my return to the ship. On deck it was cold, thermometer 46°; on the sea-level it was deliciously warm. The next thing that surprised us was the way in which the ship was pitching, though it appeared a dead calm. Up she rose and down she fell upon a great hummocky swell which came lazily up from the S.W., making our horizon from the boat all uneven. On deck we had thought it a very slight swell; in the boat we perceived what a heavy, humpy, ungainly heap of waters kept rising and sinking all round us, sometimes blocking out the whole ship, save the top of the main royal, in the strangest way in the world. We pulled round the ship, thinking we had never in our lives seen anything so beautiful as she then looked in the sunny morning, when suddenly we saw a large ripple in the waters not far off. At first the captain imagined it to have been caused by a whale, and was rather alarmed, but by and by it turned out to be nothing but a shoal of fish. Then we made for a large piece of seaweed which we had seen some way astern. It extended some ten feet deep, and was a huge, tangled, loose, floating mass; among it nestled little fishes innumerable, and as we looked down amid its intricate branches through the sun-lit azure of the water, the effect was beautiful. This mass we attached to the boat,

and with great labour and long time succeeded in getting it up to the ship, the little fishes following behind the seaweed. It was impossible to lift it on board, so we fastened it to the ship's side and came in to luncheon. After lunch some ropes were arranged to hoist the ladies in a chair over the ship's side and lower them into the boat–a process which created much merriment. Into the boat we put half a dozen of champagne–a sight which gave courage to one or two to brave the descent who had not previously ventured on such a feat. Then the ladies were pulled round the ship, and, when about a mile ahead of her, we drank the champagne and had a regular jollification. Returning to show them the seaweed, the little fishes looked so good that someone thought of a certain net wherewith the doctor catches ocean insects, porpytas, clios, spinulas, etc. With this we caught in half an hour amid much screaming, laughter, and unspeakable excitement, no less than 250 of them. They were about five inches long–funny little blue fishes with wholesome-looking scales. We ate them next day, and they were excellent. Some expected that we should have swollen or suffered some bad effects, but no evil happened to us: not but what these deep-sea fishes are frequently poisonous, but I believe that scaly fishes are always harmless. We returned by half-past three, after a most enjoyable day; but, as proof of the heat being much greater in the boat, I may mention that one of the party lost the skin from his face and arms, and that we were all much sunburnt even in so short a time; yet one man who bathed that day said he had never felt such cold water in his life.

We are now (21st January) in great hopes of sighting land in three or four days, and are really beginning to feel near the end of our voyage: not that I can realize this to myself; it seems as though I had always been on board the ship, and was always going to be, and as if all my past life had not been mine, but had belonged to somebody else, or as though someone had taken mine and left me his by mistake. I expect, however, that when the land actually

comes in sight we shall have little difficulty in realizing the fact that the voyage has come to a close. The weather has been much warmer since we have been off the coast of Australia, even though Australia is some 10° north of our present position. I have not, however, yet seen the thermometer higher than 56° since we passed the Cape. Now we are due south of the south point of Van Diemen's Land, and consequently nearer land than we have been for some time. We are making for the Snares, two high islets about sixty miles south of Stewart's Island, the southernmost of the New Zealand group. We sail immediately to the north of them, and then turn up suddenly. The route we have to take passes between the Snares and the Traps–two rather ominous-sounding names, but I believe more terrible in name than in any other particular.

22*nd January.*–Yesterday at midday I was sitting writing in my cabin, when I heard the joyful cry of "Land!" and, rushing on deck, saw the swelling and beautiful outline of the high land in Stewart's Island. We had passed close by the Snares in the morning, but the weather was too thick for us to see them, though the birds flocked therefrom in myriads. We then passed between the Traps, which the captain saw distinctly, one on each side of him, from the main topgallant yard. Land continued in sight till sunset, but since then it has disappeared. To-day (Sunday) we are speeding up the coast; the anchors are ready, and to-morrow by early daylight we trust to drop them in the harbour of Lyttelton. We have reason, from certain newspapers, to believe that the mails leave on the 23rd of the month, in which case I shall have no time or means to add a single syllable.

26*th January.*–Alas for the vanity of human speculation! After writing the last paragraph the wind fell light, then sprung up foul, and so we were slowly driven to the E.N.E. On Monday night it blew hard, and we had close-reefed topsails. Tuesday morning at five it was lovely, and the reefs were all shaken out; a light air sprang up, and the

ship, at 10 o'clock, had come up to her course, when suddenly, without the smallest warning, a gale came down upon us from the S.W. like a wall. The men were luckily very smart in taking in canvas, but at one time the captain thought he should have had to cut away the mizzenmast. We were reduced literally to bare poles, and lay-to under a piece of tarpaulin, six times doubled, and about two yards square, fastened up in the mizzen rigging. All day and night we lay thus, drifting to leeward at three knots an hour. In the twenty-four hours we had drifted sixty miles. Next day the wind moderated; but at 12 we found that we were eighty miles north of the peninsula and some 3° east of it. So we set a little sail, and commenced forereaching slowly on our course. Little and little the wind died, and it soon fell dead calm. That evening (Wednesday) some twenty albatrosses being congregated like a flock of geese round the ship's stern, we succeeded in catching some of them, the first we had caught on the voyage. We would have let them go again, but the sailors think them good eating, and begged them of us, at the same time prophesying two days' foul wind for every albatross taken. It was then dead calm, but a light wind sprang up in the night, and on Thursday we sighted Banks Peninsula. Again the wind fell tantalizingly light, but we kept drawing slowly toward land. In the beautiful sunset sky, crimson and gold, blue, silver, and purple, exquisite and tranquillizing, lay ridge behind ridge, outline behind outline, sunlight behind shadow, shadow behind sunlight, gully and serrated ravine. Hot puffs of wind kept coming from the land, and there were several fires burning. I got my arm-chair on deck, and smoked a quiet pipe with the intensest satisfaction. Little by little the night drew down, and then we rounded the headlands. Strangely did the waves sound breaking against the rocks of the harbour; strangely, too, looked the outlines of the mountains through the night. Presently we saw a light ahead from a ship: we drew slowly near, and as we passed you might have heard a pin drop. "What ship's that?"

said a strange voice. "*The Roman Emperor*," said the captain. "Are you all well?"–"All well." Then the captain asked, "Has the *Robert Small* arrived?"–"No," was the answer, "nor yet the *Burmah*."[1] You may imagine what I felt. Then a rocket was sent up, and the pilot came on board. He gave us a roaring republican speech on the subject of India, China, etc. I rather admired him, especially as he faithfully promised to send us some fresh beefsteaks and potatoes for breakfast. A north-wester sprung up as soon as we had dropped anchor: had it commenced a little sooner we should have had to put out again to sea. That night I packed a knapsack to go on shore, but the wind blew so hard that no boat could put off till one o'clock in the day, at which hour I and one or two others landed, and, proceeding to the post office, were told there were no letters for us. I afterwards found mine had gone hundreds of miles away to a namesake–a cruel disappointment.

A few words concerning the precautions advisable for anyone who is about to take a long sea-voyage may perhaps be useful. First and foremost, unless provided with a companion whom he well knows and can trust, he must have a cabin to himself. There are many men with whom one can be on excellent terms when not compelled to be perpetually with them, but whom the propinquity of the same cabin would render simply intolerable. It would not even be particularly agreeable to be awakened during a hardly captured wink of sleep by the question "Is it not awful?" that, however, would be a minor inconvenience. No one, I am sure, will repent paying a few pounds more for a single cabin who has seen the inconvenience that others have suffered from having a drunken or disagreeable companion in so confined a space. It is not even like a large room. He should have books in plenty, both light and solid. A folding arm-chair is a great comfort, and a very cheap one. In the hot weather I found mine invaluable, and, in the bush,

[1] See Preface.

it will still come in usefully. He should have a little table and common chair: these are real luxuries, as all who have tried to write, or seen others attempt it, from a low arm-chair at a washing-stand will readily acknowledge. A small disinfecting charcoal filter is very desirable. Ship's water is often bad, and the ship's filter may be old and defective. Mine has secured me and others during the voyage pure and sweet-tasting water, when we could not drink that supplied us by the ship. A bottle or two of raspberry vinegar will be found a luxury when near the line. By the aid of these means and appliances I have succeeded in making myself exceedingly comfortable. A small chest of drawers would have been preferable to a couple of boxes for my clothes, and I should recommend another to get one. A ten-pound note will suffice for all these things. The bunk should not be too wide: one rolls so in rough weather; of course it should not be athwartships, if avoidable. No one in his right mind will go second class if he can, by any hook or crook, raise money enough to go first.

On the whole, there are many advantageous results from a sea-voyage. One's geography improves apace, and numberless incidents occur pregnant with interest to a landsman; moreover, there are sure to be many on board who have travelled far and wide, and one gains a great deal of information about all sorts of races and places. One effect is, perhaps, pernicious, but this will probably soon wear off on land. It awakens an adventurous spirit, and kindles a strong desire to visit almost every spot upon the face of the globe. The captain yarns about California and the China seas—the doctor about Valparaiso and the Andes—another raves about Hawaii and the islands of the Pacific—while a fourth will compare nothing with Japan.

The world begins to feel very small when one finds one can get half round it in three months; and one mentally determines to visit all these places before coming back again, not to mention a good many more.

I search my diary in vain to find some pretermitted adventure wherewith to give you a thrill, or, as good Mrs. B. calls it, "a feel"; but I can find none. The mail is going; I will write again by the next.

CHAPTER THREE: ASPECT OF PORT LYTTELTON, ASCENT OF HILL BEHIND IT, VIEW, CHRISTCHURCH, YANKEEISMS, RETURN TO PORT LYTTELTON AND SHIP, PHORMIUM TENAX, VISIT TO A FARM, MOA BONES.

JANUARY 27th, 1860.–OH, THE HEAT! THE clear transparent atmosphere, and the dust! How shall I describe everything–the little townlet, for I cannot call it town, nestling beneath the bare hills that we had been looking at so longingly all the morning–the scattered wooden boxes of houses, with ragged roods of scrubby ground between them–the tussocks of brown grass–the huge wide-leafed flax, with its now seedy stem, sometimes fifteen or sixteen feet high, luxuriant and tropical-looking–the healthy clear-complexioned men, shaggy-bearded, rowdy-hatted, and independent, pictures of rude health and strength–the stores, supplying all heterogeneous commodities–the mountains, rising right behind the harbour to a height of over a thousand feet–the varied outline of the harbour now smooth and sleeping. Ah me! pleasant sight and fresh to sea-stricken eyes. The hot air, too, was very welcome after our long chill.

We dined at the table d'hôte at the Mitre–so foreign and yet so English–the windows open to the ground, looking upon the lovely harbour. Hither come more of the shaggy clear-complexioned men with the rowdy hats; looked at them with awe and befitting respect. Much grieved to find beer sixpence a glass. This was indeed serious, and was one of the first intimations which we received that we were in a land where money flies like wild-fire.

After dinner I and another commenced the ascent of the hill between port and Christchurch. We had not gone far before we put our knapsacks on the back of the pack-horse that goes over the hill every day (poor pack-horse!). It is indeed an awful pull up that hill; yet we were so anxious to see what was on the other side of it that we scarcely noticed the fatigue: I thought it very beautiful. It is volcanic, brown, and dry; large intervals of crumbling soil, and then a stiff, wiry, uncompromising-looking tussock of

the very hardest grass; then perhaps a flax bush, or, as we should have said, a flax plant; then more crumbly, brown, dry soil, mixed with fine but dried grass, and then more tussocks; volcanic rock everywhere cropping out, sometimes red and tolerably soft, sometimes black and abominably hard. There was a great deal, too, of a very uncomfortable prickly shrub, which they call Irishman, and which I do not like the look of at all. There were cattle browsing where they could, but to my eyes it seemed as though they had but poor times of it. So we continued to climb, panting and broiling in the afternoon sun, and much admiring the lovely view beneath. At last we near the top, and look down upon the plain, bounded by the distant Apennines, that run through the middle of the island. Near at hand, at the foot of the hill, we saw a few pretty little box-like houses in trim, pretty little gardens, stacks of corn and fields, a little river with a craft or two lying near a wharf, whilst the nearer country was squared into many-coloured fields. But, after all, the view was rather of the "long stare" description. There was a great extent of country, but very few objects to attract the eye and make it rest any while in any given direction. The mountains wanted outlines; they were not broken up into fine forms like the Carnarvonshire mountains, but were rather a long, blue, lofty, even line, like the Jura from Geneva or the Berwyn from Shrewsbury. The plains, too, were lovely in colouring, but would have been wonderfully improved by an object or two a little nearer than the mountains. I must confess that the view, though undoubtedly fine, rather disappointed me. The one in the direction of the harbour was infinitely superior.

At the bottom of the hill we met the car to Christchurch; it halted some time at a little wooden public-house, and by and by at another, where was a Methodist preacher, who had just been reaping corn for two pounds an acre. He showed me some half-dozen stalks of gigantic size, but most of that along the roadside was thin and poor. Then we reached Christchurch on the little river Avon; it is

larger than Lyttelton and more scattered, but not so pretty. Here, too, the men are shaggy, clear-complexioned, brown, and healthy-looking, and wear exceedingly rowdy hats. I put up at Mr. Rowland Davis's; and as no one during the evening seemed much inclined to talk to me, I listened to the conversation.

The all-engrossing topics seemed to be sheep, horses, dogs, cattle, English grasses, paddocks, bush, and so forth. From about seven o'clock in the evening till about twelve at night I cannot say that I heard much else. These were the exact things I wanted to hear about, and I listened till they had been repeated so many times over that I almost grew tired of the subject, and wished the conversation would turn to something else. A few expressions were not familiar to me. When we should say in England "Certainly not," it is here "No fear," or "Don't *you* believe it." When they want to answer in the affirmative they say "It is *so*," "It does *so*." The word "hum," too, without pronouncing the *u*, is in amusing requisition. I perceived that this stood either for assent, or doubt, or wonder, or a general expression of comprehension without compromising the hummer's own opinion, and indeed for a great many more things than these; in fact, if a man did not want to say anything at all he said "hum hum." It is a very good expression, and saves much trouble when its familiar use has been acquired. Beyond these trifles I noticed no Yankeeism, and the conversation was English in point of expression. I was rather startled at hearing one gentleman ask another whether he meant to wash this year, and receive the answer "No." I soon discovered that a person's sheep are himself. If his sheep are clean, he is clean. He does not wash his *sheep* before shearing, but *he* washes; and, most marvellous of all, it is not his sheep which lamb, but he "lambs down" himself.

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I have purchased a horse, by name Doctor. I hope he is a homœopathist. He is in colour bay, distinctly branded P. C.

on the near shoulder. I am glad the brand is clear, for, as you well know, all horses are alike to me unless there is some violent distinction in their colour. This horse I bought from ——, to whom Mr. FitzGerald kindly gave me a letter of introduction. I thought I could not do better than buy from a person of known character, seeing that my own ignorance is so very great upon the subject. I had to give £55, but, as horses are going, that does not seem much out of the way. He is a good river-horse, and very strong. A horse is an absolute necessity in this settlement; he is your carriage, your coach, and your railway train.

On Friday I went to Port Lyttelton, meeting on the way many of our late fellow-passengers – some despondent, some hopeful; one or two dinnerless and in the dumps when we first encountered them, but dinnered and hopeful when we met them again on our return. We chatted with and encouraged them all, pointing out the general healthy, well-conditioned look of the residents. Went on board. How strangely changed the ship appeared! Sunny, motionless, and quiet; no noisy children, no slatternly, slipshod women rolling about the decks, no slush, no washing of dirty linen in dirtier water. There was the old mate in a clean shirt at last, leaning against the mainmast, and smoking his yard of clay; the butcher close-shaven and clean; the sailors smart, and welcoming us with a smile. It almost looked like going home. Dined in Lyttelton with several of my fellow-passengers, who evidently thought it best to be off with the old love before they were on with the new, *i.e.*, to spend all they brought with them before they set about acquiring a new fortune. Then went and helped Mr. and Mrs. R. to arrange their new house, *i.e.*, R. and I scrubbed the floors of the two rooms they have taken with soap, scrubbing-brushes, flannel, and water, made them respectably clean, and removed his boxes into their proper places.

Saturday. – Rode again to port, and saw my case of saddlery still on board. When riding back the haze obscured the snowy range, and the scenery reminded me much of

Cambridgeshire. The distinctive marks which characterize it as not English are the occasional Ti palms, which have a very tropical appearance, and the luxuriance of the Phormium tenax. If you strip a shred of this leaf not thicker than an ordinary piece of string, you will find it hard work to break it, if you succeed in doing so at all without cutting your finger. On the whole, if the road leading from Heathcote Ferry to Christchurch were through an avenue of mulberry trees, and the fields on either side were cultivated with Indian corn and vineyards, and if through these you could catch an occasional glimpse of a distant cathedral of pure white marble, you might well imagine yourself nearing Milan. As it is, the country is a sort of a cross between the plains of Lombardy and the fens of North Cambridgeshire.

At night a lot of Nelson and Wellington men came to the club. I was amused at dinner by a certain sailor and others, who maintained that the end of the world was likely to arrive shortly; the principal argument appearing to be, that there was no more sheep country to be found in Canterbury. This fact is, I fear, only too true. With this single exception, the conversation was purely horsy and sheepy. The fact is, the races are approaching, and they are the grand annual jubilee of Canterbury.

Next morning I rode some miles into the country, and visited a farm. Found the inmates (two brothers) at dinner. Cold boiled mutton and bread, and cold tea without milk, poured straight from a huge kettle in which it is made every morning, seem the staple commodities. No potatoes—nothing hot. They had no servant, and no cow. The bread, which was very white, was made by the younger. They showed me, with some little pleasure, some of the improvements they were making, and told me what they meant to do; and I looked at them with great respect. These men were as good gentlemen, in the conventional sense of the word, as any with whom we associate in England -I daresay, *de facto*, much better than many of them. They showed me some moa bones which they had ploughed

up (the moa, as you doubtless know, was an enormous bird, which must have stood some fifteen feet high), also some stone Maori battle-axes. They bought this land two years ago, and assured me that, even though they had not touched it, they could get for it cent. per cent. upon the price which they then gave.

CHAPTER FOUR: SHEEP ON TERMS, SCHEDULE AND EXPLANATION, INVESTMENT IN SHEEP-RUN, RISK OF DISEASE, AND LAWS UPON THE SUBJECT, INVESTMENT IN LAYING DOWN LAND IN ENGLISH GRASS, IN FARMING, JOURNEY TO OXFORD, JOURNEY TO THE GLACIERS, REMOTE SETTLERS, LITERATURE IN THE BUSH, BLANKETS AND FLIES, ASCENT OF THE RAKAIA, CAMPING OUT, GLACIERS, MINERALS, PARROTS, UNEXPLORED COL, BURNING THE FLATS, RETURN.

FEBRUARY 10th, 1860.–I MUST CONFESS TO being fairly puzzled to know what to do with the money you have sent me. Everyone suggests different investments. One says buy sheep and put them out on terms. I will explain to you what this means. I can buy a thousand ewes for £1,250; these I should place in the charge of a squatter whose run is not fully stocked (and indeed there is hardly a run in the province fully stocked). This person would take my sheep for either three, four, five, or more years, as we might arrange, and would allow me yearly 2*s*. 6*d*. per head in lieu of wool. This would give me 2*s*. 6*d*. as the yearly interest on 25*s*. Besides this he would allow me 40 per cent. per annum of increase, half male, and half female, and of these the females would bear increase also as soon as they had attained the age of two years; moreover, the increase would return me 2*s*. 6*d*. per head wool money as soon as they became sheep. At the end of the term, my sheep would be returned to me as per agreement, with no deduction for deaths, but the original sheep would be, of course, so much the older, and some of them being doubtless dead, sheep of the same age as they would have been will be returned in their place.

I will subjoin a schedule showing what 500 ewes will amount to in seven years; we will date from January 1860, and will suppose the yearly increase to be one-half male and one-half female.

	Ewes	Ewe Lambs	Wether Lambs	Ewe Hoggets	Wether Hoggets	Wethers	Total
1 year old January 1860	500	–	–	–	–	–	500
„ 1861	500	100	100	–	–	–	700
„ 1862	500	100	100	100	100	–	900
„ 1863	600	120	120	100	100	100	1140
„ 1864	700	140	140	120	120	200	1420
„ 1865	820	164	164	140	140	320	1748
„ 1866	960	192	192	164	164	460	2132
„ 1867	1124	225	225	192	192	624	2582

The yearly wool money would be:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
January 1861 . . 2*s.* 6*d.* per head	62	10	0
„ 1862	87	10	0
„ 1863	112	10	0
„ 1864	142	10	0
„ 1865	177	10	0
„ 1866	218	10	0
„ 1867	266	10	0
Total wool money received . . .	1067	10	0
Original capital expended . . .	£625	0	0

I will explain briefly the meaning of this.

We will suppose that the ewes have all two teeth to start with–two teeth indicate one year old, four teeth two years, six teeth three years, eight teeth (or full mouthed) four years. For the edification of some of my readers as ignorant as I am myself upon ovine matters, I may mention that the above teeth are to be looked for in the lower jaw and not the upper, the front portion of which is toothless. The ewes, then, being one year old to start with, they will be eight years old at the end of seven years. I have only, however, given you so long a term that you may see what would be the result of putting out sheep on terms either for three, four, five, six, or seven years, according as you like. Sheep at eight years old will be in their old age: they will live nine or ten years–

sometimes more, but an eight-year-old sheep would be what is called a broken-mouthed creature; that is to say, it would have lost some of its teeth from old age, and would generally be found to crawl along at the tail end of the mob; so that of the 2,582 sheep returned to me, 500 would be very old, 200 would be seven years old, 200 six years old. All these would pass as old sheep, and not fetch very much; one might get about 15*s.* a head for the lot all round. Perhaps, however, you might sell the 200 six years old with the younger ones. Not to overestimate, count these 700 old sheep as worth nothing at all, and consider that I have 1,800 sheep in prime order, reckoning the lambs as sheep (a weaned lamb being worth nearly as much as a full-grown sheep). Suppose these sheep to have gone down in value from 25*s.* a head to 10*s.*, and at the end of my term I realize £900. Suppose that of the wool money I have only spent £62 10*s.* per annum, *i.e.*, ten per cent. on the original outlay, and that I have laid by the remainder of the wool money. I shall have from the wool money a surplus of £630 (some of which should have been making ten per cent. interest for some time); that is to say, my total receipts for the sheep should be at the least £1,530. Say that the capital had only doubled itself in the seven years, the investment could not be considered a bad one. The above is a *bona-fide* statement of one of the commonest methods of investing money in sheep. I cannot think from all I have heard that sheep will be lower than 10*s.* a head, still some place the minimum value as low as 6*s.*[1]

[1] August 1862.—Since writing the above, matters have somewhat changed. Firstly, Ewes are fully worth 30*s.* a head, and are not to be had under. Secondly, The diggings in Otago have caused the value of wethers to rise, and as they are now selling at 33*s.* on the runs of the Otago station (I quote the *Lyttelton Times*, which may be depended upon), and those runs are only very partially stocked, the supply there must in all probability fall short of the demand. The price of sheep in this settlement is therefore raised also, and likely to continue high. All depends upon what this next spring may bring forth upon the Otago gold-fields. If they keep up the reputation which they sustained until

The question arises, What is to be done with one's money when the term is out? I cannot answer; yet surely the colony cannot be quite used up in seven years, and one can hardly suppose but that, even in that advanced state of the settlement, means will not be found of investing a few thousand pounds to advantage.

The general recommendation which I receive is to buy the goodwill of a run; this cannot be done under about £100 for every thousand acres. Thus, a run of 20,000 acres will be worth £2,000. Still, if a man has sufficient capital to stock it well at once, it will pay him, even at this price. We will suppose the run to carry 10,000 sheep. The wool money from these should be £2,500 per annum. If a man can start with 2,000 ewes, it will not be long before he finds himself worth 10,000 sheep. Then the sale of surplus stock which he has not country to feed should fetch him in fully £1,000 per annum; so that, allowing the country to cost £2,000, and the sheep £2,500, and allowing £1,000 for working, plant, buildings, dray, bullocks, and stores, and £500 more for contingencies and expenses of the first two years, during which the run will not fully pay its own expenses–for a

the winter caused the diggers to retreat, the price will be high for some few years longer; if they turn out a failure, it *must* fall before very long. Still, there is a large and increasing population in Canterbury, and as its sheep-feeding area is as nothing compared with that of Australia, we do not expect sheep here ever to fall as low as they did there before the diggings. Indeed, they hardly can do so; for our sheep are larger than the Australian, and clip a much heavier fleece, so that their fleece, and skins, and tallow must be of greater value. Should means be found of converting the meat into portable soup, the carcase of the sheep ought, even at its lowest value, to be considerably higher than 10*s*. Nothing is heard about this yet, for the country is not nearly stocked, so that the thing is not needed; but one would, *a priori*, be under the impression that there should ultimately be no insuperable difficulty in rescuing the meat from waste. It is a matter which might well attract the attention of scientific men in England. We should all be exceedingly obliged to them if they would kindly cause sheep to be as high as 15*s*. or 17*s*. seven years hence, and I can see no reason why, if the meat could be made use of, they should fall lower. In other respects, what I have written about sheep on terms is true to the present day.

capital of £6,000 a man may in a few years find himself possessed of something like a net income of £2,000 per annum. Marvellous as all this sounds, I am assured that it is true.[1] On the other hand, there are risks. There is the uncertainty of what will be done in the year 1870, when the runs lapse to the Government. The general opinion appears to be that they will be re-let, at a greatly advanced rent, to the present occupiers. The present rent of land is a farthing per acre for the first and second years, a halfpenny for the third, and three farthings for the fourth and every succeeding year. Most of the waste lands in the province are now paying three farthings per acre. There is the danger also of scab. This appears to depend a good deal upon the position of the run and its nature. Thus, a run situated in the plains over which sheep are being constantly driven from the province of Nelson, will be in more danger than one on the remoter regions of the back country. In Nelson there are few, if any, laws against carelessness in respect of scab. In Canterbury the laws are very stringent. Sheep have to be dipped three months before they quit Nelson, and inspected and re-dipped (in tobacco water and sulphur) on their entry into this province. Nevertheless, a single sheep may remain infected, even after this second dipping. The scab may not be apparent, but it may break out after having been a month or two in a latent state. One sheep will infect others, and the whole mob will soon become diseased; indeed, a mob is considered unsound, and compelled to be dipped, if even a single scabby sheep have joined it. Dipping is an expensive process, and if a man's sheep trespass on to his neighbour's run he has to dip his neighbour's also. Moreover, scab may break out just before or in mid-winter, when it is almost impossible, on the plains, to get firewood sufficient to boil the water and tobacco (sheep must be dipped whilst the

[1] The above is true to the present day (August 1862), save that a higher price must be given for the goodwill of a run, and that sheep are fully 30*s.* a head. Say £8,000 instead of £6,000, and the rest will stand. £8,000 should do the thing handsomely.

liquid is at a temperature of not less than 90°), and when the severity of the sou'-westers renders it nearly certain that a good few sheep will be lost. Lambs, too, if there be lambs about, will be lost wholesale. If the sheep be not clean within six months after the information is laid, the sum required to be deposited with Government by the owner, on the laying of such information, is forfeited. This sum is heavy, though I do not exactly know its amount. One dipping would not be ruinous, but there is always a chance of some scabby sheep having been left upon the run unmustered, and the flock thus becoming infected afresh, so that the whole work may have to be done over again. I perceive a sort of shudder to run through a sheep farmer at the very name of this disease. There are no four letters in the alphabet which he appears so mortally to detest, and with good reason.

Another mode of investment highly spoken of is that of buying land and laying it down in English grass, thus making a permanent estate of it. But I fear this will not do for me, both because it requires a large experience of things in general, which, as you well know, I do not possess, and because I should want a greater capital than would be required to start a run. More money is sunk, and the returns do not appear to be so speedy. I cannot give you even a rough estimate of the expenses of such a plan. I will only say that I have seen gentlemen who are doing it, and who are confident of success, and these men bear the reputation of being shrewd and business-like. I cannot doubt, therefore, that it is both a good and safe investment of money. My crude notion concerning it is, that it is more permanent and less remunerative. In this I may be mistaken, but I am certain it is a thing which might very easily be made a mess of by an inexperienced person; whilst many men, who have known no more about sheep than I do, have made ordinary sheep farming pay exceedingly well. I may perhaps as well say, that land laid down in English grass is supposed to carry about five or six sheep to the acre; some say more and some less. Doubtless, somewhat will depend upon the nature of

the soil, and as yet the experiment can hardly be said to have been fully tried. As for farming as we do in England, it is universally maintained that it does not pay; there seems to be no discrepancy of opinion about this. Many try it, but most men give it up. It appears as if it were only *bona-fide* labouring men who can make it answer. The number of farms in the neighbourhood of Christchurch seems at first to contradict this statement; but I believe the fact to be, that these farms are chiefly in the hands of labouring men, who had made a little money, bought land, and cultivated it themselves. These men can do well, but those who have to buy labour cannot make it answer. The difficulty lies in the high rate of wages.

13th February.—Since my last I have been paying a visit of a few days at Kaiapoi, and made a short trip up to the Harewood Forest, near to which the township of Oxford is situated. Why it should be called Oxford I do not know.

After leaving Rangiora, which is about eight miles from Kaiapoi, I followed the Harewood road till it became a mere track, then a footpath, and then dwindled away to nothing at all. I soon found myself in the middle of the plains, with nothing but brown tussocks of grass before me and behind me, and on either side. The day was rather dark, and the mountains were obliterated by a haze. "Oh the pleasure of the plains," I thought to myself; but, upon my word, I think old Handel would find but little pleasure in these. They are, in clear weather, monotonous and dazzling; in cloudy weather monotonous and sad; and they have little to recommend them but the facility they afford for travelling, and the grass which grows upon them. This, at least, was the impression I derived from my first acquaintance with them, as I found myself steering for the extremity of some low downs about six miles distant. I thought these downs would never get nearer. At length I saw a tent-like object, dotting itself upon the plain, with eight black mice as it were in front of it. This turned out to be a dray, loaded with wool, coming down from the country. It was the first

symptom of sheep that I had come upon, for, to my surprise, I saw no sheep upon the plains, neither did I see any in the whole of my little excursion. I am told that this disappoints most new-comers. They are told that sheep farming is the great business of Canterbury, but they see no sheep; the reason of this is, partly because the runs are not yet a quarter stocked, and partly because the sheep are in mobs, and, unless one comes across the whole mob, one sees none of them. The plains, too, are so vast, that at a very short distance from the track, sheep will not be seen. When I came up to the dray I found myself on a track, reached the foot of the downs, and crossed the little River Cust. A little river, brook, or stream is always called a creek; nothing but the great rivers are called rivers. Now clumps of flax, and stunted groves of Ti palms and other trees, began to break the monotony of the scene. Then the track ascended the downs on the other side of the stream, and afforded me a fine view of the valley of the Cust, cleared and burnt by a recent fire, which extended for miles and miles, purpling the face of the country, up to the horizon. Rich flax and grass made the valley look promising, but on the hill the ground was stony and barren, and shabbily clothed with patches of dry and brown grass, surrounded by a square foot or so of hard ground; between the tussocks, however, there was a frequent though scanty undergrowth which might furnish support for sheep, though it looked burnt up.

I may as well here correct an error, which I had been under, and which you may, perhaps, have shared with me—native grass cannot be mown.

After proceeding some few miles further I came to a station, where, though a perfect stranger, and at first (at some little distance) mistaken for a Maori, I was most kindly treated, and spent a very agreeable evening. The people here are very hospitable; and I have received kindness already upon several occasions, from persons upon whom I had no sort of claim.

Next day I went to Oxford, which lies at the foot of the

first ranges, and is supposed to be a promising place. Here, for the first time, I saw the bush; it was very beautiful; numerous creepers, and a luxuriant undergrowth among the trees, gave the forest a wholly un-European aspect, and realized, in some degree, one's idea of tropical vegetation. It was full of birds that sang loudly and sweetly. The trees here are all evergreens, and are not considered very good for timber. I am told that they have mostly a twist in them, and are in other respects not first rate.

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24th March.—At last I have been really in the extreme back country, and positively, right up to a glacier.

As soon as I saw the mountains, I longed to get on the other side of them, and now my wish has been gratified.

I left Christchurch in company with a sheep farmer, who owns a run in the back country, behind the Malvern Hills, and who kindly offered to take me with him on a short expedition he was going to make into the remoter valleys of the island, in hopes of finding some considerable piece of country which had not yet been applied for.

We started 28th February, and had rather an unpleasant ride of twenty-five miles, against a very high N.W. wind. This wind is very hot, very parching, and very violent; it blew the dust into our eyes so that we could hardly keep them open. Towards evening however, it somewhat moderated, as it generally does. There was nothing of interest on the track, save a dry river-bed, through which the Waimakiriri once flowed, but which it has long quitted. The rest of our journey was entirely over the plains, which do not become less monotonous upon a longer acquaintance; the mountains, however, drew slowly nearer, and by evening were really rather beautiful. Next day we entered the valley of the River Selwyn, or Waikitty, as it is generally called, and soon found ourselves surrounded by the low volcanic mountains, which bear the name of the Malvern Hills. They are very like the Banks Peninsula. We dined

at a station belonging to a son of the bishop, and after dinner made further progress into the interior. I have very little to record, save that I was disappointed at not finding the wild plants more numerous and more beautiful; they are few, and decidedly ugly. There is one beast of a plant they call spear-grass, or spaniard, which I will tell you more about at another time. You would have laughed to have seen me on that day; it was the first on which I had the slightest occasion for any horsemanship. You know how bad a horseman I am, and can imagine that I let my companion go first in all the little swampy places and small creeks which we came across. These were numerous, and as Doctor always jumped them, with what appeared to me a jump about three times greater than was necessary, I assure you I heartily wished them somewhere else. However, I did my best to conceal my deficiency, and before night had become comparatively expert without having betrayed myself to my companion. I dare say he knew what was going on, well enough, but was too good and kind to notice it.

At night, and by a lovely clear, cold moonlight, we arrived at our destination, heartily glad to hear the dogs barking and to know that we were at our journey's end. Here we were *bona fide* beyond the pale of civilization; no boarded floors, no chairs, nor any similar luxuries; everything was of the very simplest description. Four men inhabited the hut, and their life appears a kind of mixture of that of a dog and that of an emperor, with a considerable predominance of the latter. They have no cook, and take it turn and turn to cook and wash up, two one week, and two the next. They have a good garden, and gave us a capital feed of potatoes and peas, both fried together, an excellent combination. Their culinary apparatus and plates, cups, knives, and forks are very limited in number. The men are all gentlemen and sons of gentlemen, and one of them is a Cambridge man, who took a high second-class a year or two before my time. Every now and then he leaves

his up-country avocations, and becomes a great gun at the college in Christchurch, examining the boys; he then returns to his shepherding, cooking, bullock-driving, etc., etc., as the case may be. I am informed that the having faithfully learned the ingenuous arts, has so far mollified his morals that he is an exceedingly humane and judicious bullock-driver. He regarded me as a somewhat despicable new-comer (at least so I imagined), and when next morning I asked where I should wash, he gave rather a French shrug of the shoulders, and said, " The lake." I felt the rebuke to be well merited, and that with the lake in front of the house, I should have been at no loss for the means of performing my ablutions. So I retired abashed and cleansed myself therein. Under his bed I found Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. So you will see that even in these out-of-the-world places people do care a little for something besides sheep. I was told an amusing story of an Oxford man shepherding down in Otago. Someone came into his hut, and, taking up a book, found it in a strange tongue, and enquired what it was. The Oxonian (who was baking at the time) answered that it was *Machiavellian discourses upon the first decade of Livy*. The wonder-stricken visitor laid down the book and took up another, which was, at any rate, written in English. This he found to be Bishop Butler's *Analogy*. Putting it down speedily as something not in his line, he laid hands upon a third. This proved to be *Patrum Apostolicorum Opera*, on which he saddled his horse and went right away, leaving the Oxonian to his baking. This man must certainly be considered a rare exception. New Zealand seems far better adapted to develop and maintain in health the physical than the intellectual nature. The fact is, people here are busy making money; that is the inducement which led them to come in the first instance, and they show their sense by devoting their energies to the work. Yet, after all, it may be questioned whether the intellect is not as well schooled here as at home, though in a very different manner. Men are as shrewd and sensible, as alive to the humorous, and as hard-

headed. Moreover, there is much nonsense in the old country from which people here are free. There is little conventionalism, little formality, and much liberality of sentiment; very little sectarianism, and, as a general rule, a healthy, sensible tone in conversation, which I like much. But it does not do to speak about John Sebastian Bach's Fugues or pre-Raphaelite pictures.

To return, however, to the matter in hand. Of course everyone at stations like the one we visited washes his own clothes, and of course they do not use sheets. Sheets would require far too much washing. Red blankets are usual; white show fly-blows. The bluebottle flies blow among blankets that are left lying untidily about, but if the same be neatly folded up and present no crumpled creases, the flies will leave them alone. It is strange, too, that, though flies will blow a dead sheep almost immediately, they will not touch one that is living and healthy. Coupling their good nature in this respect with the love of neatness and hatred of untidiness which they exhibit, I incline to think them decidedly in advance of our English bluebottles, which they perfectly resemble in every other respect. The English house-fly soon drives them away, and, after the first year or two, a station is seldom much troubled with them: so at least I am told by many. Fly-blown blankets are all very well, provided they have been quite dry ever since they were blown: the eggs then come to nothing; but if the blankets be damp, maggots make their appearance in a few hours, and the very suspicion of them is attended with an unpleasant creepy crawly sensation. The blankets in which I slept at the station which I have been describing were perfectly innocuous.

On the morning after I arrived, for the first time in my life I saw a sheep killed. It is rather unpleasant, but I suppose I shall get as indifferent to it as other people are by and by. To show you that the knives of the establishment are numbered, I may mention that the same knife killed the sheep and carved the mutton we had for dinner. After an early

dinner my patron and myself started on our journey, and after travelling for some few hours over rather a rough country, though one which appeared to me to be beautiful indeed, we came upon a vast river-bed, with a little river winding about it. This is the Harpur, a tributary of the Rakaia, and the northern branch of that river. We were now going to follow it to its source, in the hopes of being led by it to some saddle over which we might cross, and come upon entirely new ground. The river itself was very low, but the huge and wasteful river-bed showed that there were times when its appearance must be entirely different. We got on to the river-bed, and, following it up for a little way, soon found ourselves in a close valley between two very lofty ranges, which were plentifully wooded with black birch down to their base. There were a few scrubby, stony flats covered with Irishman and spear-grass (Irishman is the unpleasant thorny shrub which I saw going over the hill from Lyttelton to Christchurch) on either side the stream; they had been entirely left to nature, and showed me the difference between country which had been burnt and that which is in its natural condition. This difference is very great. The fire dries up many swamps—at least, many disappear after country has been once or twice burnt; the water moves more freely, unimpeded by the tangled and decaying vegetation which accumulates round it during the lapse of centuries, and the sun gets freer access to the ground. Cattle do much also: they form tracks through swamps, and trample down the earth, making it harder and firmer. Sheep do much: they convey the seeds of the best grass and tread them into the ground. The difference between country that has been fed upon by any live stock, even for a single year, and that which has never yet been stocked is very noticeable. If country is being burnt for the second or third time, the fire can be crossed without any difficulty; of course it must be quickly traversed, though indeed, on thinly grassed land, you may take it almost as coolly as you please. On one of these flats, just on the edge of the bush,

and at the very foot of the mountain, we lit a fire as soon as it was dusk, and, tethering our horses, boiled our tea and supped. The night was warm and quiet, the silence only interrupted by the occasional sharp cry of a wood-hen, and the rushing of the river, whilst the ruddy glow of the fire, the sombre forest, and the immediate foreground of our saddles and blankets formed a picture to me entirely new and rather impressive. Probably after another year or two I shall regard camping out as the nuisance which it really is, instead of writing about sombre forests and so forth. Well, well, that night I thought it very fine, and so in good truth it was.

Our saddles were our pillows and we strapped our blankets round us by saddle-straps, and my companion (I believe) slept very soundly; for my part the scene was altogether too novel to allow me to sleep. I kept looking up and seeing the stars just as I was going off to sleep, and that woke me again; I had also underestimated the amount of blankets which I should require, and it was not long before the romance of the situation wore off, and a rather chilly reality occupied its place; moreover, the flat was stony, and I was not knowing enough to have selected a spot which gave a hollow for the hip-bone. My great object, however, was to conceal my condition from my companion, for never was a freshman at Cambridge more anxious to be mistaken for a third-year man than I was anxious to become an old chum, as the colonial dialect calls a settler—thereby proving my new chumship most satisfactorily. Early next morning the birds began to sing beautifully, and the day being thus heralded, I got up, lit the fire, and set the pannikins on to boil: we then had breakfast, and broke camp. The scenery soon became most glorious, for, turning round a corner of the river, we saw a very fine mountain right in front of us. I could at once see that there was a *névé* near the top of it, and was all excitement. We were very anxious to know if this was the backbone range of the island, and were hopeful that if it was we might find some pass to the other side. The

ranges on either hand were, as I said before, covered with bush, and these, with the rugged Alps in front of us, made a magnificent view. We went on, and soon there came out a much grander mountain–a glorious glaciered fellow–and then came more, and the mountains closed in, and the river dwindled and began leaping from stone to stone, and we were shortly in scenery of the true Alpine nature–very, very grand. It wanted, however, a chalet or two, or some sign of human handiwork in the foreground; as it was, the scene was too savage.

All the time we kept looking for gold, not in a scientific manner, but we had a kind of idea that if we looked in the shingly beds of the numerous tributaries to the Harpur we should surely find either gold or copper or something good. So at every shingle-bed we came to (and every little tributary had a great shingle-bed) we lay down and gazed into the pebbles with all our eyes. We found plenty of stones with yellow specks in them, but none of that rich goodly hue which makes a man certain that what he has found is gold. We did not wash any of the gravel, for we had no tin dish, neither did we know how to wash. The specks we found were mica; but I believe I am right in saying that there are large quantities of chromate of iron in the ranges that descend upon the river. We brought down several specimens, some of which we believed to be copper, but which did not turn out to be so. The principal rocks were a hard, grey, gritty sandstone, interwoven with thin streaks of quartz. We saw no masses of quartz; what we found was intermixed with sandstone, and was always in small pieces. The sandstone, in like manner, was almost always intermingled with quartz. Besides this sandstone there was a good deal of pink and blue slate, the pink chiefly at the top of the range, showing a beautiful colour from the river-bed. In addition to this, there were abundance of rocks, of every gradation between sandstone and slate–some sandstone almost slate, some slate almost sandstone. There was also a good deal of pudding-stone; but the bulk of the rock was

this very hard, very flinty sandstone. You know I am no geologist. I will undertake, however, to say positively that we did not see one atom of granite; all the mountains that I have yet seen are either volcanic or composed of this sandstone and slate.

When we had reached nearly the base of the mountains we left our horses, for we could use them no longer, and, crossing and recrossing the stream, at length turned up through the bush to our right. This bush, though very beautiful to look at, is composed of nothing but the poorest black birch. We had no difficulty in getting through it, for it had no undergrowth, as the bushes on the front ranges have. I should suppose we were here between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea; and you may imagine that at that altitude, in a valley surrounded by snowy ranges, vegetation would not be very luxuriant. There was sufficient wood, however, to harbour abundance of parroquets—brilliant little glossy green fellows, that shot past you now and again with a glisten in the sun, and were gone. There was a kind of dusky brownish-green parrot, too, which the scientific call a Nestor. What they mean by this name I know not. To the unscientific it is a rather dirty-looking bird, with some bright red feathers under its wings. It is very tame, sits still to be petted, and screams like a real parrot. Two attended us on our ascent after leaving the bush. We threw many stones at them, and it was not their fault that they escaped unhurt.

Immediately on emerging from the bush we found all vegetation at an end. We were on the moraine of an old glacier, and saw nothing in front of us but frightful precipices and glaciers. There was a saddle, however, not above a couple of thousand feet higher. This saddle was covered with snow, and, as we had neither provisions nor blankets, we were obliged to give up going to the top of it. We returned with less reluctance, from the almost absolute certainty, firstly, that we were not upon the main range; secondly, that this saddle would only lead to the Waimakiriri,

the next river above the Rakaia. Of these two points my companion was so convinced, that we did not greatly regret leaving it unexplored. Our object was commercial, and not scientific; our motive was pounds, shillings, and pence: and where this failed us, we lost all excitement and curiosity. I fear that we were yet weak enough to have a little hankering after the view from the top of the pass, but we treated such puerility with the contempt that it deserved, and sat down to rest ourselves at the foot of a small glacier. We then descended, and reached the horses at nightfall, fully satisfied that, beyond the flat beside the river-bed of the Harpur, there was no country to be had in that direction. We also felt certain that there was no pass to the west coast up that branch of the Rakaia, but that the saddle at the head of it would only lead to the Waimakiriri, and reveal the true backbone range farther to the west. The mountains among which we had been climbing were only offsets from the main chain.

This might be shown also by a consideration of the volume of water which supplies the main streams of the Rakaia and the Waimakiriri, and comparing it with the insignificant amount which finds its way down the Harpur. The glaciers that feed the two larger streams must be very extensive, thus showing that the highest range lies still farther to the northward and westward. The Waimakiriri is the next river to the northward of the Rakaia.

That night we camped as before, only I was more knowing, and slept with my clothes on, and found a hollow for my hip-bone, by which contrivances I slept like a top. Next morning, at early dawn, the scene was most magnificent. The mountains were pale as ghosts, and almost sickening from their death-like whiteness. We gazed at them for a moment or two, and then turned to making a fire, which in the cold frosty morning was not unpleasant. Shortly afterwards we were again *en route* for the station from which we had started. We burnt the flats as we rode down, and made a smoke which was noticed between fifty and sixty miles off. I have seen no grander sight than the fire upon a

country which has never before been burnt, and on which there is a large quantity of Irishman. The sun soon loses all brightness, and looks as though seen through smoked glass. The volumes of smoke are something that must be seen to be appreciated. The flames roar, and the grass crackles, and every now and then a glorious lurid flare marks the ignition of an Irishman; his dry thorns blaze fiercely for a minute or so, and then the fire leaves him, charred and blackened for ever. A year or two hence a stiff nor'-wester will blow him over, and he will lie there and rot, and fatten the surrounding grass; often, however, he shoots out again from the roots, and then he is a considerable nuisance. On the plains Irishman is but a small shrub, that hardly rises higher than the tussocks; it is only in the back country that it attains any considerable size: there its trunk is often as thick as a man's body.

We got back about an hour after sundown, just as heavy rain was coming on, and were very glad not to be again camping out, for it rained furiously and incessantly the whole night long. Next day we returned to the lower station belonging to my companion, which was as replete with European comforts as the upper was devoid of them; yet, for my part, I could live very comfortably at either.

CHAPTER FIVE: ASCENT OF THE WAIMAKIRIRI, CROSSING THE RIVER, GORGE, ASCENT OF THE RANGITATA, VIEW OF MACKENZIE PLAINS, MACKENZIE, MOUNT COOK, ASCENT OF THE HURUNUI, COL LEADING TO WEST COAST.

SINCE MY LAST, I HAVE MADE ANOTHER EXPEdition into the back country, in the hope of finding some little run which had been overlooked. I have been unsuccessful, as indeed I was likely to be: still I had a pleasant excursion, and have seen many more glaciers, and much finer ones than on my last trip. This time I went up the Waimakiriri by myself, and found that we had been fully right in our supposition that the Rakaia saddles would only lead on to that river. The main features were precisely similar to those on the Rakaia, save that the valley was broader, the river longer, and the mountains very much higher. I had to cross the Waimakiriri just after a fresh, when the water was thick, and I assure you I did not like it. I crossed it first on the plains, where it flows between two very high terraces, which are from half a mile to a mile apart, and of which the most northern must be, I should think, 300 feet high. It was so steep, and so covered with stones towards the base, and so broken with strips of shingle that had fallen over the grass, that it took me a full hour to lead my horse from the top to the bottom. I dare say my clumsiness was partly in fault; but certainly in Switzerland I never saw a horse taken down so nasty a place: and so glad was I to be at the bottom of it, that I thought comparatively little of the river, which was close at hand waiting to be crossed. From the top of the terrace I had surveyed it carefully as it lay beneath, wandering capriciously in the wasteful shingle-bed, and looking like a maze of tangled silver ribbons. I calculated how to cut off one stream after another, but I could not shirk the main stream, dodge it how I might; and when on the level of the river I lost all my landmarks in the labyrinth of streams, and determined to cross each just above the first rapid I came to. The river was very milky, and the stones at the bottom could not be seen, except just at the edges: I do not know how I got over. I remember

going in, and thinking that the horse was lifting his legs up and putting them down in the same place again, and that the river was flowing backwards. In fact, I grew dizzy directly, but by fixing my eyes on the opposite bank, and leaving Doctor to manage matters as he chose, somehow or other, and much to my relief, I got to the other side. It was really nothing at all. I was wet only a little above the ankle; but it is the rapidity of the stream which makes it so unpleasant—in fact, so positively hard to those who are not used to it. On their first few experiences of one of these New Zealand rivers, people dislike them extremely; they then become very callous to them, and are as unreasonably foolhardy as they were before timorous; then they generally get an escape from drowning or two, or else they get drowned in earnest. After one or two escapes their original respect for the rivers returns, and for ever after they learn not to play any unnecessary tricks with them. Not a year passes but what each of them sends one or more to his grave; yet as long as they are at their ordinary level, and crossed with due care, there is no real danger in them whatever. I have crossed and recrossed the Waimakiriri so often in my late trip that I have ceased to be much afraid of it unless it is high, and then I assure you that I am far too nervous to attempt it. When I crossed it first I was assured that it was not high, but only a little full.

The Waimakiriri flows from the back country out into the plains through a very beautiful narrow gorge. The channel winds between wooded rocks, beneath which the river whirls and frets and eddies most gloriously. Above the lower cliffs, which descend perpendicularly into the river, rise lofty mountains to an elevation of several thousand feet: so that the scenery here is truly fine. In the river-bed, near the gorge, there is a good deal of lignite, and, near the Kowai, a little tributary which comes in a few miles below the gorge, there is an extensive bed of true and valuable coal.

The back country of the Waimakiriri is inaccessible by dray, so that all the stores and all the wool have to be packed

in and packed out on horseback. This is a very great drawback, and one which is not likely to be soon removed. In winter-time, also, the pass which leads into it is sometimes entirely obstructed by snow, so that the squatters in that part of the country must have a harder time of it than those on the plains. They have bush, however, and that is a very important thing.

I shall not give you any full account of what I saw as I went up the Waimakiriri, for were I to do so I should only repeat my last letter. Suffice it that there is a magnificent mountain chain of truly Alpine character at the head of the river, and that, in parts, the scenery is quite equal in grandeur to that of Switzerland, but far inferior in beauty. How one does long to see some signs of human care in the midst of the loneliness! How one would like, too, to come occasionally across some little *auberge*, with its *vin ordinaire* and refreshing fruit! These things, however, are as yet in the far future. As for *vin ordinaire*, I do not suppose that, except at Akaroa, the climate will ever admit of grapes ripening in this settlement—not that the summer is not warm enough, but because the night frosts come early, even while the days are exceedingly hot. Neither does one see how these back valleys can ever become so densely peopled as Switzerland; they are too rocky and too poor, and too much cut up by river-beds.

I saw one saddle low enough to be covered with bush, ending a valley of some miles in length, through which flowed a small stream with dense bush on either side. I firmly believe that this saddle will lead to the West Coast; but as the valley was impassable for a horse, and as, being alone, I was afraid to tackle the carrying food and blankets, and to leave Doctor, who might very probably walk off whilst I was on the wrong side of the Waimakiriri, I shirked the investigation. I certainly ought to have gone up that valley. I feel as though I had left a stone unturned, and must, if all is well, at some future time take someone with me and explore it. I found a few flats up the river, but they were too small and too high up to be worth my while to take.

April 1860.–I have made another little trip, and this time have tried the Rangitata. My companion and myself have found a small piece of country, which we have just taken up. We fear it may be snowy in winter, but the expense of taking up country is very small; and even should we eventually throw it up the chances are that we may be able to do so with profit. We are, however, sanguine that it may be a very useful little run, but shall have to see it through next winter before we can safely put sheep upon it.

I have little to tell you concerning the Rangitata different from what I have already written about the Waimakiriri and the Harpur. The first great interest was, of course, finding the country which we took up; the next was what I confess to the weakness of having enjoyed much more–namely, a most magnificent view of that most magnificent mountain, Mount Cook. It is one of the grandest I have ever seen. I will give you a short account of the day.

We started from a lonely valley, down which runs a stream called Forest Creek. It is an ugly, barren-looking place enough–a deep valley between two high ranges, which are not entirely clear of snow for more than three or four months in the year. As its name imports, it has some wood, though not much, for the Rangitata back country is very bare of timber. We started, as I said, from the bottom of this valley on a clear frosty morning–so frosty that the tea-leaves in our pannikins were frozen, and our outer blanket crisped with frozen dew. We went up a little gorge, as narrow as a street in Genoa, with huge black and dripping precipices overhanging it, so as almost to shut out the light of heaven. I never saw so curious a place in my life. It soon opened out, and we followed up the little stream which flowed through it. This was no easy work. The scrub was very dense, and the rocks huge. The spaniard "piked us intil the bane," and I assure you that we were hard set to make any headway at all. At last we came to a waterfall, the only one worthy of the name that I have yet seen. This "stuck us up," as they say here concerning any difficulty.

We managed, however, to "slew" it, as they, no less elegantly, say concerning the surmounting of an obstacle. After five hours of most toilsome climbing we found the vegetation become scanty, and soon got on to the loose shingle which was near the top of the range.

In seven hours from the time we started we were on the top. Hence we had hoped to discover some entirely new country, but were disappointed, for we only saw the Mackenzie Plains lying stretched out for miles away to the southward. These plains are so called after a notorious shepherd, who discovered them some few years since. Keeping his knowledge to himself, he used to steal his master's sheep and drive them quietly into his unsuspected hiding-place. This he did so cleverly that he was not detected until he had stolen many hundred. Much obscurity hangs over his proceedings: it is supposed that he made one successful trip down to Otago, through this country, and sold a good many of the sheep he had stolen. He is a man of great physical strength, and can be no common character; many stories are told about him, and his fame will be lasting. He was taken and escaped more than once, and finally was pardoned by the Governor, on condition of his leaving New Zealand. It was rather a strange proceeding, and I doubt how fair to the country which he may have chosen to honour with his presence, for I should suppose there is hardly a more daring and dangerous rascal going. However, his boldness and skill had won him sympathy and admiration, so that I believe the pardon was rather a popular act than otherwise. To return. There we lay on the shingle-bed, at the top of the range, in the broiling noonday; for even at that altitude it was very hot, and there was no cloud in the sky and very little breeze. I saw that if we wanted a complete view we must climb to the top of a peak which, though only a few hundred feet higher than where we were lying, nevertheless hid a great deal from us. I accordingly began the ascent, having arranged with my companion that if there was country to be seen he should be called, if not, he should be allowed

to take it easy. Well, I saw snowy peak after snowy peak come in view as the summit in front of me narrowed, but no mountains were visible higher or grander than what I had already seen. Suddenly, as my eyes got on a level with the top, so that I could see over, I was struck almost breathless by the wonderful mountain that burst on my sight. The effect was startling. It rose towering in a massy parallelogram, disclosed from top to bottom in the cloudless sky, far above all the others. It was exactly opposite to me, and about the nearest in the whole range. So you may imagine that it was indeed a splendid spectacle. It has been calculated by the Admiralty people at 13,200 feet, but Mr. Haast, a gentleman of high scientific attainments in the employ of Government as geological surveyor, says that it is considerably higher. For my part, I can well believe it. Mont Blanc himself is not so grand in shape, and does not look so imposing. Indeed, I am not sure that Mount Cook is not the finest in outline of all the snowy mountains that I have ever seen. It is not visible from many places on the eastern side of the island, and the front ranges are so lofty that they hide it. It can be seen from the top of Banks Peninsula, and for a few hundred yards somewhere near Timaru, and over a good deal of the Mackenzie country, but nowhere else on the eastern side of this settlement, unless from a great height. It is, however, well worth any amount of climbing to see. No one can mistake it. If a person says he *thinks* he has seen Mount Cook, you may be quite sure that he has not seen it. The moment it comes into sight the exclamation is, "That is Mount Cook!"—not "That *must* be Mount Cook!" There is no possibility of mistake. There is a glorious field for the members of the Alpine Club here. Mount Cook awaits them, and he who first scales it will be crowned with undying laurels: for my part, though it is hazardous to say this of any mountain, I do not think that any human being will ever reach its top.

I am forgetting myself into admiring a mountain which is of no use for sheep. This is wrong. A mountain here is

only beautiful if it has good grass on it. Scenery is not scenery—it is "country," *subaudita voce* "sheep." If it is good for sheep, it is beautiful, magnificent, and all the rest of it; if not, it is not worth looking at. I am cultivating this tone of mind with considerable success, but you must pardon me for an occasional outbreak of the old Adam.

Of course I called my companion up, and he agreed with me that he had never seen anything so wonderful. We got down, very much tired, a little after dark. We had had a very fatiguing day, but it was amply repaid. That night it froze pretty sharply, and our upper blankets were again stiff.

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May 1860.—Not content with the little piece of country we found recently, we have since been up the Hurunui to its source, and seen the water flowing down the Teramakaw (or the "Tether-my-cow," as the Europeans call it). We did no good, and turned back, partly owing to bad weather, and partly from the impossibility of proceeding farther with horses. Indeed, our pack-horse had rolled over more than once, frightening us much, but fortunately escaping unhurt. The season, too, is getting too late for any long excursion. The Hurunui is not a snow river; the great range becomes much lower here, and the saddle of the Hurunui can hardly be more than 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Vegetation is luxuriant—most abominably and unpleasantly luxuriant (for there is no getting through it)—at the very top. The reason of this is, that the nor'-westers, coming heavily charged with warm moisture, deposit it on the western side of the great range, and the saddles, of course, get some of the benefit. As we were going up the river we could see the gap at the end of it, covered with dense clouds, which were coming from the N.W., and which just lipped over the saddle, and then ended. There are some beautiful lakes on the Hurunui, surrounded by lofty wooded mountains. The few Maoris that inhabit this settlement travel to the

West Coast by way of this river. They always go on foot, and we saw several traces of their encampments–little *mimis*, as they are called–a few light sticks thrown together, and covered with grass, affording a sort of half-and-half shelter for a single individual. How comfortable!

CHAPTER SIX: HUT, CADETS, OPENINGS FOR EMIGRANTS WITHOUT CAPITAL, FOR THOSE WHO BRING MONEY, DRUNKENNESS, INTRODUCTIONS, THE RAKAIA, VALLEY LEADING TO THE RANGITATA, SNOW-GRASS AND SPANIARD, SOLITUDE, RAIN AND FLOOD, CAT, IRISHMAN, DISCOMFORTS OF HUT, GRADUAL IMPROVEMENT, VALUE OF CAT.

I AM NOW GOING TO PUT UP A V HUT ON THE country that I took up on the Rangitata, meaning to hibernate there in order to see what the place is like. I shall also build a more permanent hut there, for I must have someone with me, and we may as well be doing something as nothing. I have hopes of being able to purchase some good country in the immediate vicinity. There is a piece on which I have my eye, and which adjoins that I have already. There can be, I imagine, no doubt that this is excellent sheep country; still, I should like to see it in winter.

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June 1860.–The V hut is a *fait accompli*, if so small an undertaking can be spoken of in so dignified a manner. It consists of a small roof set upon the ground; it is a hut, all roof and no walls. I was very clumsy, and so, in good truth, was my man. Still, at last, by dint of perseverance, we have made it wind and water tight. It was a job that should have taken us about a couple of days to have done in first-rate style; as it was, I am not going to tell you how long it *did* take. I must certainly send the man to the right-about, but the difficulty is to get another, for the aforesaid hut is five-and-twenty miles (at the very least) from any human habitation, so that you may imagine men do not abound. I had two cadets with me, and must explain that a cadet means a young fellow who has lately come out, and who wants to see a little of up-country life. He is neither paid nor pays. He receives his food and lodging *gratis*, but works (or is supposed to work) in order to learn. The two who accompanied me both left me in a very short time. I have nothing to say against either of them; both did their best, and I am much obliged to them for what they

BUTLER'S HOMESTEAD, MESOPOTAMIA, N.Z.

From a drawing by H. F. Jones, made from a photograph

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did, but a very few days' experience showed me that the system is a bad one for all the parties concerned in it. The cadet soon gets tired of working for nothing; and, as he is not paid, it is difficult to come down upon him. If he is good for anything, he is worth pay, as well as board and lodging. If not worth more than these last, he is simply a nuisance, for he sets a bad example, which cannot be checked otherwise than by dismissal; and it is not an easy or pleasant matter to dismiss one whose relation is rather that of your friend than your servant. The position is a false one, and the blame of its failure lies with the person who takes the cadet, for either he is getting an advantage without giving its due equivalent, or he is keeping a useless man about his place, to the equal detriment both of the man and of himself. It may be said that the advantage offered to the cadet, in allowing him an insight into colonial life, is a *bona-fide* payment for what work he may do. This is not the case; for where labour is so very valuable, a good man is in such high demand that he may find well-paid employment directly. When a man takes a cadet's billet it is a tolerably sure symptom that he means half-and-half work, in which case he is much worse than useless. There is, however, another alternative which is a very different matter. Let a man pay not only for his board and lodging, but a good premium likewise, for the insight that he obtains into up-country life, then he is at liberty to work or not as he chooses; the station hands cannot look down upon him, as they do upon the other cadet, neither, if he chooses to do nothing (which is far less likely if he is on this footing than on the other), is his example pernicious—it is well understood that he pays for the privilege of idleness, and has a perfect right to use it if he sees fit. I need not say that this last arrangement is only calculated for those who come out with money; those who have none should look out for the first employment which they feel themselves calculated for, and go in for it at once.

You may ask, What is the opening here for young men

of good birth and breeding, who have nothing but health and strength and energy for their capital? I would answer, Nothing very brilliant; still, they may be pretty sure of getting a shepherd's billet somewhere up-country, if they are known to be trustworthy. If they sustain this character, they will soon make friends, and find no great difficulty, after the lapse of a year or two, in getting an overseer's place, with from £100 to £200 a year, and their board and lodging. They will find plenty of good investments for the small sums which they may be able to lay by, and if they are *bona-fide* smart men, some situation is quite sure to turn up by and by in which they may better themselves. In fact, they are quite sure to do well in time; but time is necessary here, as well as in other places. True, less time may do here, and true also that there are more openings; but it may be questioned whether good, safe, ready-witted men will not fetch nearly as high a price in England as in any part of the world. So that if a young and friendless lad lands here and makes his way and does well, the chances are that he would have done well also had he remained at home. If he has money the case is entirely changed; he can invest it far more profitably here than in England. Any merchant will give him 10 per cent. for it. Money is not to be had for less, go where you will for it; and if obtained from a merchant, his $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. commission, repeated at intervals of six months, makes a nominal 10 per cent. into 15. I mention this to show you that, if it pays people to give this exorbitant rate of interest (and the current rate *must* be one that will pay the borrower), the means of increasing capital in this settlement are great. For young men, however, sons of gentlemen and gentlemen themselves, sheep or cattle are the most obvious and best investment. They can buy and put out upon terms, as I have already described. They can also buy land, and let it with a purchasing clause, by which they can make first-rate interest. Thus, twenty acres cost £40; this they can let for five years, at 5*s.* an acre, the lessee being allowed to purchase the land at £5 an acre in five years' time, which,

the chances are, he will be both able and willing to do. Beyond sheep, cattle, and land, there are few if any investments here for gentlemen who come out with little practical experience in any business or profession, but others would turn up with time.

What I have written above refers to good men. There are many such who find the conventionalities of English life distasteful to them, who want to breathe a freer atmosphere, and yet have no unsteadiness of character or purpose to prevent them from doing well—men whose health and strength and good sense are more fully developed than delicately organized—who find head-work irksome and distressing, but who would be ready to do a good hard day's work at some physically laborious employment. If they are in earnest, they are certain to do well; if not, they had better be idle at home than here. Idle men in this country are pretty sure to take to drinking. Whether men are rich or poor, there seems to be far greater tendency towards drink here than at home; and sheep farmers, as soon as they get things pretty straight and can afford to leave off working themselves, are apt to turn drunkards, unless they have a taste for intellectual employments. They find time hang heavy on their hands, and, unknown almost to themselves, fall into the practice of drinking, till it becomes a habit. I am no teetotaller, and do not want to moralize unnecessarily; still it is impossible, after a few months' residence in the settlement, not to be struck with the facts I have written above.

I should be loth to advise any gentleman to come out here unless he have either money and an average share of good sense, or else a large amount of proper self-respect and strength of purpose. If a young man goes out to friends, on an arrangement definitely settled before he leaves England, he is at any rate certain of employment and of a home upon his landing here; but if he lands friendless, or simply the bearer of a few letters of introduction, obtained from second or third hand—because his cousin knew somebody

who had a friend who had married a lady whose nephew was somewhere in New Zealand—he has no very enviable look-out upon his arrival.

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A short time after I got up to the Rangitata, I had occasion to go down again to Christchurch, and stayed there one day. On my return, with a companion, we were delayed two days at the Rakaia: a very heavy fresh had come down, so as to render the river impassable even in the punt. The punt can only work upon one stream; but in a heavy fresh the streams are very numerous, and almost all of them impassable for a horse without swimming him, which, in such a river as the Rakaia, is very dangerous work. Sometimes, perhaps half a dozen times in a year, the river is what is called bank and bank; that is to say, one mass of water from one side to the other. It is frightfully rapid, and as thick as pea soup. The river-bed is not far short of a mile in breadth, so you may judge of the immense volume of water that comes down it at these times. It is seldom more than three days impassable in the punt. On the third day they commenced crossing in the punt, behind which we swam our horses; since then the clouds had hung unceasingly upon the mountain ranges, and though much of what had fallen would, on the back ranges, be in all probability snow, we could not doubt but that the Rangitata would afford us some trouble, nor were we even certain about the Ashburton, a river which, though partly glacier-fed, is generally easily crossed anywhere. We found the Ashburton high, but lower than it had been; in one or two of the eleven crossing-places between our afternoon and evening resting-places we were wet up to the saddle-flaps—still we were able to proceed without any real difficulty. That night it snowed, and the next morning we started amid a heavy rain, being anxious, if possible, to make my own place that night.

Soon after we started the rain ceased, and the clouds slowly uplifted themselves from the mountain sides. We were

riding through the valley that leads from the Ashburton to the upper valley of the Rangitata, and kept on the right-hand side of it. It is a long, open valley, the bottom of which consists of a large swamp, from which rises terrace after terrace up the mountains on either side; the country is, as it were, crumpled up in an extraordinary manner, so that it is full of small ponds or lagoons—sometimes dry, sometimes merely swampy, now as full of water as they could be. The number of these is great; they do not, however, attract the eye, being hidden by the hillocks with which each is more or less surrounded; they vary in extent from a few square feet or yards to perhaps an acre or two, while one or two attain the dimensions of a considerable lake. There is no timber in this valley, and accordingly the scenery, though on a large scale, is neither impressive nor pleasing; the mountains are large swelling hummocks, grassed up to the summit, and though steeply declivitous, entirely destitute of precipice. Truly it is rather a dismal place on a dark day, and somewhat like the world's end which the young prince travelled to in the story of "Cherry, or the Frog Bride." The grass is coarse and cold-looking—great tufts of what is called snow-grass, and spaniard. The first of these grows in a clump sometimes five or six feet in diameter and four or five feet high; sheep and cattle pick at it when they are hungry, but seldom touch it while they can get anything else. Its seed is like that of oats. It is an unhappy-looking grass, if grass it be. Spaniard, which I have mentioned before, is simply detestable; it has a strong smell, half turpentine half celery. It is sometimes called spear-grass, and grows to about the size of a mole-hill, all over the back country everywhere, as thick as mole-hills in a very mole-hilly field at home. Its blossoms, which are green, insignificant, and ugly, are attached to a high spike bristling with spears pointed every way and very acutely; each leaf terminates in a strong spear, and so firm is it, that if you come within its reach, no amount of clothing about the legs will prevent you from feeling its effects. I have had my legs marked all over by it. Horses

hate the spaniard—and no wonder. In the back country, when travelling without a track, it is impossible to keep your horse from yawing about this way and that to dodge it, and if he encounters three or four of them growing together, he will jump over them or do anything rather than walk through. A kind of white wax, which burns with very great brilliancy, exudes from the leaf. There are two ways in which spaniard may be converted to some little use. The first is in kindling a fire to burn a run: a dead flower-stalk serves as a torch, and you can touch tussock after tussock literally πήγῃ ναρθηκοπληρώτου πυρός, lighting them at right angles to the wind. The second is purely prospective; it will be very valuable for planting on the tops of walls to serve instead of broken bottles: not a cat would attempt a wall so defended.

Snow-grass, tussock grass, spaniard, rushes, swamps, lagoons, terraces, meaningless rises and indentations of the ground, and two great brown grassy mountains on either side, are the principal and uninteresting objects in the valley through which we were riding. I despair of giving you an impression of the real thing. It is so hard for an Englishman to divest himself, not only of hedges and ditches, and cuttings and bridges, but of all signs of human existence whatsoever, that unless you were to travel in similar country yourself you would never understand it.

After about ten miles we turned a corner and looked down upon the upper valley of the Rangitata—very grand, very gloomy, and very desolate. The river-bed, about a mile and a half broad, was now conveying a very large amount of water to the sea.

Some think that the source of the river lies many miles higher, and that it works its way yet far back into the mountains; but as we looked up the river-bed we saw two large and gloomy gorges, at the end of each of which were huge glaciers, distinctly visible to the naked eye, but through the telescope resolvable into tumbled masses of blue ice, exact counterparts of the Swiss and Italian glaciers. These are

quite sufficient to account for the volume of water in the Rangitata, without going any farther.

The river had been high for many days; so high that a party of men, who were taking a dray over to a run which was then being just started on the other side (and which is now mine), had been detained camping out for ten days, and were delayed for ten days more before the dray could cross. We spent a few minutes with these men, among whom was a youth whom I had brought away from home with me, when I was starting down for Christchurch, in order that he might get some beef from P——'s and take it back again. The river had come down the evening on which we had crossed it, and so he had been unable to get the beef and himself home again.

We all wanted to get back, for home, though home be only a V hut, is worth pushing for; a little thing will induce a man to leave it, but if he is near his journey's end he will go through most places to reach it again. So we determined on going on, and after great difficulty and many turnings up one stream and down another we succeeded in getting safely over. We were wet well over the knee, but just avoided swimming. I got into one quicksand, of which the river is full, and had to jump off my mare, but this was quite near the bank.

I had a cat on the pommel of my saddle, for the rats used to come and take the meat from off our very plates by our side. She got a sousing when the mare was in the quicksand, but I heard her purring not very long after, and was comforted. Of course she was in a bag. I do not know how it is, but men here are much fonder of cats than they are at home.

After we had crossed the river there were many troublesome creeks yet to go through—sluggish and swampy, with bad places for getting in and out at; these, however, were as nothing in comparison with the river itself, which we all had feared more than we cared to say, and which, in good truth, was not altogether unworthy of fear.

By and by we turned up the shingly river-bed which leads to the spot on which my hut is built. The river is called Forest Creek, and, though usually nothing but a large brook, it was now high, and unpleasant from its rapidity and the large boulders over which it flows. Little by little, night and heavy rain came on, and right glad were we when we saw the twinkling light on the terrace where the hut was, and were thus assured that the Irishman, who had been left alone and without meat for the last ten days, was still in the land of the living. Two or three coo-eys soon made him aware that we were coming, and I believe he was almost as pleased to see us as Robinson Crusoe was to see the Spaniard who was brought over by the cannibals to be killed and eaten. What the old Irishman had been about during our absence I cannot say. He could not have spent much time in eating, for there was wonderfully little besides flour, tea, and sugar for him to eat. There was no grog upon the establishment, so he could not have been drinking. He had distinctly seen my ghost two nights before. I had been coherently drowned in the Rangitata; and when he heard us coo-eying he was almost certain that it was the ghost again.

I had left the V hut warm and comfortable, and on my return found it very different. I fear we had not put enough thatch upon it, and the ten days' rain had proved too much for it. It was now neither air-tight nor water-tight; the floor, or rather the ground, was soaked and soppy with mud; the nice warm snow-grass, on which I had lain so comfortably the night before I left, was muddy and wet; altogether, there being no fire inside, the place was as revolting-looking an affair as one would wish to see: coming wet and cold off a journey, we had hoped for better things. There was nothing for it but to make the best of it, so we had tea, and fried some of the beef—the smell of which was anything but agreeable, for it had been lying ten days on the ground on the other side the Rangitata, and was, to say the least, somewhat high—and then we sat in our great-coats on four stones round the fire, and smoked; then I baked, and one of the

cadets washed up; and then we arranged our blankets as best we could, and were soon asleep, alike unconscious of the dripping rain, which came through the roof of the hut, and of the cold raw atmosphere which was insinuating itself through the numerous crevices of the thatch.

I had brought up a tin kettle with me. This was a great comfort and acquisition, for before we had nothing larger than pint pannikins to fetch up water in from the creek; this was all very well by daylight, but in the dark the hundred yards from the hut to the creek were no easy travelling with a pannikin in each hand. The ground was very stony, and covered with burnt Irishman scrub, against which (the Irishman being black and charred, and consequently invisible in the dark) I was continually stumbling and spilling half the water. There was a terrace, too, so that we seldom arrived with much more than half a pannikin, and the kettle was an immense step in advance. The Irishman called it very "beneficial," as he called everything that pleased him. He was a great character: he used to "destroy" his food, not eat it. If I asked him to have any more bread or meat, he would say, with perfect seriousness, that he had "destroyed enough this time." He had many other quaint expressions of this sort, but they did not serve to make the hut water-tight, and I was half regretfully obliged to send him away a short time afterwards.

The winter's experience satisfied me that the country that H—— and I had found would not do for sheep, unless worked in connection with more that was clear of snow throughout the year. As soon, therefore, as I was convinced that the adjacent country was safe, I bought it, and settled upon it in good earnest, abandoning the V hut. I did so with some regret, for we had good fare enough in it, and I rather liked it; we had only stones for seats, but we made splendid fires, and got fresh and clean snow-grass to lie on, and dried the floor with wood-ashes. Then we confined the snow-grass within certain limits by means of a couple of poles laid upon the ground and fixed into their places with

pegs; then we put up several slings to hang our saddle-bags, tea, sugar, salt, bundles, etc.; then we made a horse for the saddles—four riding-saddles and a pack-saddle—and underneath this went our tools at one end and our culinary utensils, limited but very effective, at the other. Having made it neat we kept it so, and of a night it wore an aspect of comfort quite domestic, even to the cat, which would come in through a hole left in the thatched door for her especial benefit, and purr a regular hurricane. We blessed her both by day and by night, for we saw no rats after she came; and great excitement prevailed when, three weeks after her arrival, she added a litter of kittens to our establishment.

CHAPTER SEVEN: LOADING DRAY, BULLOCKS, WANT OF ROADS, BANKS PENINSULA, FRONT AND BACK RANGES OF MOUNTAINS, RIVER-BEDS, ORIGIN OF THE PLAINS, TERRACES, TUTU, FORDS, FLOODS, LOST BULLOCKS, SCARCITY OF FEATURES ON THE PLAINS, TERRACES, CROSSING THE ASHBURTON, CHANGE OF WEATHER, ROOFLESS HUT, BRANDY-KEG.

I COMPLETED THE LOADING OF MY DRAY ON A Tuesday afternoon in the early part of October 1860, and determined on making Main's accommodation-house that night. Of the contents of the dray I need hardly speak, though perhaps a full enumeration of them might afford no bad index to the requirements of a station; they are more numerous than might at first be supposed—rigidly useful and rarely, if ever, ornamental.

Flour, tea, sugar, tools, household utensils few and rough, a plough and harrows, doors, windows, oats and potatoes for seed, and all the usual denizens of a kitchen garden; these, with a few private effects, formed the main bulk of the contents, amounting to about a ton and a half in weight. I had only six bullocks, but these were good ones, and worth many a team of eight; a team of eight will draw from two to three tons along a pretty good road. Bullocks are very scarce here; none are to be got under twenty pounds, while thirty pounds is no unusual price for a good harness bullock. They can do much more in harness than in bows and yokes, but the expense of harness and the constant disorder into which it gets, render it cheaper to use more bullocks in the simpler tackle. Each bullock has its name, and knows it as well as a dog does his. There is generally a tinge of the comic in the names given to them. Many stations have a small mob of cattle from whence to draw their working bullocks, so that a few more or a few less makes little or no difference. They are not fed with corn at accommodation-houses, as horses are; when their work is done they are turned out to feed till dark, or till eight or nine o'clock. A bullock fills himself, if on pretty good feed, in about three or three and a half hours; he then lies down till very early morning, at which time the chances are ten to one that,

awakening refreshed and strengthened, he commences to stray back along the way he came, or in some other direction; accordingly, it is a common custom, about eight or nine o'clock, to yard one's team, and turn them out with the first daylight for another three or four hours' feed. Yarding bullocks is, however, a bad plan. They do their day's work of from fifteen to twenty miles, or sometimes more, at one spell, and travel at the rate of from two and a half to three miles an hour.

The road from Christchurch to Main's is metalled for about four and a half miles; there are fences and fields on both sides, either laid down in English grass or sown with grain; the fences are chiefly low ditch and bank planted with gorse, rarely with quick, the scarcity of which detracts from the resemblance to English scenery which would otherwise prevail. The copy, however, is slatternly compared with the original; the scarcity of timber, the high price of labour, and the pressing urgency of more important claims upon the time of the small agriculturist, prevent him, for the most part, from attaining the spick-and-span neatness of an English homestead. Many makeshifts are necessary; a broken rail or gate is mended with a piece of flax, so, occasionally, are the roads. I have seen the Government roads themselves being repaired with no other material than stiff tussocks of grass, flax, and rushes: this is bad, but to a certain extent necessary, where there is so much to be done and so few hands and so little money with which to do it.

After getting off the completed portion of the road, the track commences along the plains unassisted by the hand of man. Before one, and behind one, and on either hand, waves the yellow tussock upon the stony plain, interminably monotonous. On the left, as you go southward, lies Banks Peninsula, a system of submarine volcanoes culminating in a flattened dome, a little more than 3,000 feet high. Cook called it Banks Island, either because it was an island in his day, or because no one, to look at it, would imagine that it was anything else. Most probably the latter is the true

reason; though, as the land is being raised by earthquakes, it is just possible that the peninsula may have been an island in Cook's days, for the foot of the peninsula is very little above the sea-level. It is indeed true that the harbour of Wellington has been raised some feet since the foundation of the settlement, but the opinion here is general that it must have been many centuries since the peninsula was an island.

On the right, at a considerable distance, rises the long range of mountains which the inhabitants of Christchurch suppose to be the backbone of the island, and which they call the Snowy Range. The real axis of the island, however, lies much farther back, and between it and the range now in sight the land has no rest, but is continually steep up and steep down, as if Nature had determined to try how much mountain she could place upon a given space; she had, however, still some regard for utility, for the mountains are rarely precipitous—very steep, often rocky and shingly when they have attained a great elevation, but seldom, if ever, until in immediate proximity to the West Coast range, abrupt like the descent from the top of Snowdon towards Capel Curig or the precipices of Clogwyn du'r arddu. The great range is truly Alpine, and the front range occasionally reaches an altitude of nearly 7,000 feet.

The result of this absence of precipice is, that there are no waterfalls in the front ranges and few in the back, and these few very insignificant as regards the volume of the water. In Switzerland one has the falls of the Rhine, of the Aar, the Giesbach, the Staubbach, and cataracts great and small innumerable; here there is nothing of the kind, quite as many large rivers, but few waterfalls, to make up for which the rivers run with an almost incredible fall. Mount Peel is twenty-five miles from the sea, and the river-bed of the Rangitata underneath that mountain is 800 feet above the sea line, the river running in a straight course though winding about in its wasteful river-bed. To all appearance it is running through a level plain. Of the remarkable gorges through which each river finds its way out of the mountains

into the plains I must speak when I take my dray through the gorge of the Ashburton, though this is the least remarkable of them all; in the meantime I must return to the dray on its way to Main's, although I see another digression awaiting me as soon as I have got it two miles ahead of its present position.

It is tedious work keeping constant company with the bullocks; they travel so slowly. Let us linger behind and sun ourselves upon a tussock or a flax bush, and let them travel on until we catch them up again.

They are now going down into an old river-bed formerly tenanted by the Waimakiriri, which then flowed into Lake Ellesmere, ten or a dozen miles south of Christchurch, and which now enters the sea at Kaiapoi, twelve miles north of it; besides this old channel, it has others which it has discarded with fickle caprice for the one in which it happens to be flowing at present, and which there appears some reason for thinking it is soon going to tire of. If it eats about a hundred yards more of its gravelly bank in one place, the river will find an old bed several feet lower than its present; this bed will conduct it into Christchurch. Government had put up a wooden defence, at a cost of something like £2,000, but there was no getting any firm starting-ground, and a few freshes carried embankment, piles, and all away, and ate a large slice off the bank into the bargain; there is nothing for it but to let the river have its own way. Every fresh changes every ford, and to a certain extent alters every channel; after any fresh the river may shift its course directly on to the opposite side of its bed, and leave Christchurch in undisturbed security for centuries; or, again, any fresh may render such a shift in the highest degree improbable, and sooner or later seal the fate of our metropolis. At present no one troubles his head much about it, although a few years ago there was a regular panic upon the subject.

These old river channels, or at any rate channels where portions of the rivers have at one time come down, are everywhere about the plains, but the nearer you get to a river the more you see of them; on either side the Rakaia,

after it has got clear of the gorge, you find channel after channel, now completely grassed over for some miles, betraying the action of river water as plainly as possible. The rivers after leaving their several gorges lie, as it were, on the highest part of a huge fanlike delta, which radiates from the gorge down to the sea; the plains are almost entirely, for many miles on either side the rivers, composed of nothing but stones, all betraying the action of water. These stones are so closely packed, that at times one wonders how the tussocks and fine sweet undergrowth can force their way up through them, and even where the ground is free from stones at the surface I am sure that at a little distance below stones would be found packed in the same way. One cannot take one's horse out of a walk in many parts of the plains when off the track—I mean, one cannot without doing violence to old-world notions concerning horses' feet.

I said the rivers lie on the highest part of the delta; not always the highest, but seldom the lowest. There is reason to believe that in the course of centuries they oscillate from side to side. For instance, four miles north of the Rakaia there is a terrace some twelve or fourteen feet high; the water in the river is nine feet above the top of this terrace. To the eye of the casual observer there is no perceptible difference between the levels, still the difference exists and has been measured. I am no geologist myself, but have been informed of this by one who is in the Government Survey Office, and upon whose authority I can rely.

The general opinion is that the Rakaia is now tending rather to the northern side. A fresh comes down upon a crumbling bank of sand and loose shingle with incredible force, tearing it away hour by hour in ravenous bites. In fording the river one crosses now a considerable stream on the northern side, where four months ago there was hardly any; while after one has done with the water part of the story, there remains a large extent of river-bed, in the process of gradually being covered with cabbage-trees, flax, tussock, Irishman, and other plants and evergreens; yet after one is

once clear of the blankets (so to speak) of the river-bed, the traces of the river are no fresher on the southern than on the northern side, even if so fresh.

The plains, at first sight, would appear to have been brought down by the rivers from the mountains. The stones upon them are all water-worn, and they are traversed by a great number of old water-courses, all tending more or less from the mountains to the sea. How, then, are we to account for the deep and very wide channels cut by the rivers?–for channels, it may be, more than a mile broad, and flanked on either side by steep terraces, which, near the mountains, are several feet high? If the rivers cut these terraces, and made these deep channels, the plains must have been there already for the rivers to cut them. It must be remembered that I write without any scientific knowledge.

How, again, are we to account for the repetition of the phenomenon exhibited by the larger rivers, in every tributary, small or great, from the glaciers to the sea? They are all as like as pea to pea in principle, though of course varying in detail. Yet every trifling water-course, as it emerges from mountainous to level ground, presents the same phenomenon, namely, a large gully, far too large for the water which could ever have come down it, gradually widening out, and then disappearing. The general opinion here among the reputed *cognoscenti* is, that all these gullies were formed in the process of the gradual upheaval of the island from the sea, and that the plains were originally sea-bottoms, slowly raised, and still slowly raising themselves. Doubtless, the rivers brought the stones down, but they were deposited in the sea.

The terraces, which are so abundant all over the back country, and which rise, one behind another, to the number, it may be, of twenty or thirty, with the most unpicturesque regularity (on my run there are fully twenty), are supposed to be elevated sea-beaches. They are to be seen even as high as four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and I doubt not that a geologist might find traces of them higher still.

Therefore, though, when first looking at the plains and river-bed flats which are so abundant in the back country, one might be inclined to think that no other agent than the rivers themselves had been at work, and though, when one sees the delta below, and the empty gully above, like a minute-glass after the egg has been boiled—the top glass empty of the sand, and the bottom glass full of it—one is tempted to rest satisfied; yet when we look closer, we shall find that more is wanted in order to account for the phenomena exhibited, and the geologists of the island supply that more, by means of upheaval.

I pay the tribute of a humble salaam to science, and return to my subject.

We crossed the old river-bed of the Waimakiriri, and crawled slowly on to Main's, through the descending twilight. One sees Main's about six miles off, and it appears to be about six hours before one reaches it. A little hump for the house, and a longer hump for the stables.

The tutu not having yet begun to spring, I yarded my bullocks at Main's. This demands explanation. Tutu is a plant which dies away in the winter, and shoots up anew from the old roots in spring, growing from six inches to two or three feet in height, sometimes even to five or six. It is of a rich green colour, and presents, at a little distance, something the appearance of myrtle. On its first coming above the ground it resembles asparagus. I have seen three varieties of it, though I am not sure whether two of them may not be the same, varied somewhat by soil and position. The third grows only in high situations, and is unknown upon the plains; it has leaves very minutely subdivided, and looks like a fern, but the blossom and seed are nearly identical with the other varieties. The peculiar property of the plant is, that, though highly nutritious both for sheep and cattle when eaten upon a tolerably full stomach, it is very fatal upon an empty one. Sheep and cattle eat it to any extent, and with perfect safety, when running loose on their pasture, because they are then always pretty full;

but take the same sheep and yard them for some few hours, or drive them so that they cannot feed, then turn them into tutu, and the result is that they are immediately attacked with apoplectic symptoms, and die unless promptly bled. Nor does bleeding by any means always save them. The worst of it is, that when empty they are keenest after it, and nab it in spite of one's most frantic appeals, both verbal and flagellatory. Some say that tutu acts like clover, and blows out the stomach, so that death ensues. The seed-stones, however, contained in the dark pulpy berry are poisonous to man, and superinduce apoplectic symptoms. The berry (about the size of a small currant) is rather good, though (like all the New Zealand berries) insipid, and is quite harmless if the stones are not swallowed. Tutu grows chiefly on and in the neighbourhood of sandy river-beds, but occurs more or less all over the settlement, and causes considerable damage every year. Horses won't touch it.

As, then, my bullocks could not get tuted on being turned out empty, I yarded them. The next day we made thirteen miles over the plains to the Waikitty (written Waikirikiri) or Selwyn. Still the same monotonous plains, the same interminable tussock, dotted with the same cabbage-trees.

On the morrow ten more monotonous miles to the banks of the Rakaia. This river is one of the largest in the province, second only to the Waitaki. It contains about as much water as the Rhone above Martigny, perhaps even more, but it rather resembles an Italian than a Swiss river. With due care it is fordable in many places, though very rarely so when occupying a single channel. It is, however, seldom found in one stream, but flows, like the rest of these rivers, with alternate periods of rapid and comparatively smooth water every few yards. The place to look for a ford is just above a spit where the river forks into two or more branches; there is generally here a bar of shingle with shallow water, while immediately below, in each stream, there is a dangerous rapid. A very little practice and knowledge of each river will enable a man to detect a ford at a glance. These

fords shift every fresh. In the Waimakiriri or Rangitata they occur every quarter of a mile or less; in the Rakaia you may go three or four miles for a good one. During a fresh the Rakaia is not fordable, at any rate, no one ought to ford it; but the two first-named rivers may be crossed, with great care, in pretty heavy freshes, without the water going higher than the knees of the rider. It is always, however, an unpleasant task to cross a river when full without a thorough previous acquaintance with it; then, a glance at the colour and consistency of the water will give a good idea whether the fresh is coming down, at its height, or falling. When the ordinary volume of the stream is known, the height of the water can be estimated at a spot never before seen with wonderful correctness. The Rakaia sometimes comes down with a run—a wall of water two feet high, rolling over and over, rushes down with irresistible force. I know a gentleman who had been looking at some sheep upon an island in the Rakaia, and, after finishing his survey, was riding leisurely to the bank on which his house was situated. Suddenly, he saw the river coming down upon him in the manner I have described, and not more than two or three hundred yards off. By a forcible application of the spur he was enabled to reach *terra firma*, just in time to see the water sweeping with an awful roar over the spot that he had been traversing not a second previously. This is not frequent: a fresh generally takes four or five hours to come down, and from two days to a week, ten days, or a fortnight, to subside again.

If I were to speak of the rise of the Rakaia, or rather of the numerous branches which form it; of their vast and wasteful beds; the glaciers that they spring from, one of which comes down half-way across the river-bed (thus tending to prove that the glaciers are descending, for the river-bed is both *above* and *below* the glacier); of the wonderful gorge with its terraces rising shelf upon shelf, like fortifications, many hundred feet above the river; the crystals found there, and the wild pigs—I should weary the

reader too much, and fill half a volume: the bullocks must again claim our attention, and I unwillingly revert to my subject.

On the night of our arrival at the Rakaia I did not yard the bullocks, as they seemed inclined to stay quietly with some others that were about the place; next morning they were gone. Were they up the river, or down the river, across the river, or gone back? You are at Cambridge, and have lost your bullocks. They were bred in Yorkshire, but have been used a good deal in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, and may have consequently made in either direction; they may, however, have worked down the Cam, and be in full feed for Lynn; or, again, they may be snugly stowed away in a gully half-way between the Fitzwilliam Museum and Trumpington. You saw a mob of cattle feeding quietly about Madingley on the preceding evening, and they may have joined in with these; or were they attracted by the fine feed in the neighbourhood of Cherryhinton? Where shall you go to look for them?

Matters in reality, however, are not so bad as this. A bullock cannot walk without leaving a track, if the ground he travels on is capable of receiving one. Again, if he does not know the country in advance of him, the chances are strong that he has gone back the way he came; he will travel in a track if he happens to light on one; he finds it easier going. Animals are cautious in proceeding onwards when they don't know the ground. They have ever a lion in their path until they know it, and have found it free from beasts of prey. If, however, they have been seen heading decidedly in any direction overnight, in that direction they will most likely be found sooner or later. Bullocks cannot go long without water. They will travel to a river, then they will eat, drink, and be merry, and during that period of fatal security they will be caught. Ours had gone back ten miles, to the Waikitty; we soon obtained clues as to their whereabouts, and had them back again in time to proceed on our journey. The river being very low, we did

not unload the dray and put the contents across in the boat, but drove the bullocks straight through. Eighteen weary monotonous miles over the same plains, covered with the same tussock grass, and dotted with the same cabbage-trees. The mountains, however, grew gradually nearer, and Banks Peninsula dwindled perceptibly. That night we made Mr. M——'s station, and were thankful.

Again we did not yard the bullocks, and again we lost them. They were only five miles off, but we did not find them till afternoon, and lost a day. As they had travelled in all nearly forty miles, I had had mercy upon them, intending that they should fill themselves well during the night, and be ready for a long pull next day. Even the merciful man himself, however, would except a working bullock from the beasts who have any claim upon his good feeling. Let him go straining his eyes examining every dark spot in a circumference many long miles in extent. Let him gallop a couple of miles in this direction and the other, and discover that he has only been lessening the distance between himself and a group of cabbage-trees; let him feel the word "bullock" eating itself in indelible characters into his heart, and he will refrain from mercy to working bullocks as long as he lives. But as there are few positive pleasures equal in intensity to the negative one of release from pain, so it is when at last a group of six oblong objects, five dark and one white, appears in remote distance, distinct and unmistakable. Yes, they are our bullocks; a sigh of relief follows, and we drive them sharply home, gloating over their distended tongues and slobbering mouths. If there is one thing a bullock hates worse than another it is being driven too fast. His heavy lumbering carcase is mated with a no less lumbering soul. He is a good, slow, steady, patient slave if you let him take his own time about it; but don't hurry him. He has played a very important part in the advancement of civilization and the development of the resources of the world, a part which the more fiery horse could not have played; let us then bear with his heavy

trailing gait and uncouth movements; only next time we will keep him tight, even though he starve for it. If bullocks be invariably driven sharply back to the dray, whenever they have strayed from it, they will soon learn not to go far off, and will be cured even of the most inveterate vagrant habits.

Now we follow up one branch of the Ashburton, and commence making straight for the mountains; still, however, we are on the same monotonous plains, and crawl our twenty miles with very few objects that can possibly serve as landmarks. It is wonderful how small an object gets a name in the great dearth of features. Cabbage-tree hill, half-way between Main's and the Waikitty, is an almost imperceptible rise some ten yards across and two or three feet high: the cabbage-trees have disappeared. Between the Rakaia and Mr. M——'s station is a place they call the half-way gully, but it is neither a gully nor half-way, being only a grip in the earth, causing no perceptible difference in the level of the track, and extending but a few yards on either side of it. So between Mr. M——'s and the next halting-place (save two sheep-stations) I remember nothing but a rather curiously shaped gowai-tree, and a dead bullock, that can form milestones, as it were, to mark progress. Each person, however, for himself makes innumerable ones, such as where one peak in the mountain range goes behind another, and so on.

In the small River Ashburton, or rather in one of its most trivial branches, we had a little misunderstanding with the bullocks; the leaders, for some reason best known to themselves, slewed sharply round, and tied themselves into an inextricable knot with the polars, while the body bullocks, by a manoeuvre not unfrequent, shifted, or, as it is technically termed, slipped, the yoke under their necks, and the bows over; the off bullock turning upon the near side and the near bullock upon the off. By what means they do this I cannot explain, but believe it would make a conjuror's fortune in England. How they got the chains between their

legs and how they kicked to liberate themselves, how we abused them, and, finally, unchaining them, set them right, I need not here particularize; we finally triumphed, but this delay caused us not to reach our destination till after dark.

Here the good woman of the house took us into her confidence in the matter of her corns, from the irritated condition of which she argued that bad weather was about to ensue. The next morning, however, we started anew, and, after about three or four miles, entered the valley of the south and larger Ashburton, bidding adieu to the plains completely.

And now that I approach the description of the gorge, I feel utterly unequal to the task, not because the scene is awful or beautiful, for in this respect the gorge of the Ashburton is less remarkable than most, but because the subject of gorges is replete with difficulty, and I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena they exhibit. It is not, however, my province to attempt this. I must content myself with narrating what I see.

First, there is the river, flowing very rapidly upon a bed of large shingle, with alternate rapids and smooth places, constantly forking and constantly reuniting itself like tangled skeins of silver ribbon surrounding lozenge-shaped islets of sand and gravel. On either side is a long flat composed of shingle similar to the bed of the river itself, but covered with vegetation, tussock, and scrub, with fine feed for sheep or cattle among the burnt Irishman thickets. The flat is some half-mile broad on each side the river, narrowing as the mountains draw in closer upon the stream. It is terminated by a steep terrace. Twenty or thirty feet above this terrace is another flat, we will say semicircular, for I am generalizing, which again is surrounded by a steeply sloping terrace like an amphitheatre; above this another flat, receding still farther back, perhaps half a mile in places, perhaps almost close above the one below it; above this another flat, receding farther, and so on, until the level of the plain proper, or highest flat, is several hundred feet above

the river. I have not seen a single river in Canterbury which is not more or less terraced even below the gorge. The angle of the terrace is always very steep: I seldom see one less than 45°. One always has to get off and lead one's horse down, except when an artificial cutting has been made, or advantage can be taken of some gully that descends into the flat below. Tributary streams are terraced in like manner on a small scale, while even the mountain creeks repeat the phenomena in miniature: the terraces being always highest where the river emerges from its gorge, and slowly dwindling down as it approaches the sea, till finally, instead of the river being many hundred feet below the level of the plains, as is the case at the foot of the mountains, the plains near the sea are considerably below the water in the river, as on the north side of the Rakaia, before described.

Our road lay up the Ashburton, which we had repeatedly to cross and recross.

A dray going through a river is a pretty sight enough when you are utterly unconcerned in the contents thereof; the rushing water stemmed by the bullocks and the dray, the energetic appeals of the driver to Tommy or Nobbler to lift the dray over the large stones in the river, the creaking dray, the cracking whip, form a *tout ensemble* rather agreeable than otherwise. But when the bullocks, having pulled the dray into the middle of the river, refuse entirely to pull it out again; when the leaders turn sharp round and look at you, or stick their heads under the bellies of the polars; when the gentle pats on the forehead with the stock of the whip prove unavailing, and you are obliged to have recourse to strong measures, it is less agreeable: especially if the animals turn just after having got your dray half-way up the bank, and, twisting it round upon a steeply inclined surface, throw the centre of gravity far beyond the base: over goes the dray into the water. Alas, my sugar! my tea! my flour! my crockery! It is all over—drop the curtain.

I beg to state my dray did not upset this time, though the centre of gravity fell far without the base: what Newton

says on that subject is erroneous; so are those illustrations of natural philosophy, in which a loaded dray is represented as necessarily about to fall, because a dotted line from the centre of gravity falls outside the wheels. It takes a great deal more to upset a well-loaded dray than one would have imagined, although sometimes the most unforeseen trifle will effect it. Possibly the value of the contents may have something to do with it; but my ideas are not yet fully formed upon the subject.

We made about seventeen miles and crossed the river ten times, so that the bullocks, which had never before been accustomed to river-work, became quite used to it, and manageable, and have continued so ever since.

We halted for the night at a shepherd's hut: awakening out of slumber I heard the fitful gusts of violent wind come puff, puff, buffet, and die away again; nor'-wester all over. I went out and saw the unmistakable north-west clouds tearing away in front of the moon. I remembered Mrs. W——'s corns, and anathematized them in my heart.

It may be imagined that I turned out of a comfortable bed, slipped on my boots, and then went out; no such thing: we were all lying in our clothes with one blanket between us and the bare floor–our heads pillowed on our saddle-bags.

The next day we made only three miles to Mr. P——'s station. There we unloaded the dray, greased it, and restored half the load, intending to make another journey for the remainder, as the road was very bad.

One dray had been over the ground before us. That took four days to do the first ten miles, and then was delayed several weeks on the bank of the Rangitata by a series of very heavy freshes, so we determined on trying a different route: we got farther on our first day than our predecessor had done in two, and then Possum, one of the bullocks, lay down (I am afraid he had had an awful hammering in a swampy creek where he had stuck for two hours), and would not stir an inch; so we turned them all adrift with their

yokes on (had we taken them off we could not have yoked them up again), whereat Possum began feeding in a manner which plainly showed that there had not been much amiss with him. But during the interval that elapsed between our getting into the swampy creek and getting out of it a great change had come over the weather. While poor Possum was being chastized I had been reclining on the bank hard by, and occasionally interceding for the unhappy animal, the men were all at him (but what is one to do if one's dray is buried nearly to the axle in a bog, and Possum won't pull?); so I was taking it easy, without coat or waistcoat, and even then feeling as if no place could be too cool to please me, for the nor'-wester was still blowing strong and intensely hot, when suddenly I felt a chill, and looking at the lake below saw that the white-headed waves had changed their direction, and that the wind had chopped round to sou'-west.

We left the dray and went on some two or three miles on foot for the purpose of camping where there was firewood. There was a hut, too, in the place for which we were making. It was not yet roofed, and had neither door nor window; but as it was near firewood and water we made for it, had supper, and turned in.

In the middle of the night someone, poking his nose out of his blanket, informed us that it was snowing, and in the morning we found it continuing to do so, with a good sprinkling on the ground. We thought nothing of it, and, returning to the dray, found the bullocks, put them to, and started on our way; but when we came above the gully, at the bottom of which the hut lay, we were obliged to give in. There was a very bad creek, which we tried in vain for an hour or so to cross. The snow was falling very thickly, and driving right into the bullocks' faces. We were all very cold and weary, and determined to go down to the hut again, expecting fine weather in the morning. We carried down a kettle, a camp oven, some flour, tea, sugar, and salt beef; also a novel or two, and the future towels of the establishment, which wanted hemming; also the two cats.

Thus equipped we went down the gully, and got back to the hut about three o'clock in the afternoon. The gully sheltered us, and there the snow was kind and warm, though bitterly cold on the terrace. We threw a few burnt Irishman sticks across the top of the walls, and put a couple of counterpanes over them, thus obtaining a little shelter near the fire. The snow inside the hut was about six inches deep, and soon became sloppy, so that at night we preferred to make a hole in the snow and sleep outside.

The fall continued all that night, and in the morning we found ourselves thickly covered. It was still snowing hard, so there was no stirring. We read the novels, hemmed the towels, smoked, and took it philosophically. There was plenty of firewood to keep us warm. By night the snow was fully two feet thick everywhere, and in the drifts five and six feet. I determined that we would have some grog, and had no sooner hinted the bright idea than two volunteers undertook the rather difficult task of getting it. The terrace must have been 150 feet above the hut; it was very steep, intersected by numerous gullies filled with deeply drifted snow; from the top it was yet a full quarter of a mile to the place where we had left the dray. Still the brave fellows, inspired with hope, started in full confidence, while we put our kettle on the fire and joyfully awaited their return. They had been gone at least two hours, and we were getting fearful that they had broached the cask and helped themselves too liberally on the way, when they returned in triumph with the two-gallon keg, vowing that never in their lives before had they worked so hard. How unjustly we had suspected them will appear in the sequel.

Great excitement prevailed over drawing the cork. It was fast; it broke the point of someone's knife. "Shove it in," said I, breathless with impatience; no–no–it yielded, and shortly afterwards, giving up all opposition, came quickly out. A tin pannikin was produced. With a gurgling sound out flowed the precious liquid. "Halloa!" said one; "it's not brandy, it's port wine." "Port wine!"

cried another; "it smells more like rum." I voted for its being claret; another moment, however, settled the question, and established the contents of the cask as being excellent vinegar. The two unfortunate men had brought the vinegar keg instead of the brandy.

The rest may be imagined. That night, however, two of us were attacked with diarrhoea, and the vinegar proved of great service, for vinegar and water is an admirable remedy for this complaint.

The snow continued till afternoon the next day. It then sulkily ceased, and commenced thawing. At night it froze very hard indeed, and the next day a nor'-wester sprang up which made the snow disappear with the most astonishing rapidity. Not having then learnt that no amount of melting snow will produce any important effect upon the river, and, fearing that it might rise, we determined to push on: but this was as yet impossible. Next morning, however, we made an early start, and got triumphantly to our journey's end at about half-past ten o'clock. My own country, which lay considerably lower, was entirely free of snow, while we learnt afterwards that it had never been deeper than four inches.

CHAPTER EIGHT: TAKING UP THE RUN, HUT WITHIN THE BOUNDARY, LAND REGULATIONS, RACE TO CHRISTCHURCH, CONTEST FOR PRIORITY OF APPLICATION, SUCCESSFUL ISSUE, WINDS AND THEIR EFFECTS, THEIR CONFLICTING CURRENTS, SHEEP CROSSING THE RIVER.

THERE WAS A LITTLE HUT ON MY RUN BUILT by another person, and tenanted by his shepherd. G—— had an application for 5,000 acres in the same block of country with mine, and as the boundaries were uncertain until the whole was surveyed, and the runs definitely marked out on the Government maps, he had placed his hut upon a spot that turned out eventually not to belong to him. I had waited to see how the land was allotted before I took it up. Knowing the country well, and finding it allotted to my satisfaction, I made my bargain on the same day that the question was settled. I took a tracing from the Government map up with me, and we arrived on the run about a fortnight after the allotment. It was necessary for me to wait for this, or I might have made the same mistake which G—— had done. His hut was placed where it was now of no use to him whatever, but on the very site on which I had myself intended to build. It is beyond all possibility of doubt upon my run; but G—— is a very difficult man to deal with, and I have had a hard task to get rid of him. To allow him to remain where he was was not to be thought of: but I was perfectly ready to pay him for his hut (such as it is) and his yard. Knowing him to be at P——'s, I set the men to their contract, and went down next day to see him and to offer him any compensation for the loss of his hut which a third party might arrange. I could do nothing with him; he threatened fiercely, and would hear no reason. My only remedy was to go down to Christchurch at once and buy the freehold of the site from the Government.

The Canterbury regulations concerning the purchase of waste lands from the Crown are among the very best existing. They are all free to any purchaser with the exception of a few Government reserves for certain public purposes, as

railway-township reserves, and so forth. Every run-holder has a pre-emptive right over 250 acres round his homestead, and 50 acres round any other buildings he may have upon his run. He must register this right, or it is of no avail. By this means he is secured from an enemy buying up his homestead without his previous knowledge. Whoever wishes to purchase a sheep farmer's homestead must first give him a considerable notice, and then can only buy if the occupant refuses to do so at the price of £2 an acre. Of course the occupant would *not* refuse, and the thing is consequently never attempted. All the rest, however, of any man's run is open to purchase at the rate of £2 per acre. This price is sufficient to prevent monopoly, and yet not high enough to interfere with the small capitalist. The sheep farmer cannot buy up his run and stand in the way of the development of the country, and at the same time he is secured from the loss of it through others buying, because the price is too high to make it worth a man's while to do so when so much better investments are still open. On the plains, however, many run-holders are becoming seriously uneasy even at the present price, and blocks of 1,000 acres are frequently bought with a view to their being fenced in and laid down in English grasses. In the back country this has not yet commenced, nor is it likely to do so for many years.

But to return. Firstly, G—— had not registered any pre-emptive right, and, secondly, if he had it would have been worthless, because his hut was situated on my run and not on his own. I was sure that he had not bought the freehold; I was also certain that he meant to buy it. So, well knowing there was not a moment to lose, I went towards Christchurch the same afternoon, and supped at a shepherd's hut three miles lower down, and intended to travel quietly all night.

The Ashburton, however, was heavily freshed, and the night was pitch dark. After crossing and recrossing it four times I was afraid to go on, and, camping down, waited for

daylight. Resuming my journey with early dawn, I had not gone far when, happening to turn round, I saw a man on horseback about a quarter of a mile behind me. I knew at once that this was G——, and letting him come up with me, we rode for some miles together, each of us of course well aware of the other's intentions, but too politic to squabble about them when squabbling was no manner of use. It was then early on the Wednesday morning, and the Board sat on the following day. A book is kept at the Land Office called the application-book, in which anyone who has business with the Board enters his name, and his case is attended to in the order in which his name stands. The race between G—— and myself was as to who should first get his name down in this book, and secure the ownership of the hut by purchasing the freehold of twenty acres round it. We had nearly a hundred miles to ride; the office closed at four in the afternoon, and I knew that G—— could not possibly be in time for that day; I had therefore till ten o'clock on the following morning; that is to say, about twenty-four hours from the time we parted company. Knowing that I could be in town by that time, I took it easily, and halted for breakfast at the first station we came to. G—— went on, and I saw him no more.

I feared that our applications would be simultaneous, or that we should have an indecorous scuffle for the book in the Land Office itself. In this case there would only have remained the unsatisfactory alternative of drawing lots for precedence. There was nothing for it but to go on, and see how matters would turn up. Before midday, and whilst still sixty miles from town, my horse knocked-up completely, and would not go another step. G——'s horse, only two months before, had gone a hundred miles in less than fifteen hours, and was now pitted against mine, which was thoroughly done-up. Rather anticipating this, I had determined on keeping the tracks, thus passing stations where I might have a chance of getting a fresh mount. G—— took a short cut, saving fully ten miles in distance, but travelling

over a very stony country, with no track. A track is a great comfort to a horse.

I shall never forget my relief when, at a station where I had already received great kindness, I obtained the loan of a horse that had been taken up that morning from a three-months' spell. No greater service could, at the time, have been rendered me, and I felt that I had indeed met with a friend in need.

The prospect was now brilliant, save that the Rakaia was said to be very heavily freshed. Fearing I might have to swim for it, I left my watch at M——'s, and went on with the satisfactory reflection that, at any rate, if I could not cross G—— could not do so either. To my delight, however, the river was very low, and I forded it without the smallest difficulty a little before sunset. A few hours afterwards, down it came. I heard that G—— was an hour ahead of me, but this was of no consequence. Riding ten miles farther, and now only twenty-five miles from Christchurch, I called at an accommodation-house, and heard that G—— was within, so went on, and determined to camp and rest my horse. The night was again intensely dark, and it soon came on to rain so heavily that there was nothing for it but to start again for the next accommodation-house, twelve miles from town. I slept there a few hours, and by seven o'clock next morning was in Christchurch. So was G——. We could neither of us do anything till the Land Office opened at ten o'clock. At twenty minutes before ten I repaired thither, expecting to find G—— in waiting, and anticipating a row. If it came to fists I should get the worst of it—that was a moral certainty—and I really half-feared something of the kind. To my surprise, the office-doors were open—all the rooms were open—and on reaching that in which the application-book was kept, I found it already upon the table. I opened it with trembling fingers, and saw my adversary's name written in bold handwriting, defying me, as it were, to do my worst.

The clock, as the clerk was ready to witness, was twenty

minutes before ten. I learnt from him also that G—— had written his name down about half an hour. This was all right. My course was to wait till after ten, write my name, and oppose G——'s application as having been entered unduly, and before office-hours. I have no doubt that I should have succeeded in gaining my point in this way, but a much easier victory was in store for me.

Running my eye through the list of names, to my great surprise I saw my own among them. It had been entered by my solicitor, on another matter of business, the previous day, but it stood next *below* G——'s. G——'s name, then, had clearly been inserted unfairly, out of due order. The whole thing was made clear to the Commissioners of the Waste Lands, and I need not say that I effected my purchase without difficulty. A few weeks afterwards, allowing him for his hut and yard, I bought G—— out entirely. I will now return to the Rangitata.

There is a large flat on either side of it, sloping very gently down to the river-bed proper, which is from one to two miles across. The one flat belongs to me, and that on the north bank to another. The river is very easily crossed, as it flows in a great many channels; in a fresh, therefore, it is still often fordable. We found it exceedingly low, as the preceding cold had frozen up the sources, whilst the nor'-wester that followed was of short duration, and unaccompanied with the hot tropical rain which causes the freshes. The nor'-westers are vulgarly supposed to cause freshes simply by melting the snow upon the back ranges. We, however, and all who live near the great range, and see the nor'-wester while still among the snowy ranges, know for certain that the river does not rise more than two or three inches, nor lose its beautiful milky blue colour, unless the wind be accompanied with rain upon the great range—rain extending sometimes as low down as the commencement of the plains. These rains are warm and heavy, and make the feed beautifully green.

The nor'-westers are a very remarkable feature in the

climate of this settlement. They are excessively violent, sometimes shaking the very house; hot, dry, from having already poured out their moisture, and enervating like the Italian sirocco. The fact seems to be, that the nor'-west winds come heated from the tropics, and charged with moisture from the ocean, and this is precipitated by the ice-fields of the mountains in deluges of rain, chiefly on the western side, but occasionally extending some distance to the east. They blow from two or three hours to as many days, and if they last any length of time, are generally succeeded by a sudden change to sou'-west—the cold, rainy, or snowy wind. We catch the nor'-west in full force, but are sheltered from the sou'-west, which, with us, is a quiet wind, accompanied with gentle drizzling but cold rain, and, in the winter, snow.

The nor'-wester is first descried on the river-bed. Through the door of my hut, from which the snowy range is visible, at our early breakfast, I see a lovely summer's morning, breathlessly quiet, and intensely hot. Suddenly a little cloud of dust is driven down the river-bed a mile and a half off; it increases, till one would think the river was on fire, and that the opposite mountains were obscured by volumes of smoke. Still it is calm with us. By and by, as the day increases, the wind gathers strength, and, extending beyond the river-bed, gives the flats on either side a benefit; then it catches the downs, and generally blows hard till four or five o'clock, when it calms down, and is followed by a cool and tranquil night, delightful to every sense. If, however, the wind does not cease, and it has been raining up the gorges, there will be a fresh; and, if the rain has come down any distance from the main range, it will be a heavy fresh; while if there has been a clap or two of thunder (a very rare occurrence), it will be a fresh in which the river will not be fordable. The floods come and go with great rapidity. The river will begin to rise a very few hours after the rain commences, and will generally have subsided to its former level about forty-eight hours after the rain has ceased.

As we generally come in for the tail-end of the nor'-western rains, so we sometimes, though less frequently, get that of the sou'-west winds also. The sou'-west rain comes to us up the river through the lower gorge, and is consequently sou'-east rain with us, owing to the direction of the valley. But it is always called sou'-west if it comes from the southward at all. In fact, there are only three recognized winds, the north-west, the north-east, and the south-west, and I never recollect perceiving the wind to be in any other quarter, saving from local causes. The north-east is most prevalent in summer, and blows with delightful freshness during the greater part of the day, often rendering the hottest weather very pleasant.

It is curious to watch the battle between the north-west and south-east wind, as we often see it. For some days, perhaps, the upper gorges may have been obscured with dark and surging clouds, and the snowy ranges hidden from view. Suddenly the mountains at the lower end of the valley become banked-up with clouds, and the sand begins to blow up the river-bed some miles below, while it is still blowing down with us. The southerly "burster," as it is called, gradually creeps up, and at last drives the other off the field. A few chilly puffs, then a great one, and in a minute or two the air becomes cold, even in the height of summer. Indeed, I have seen snow fall on the 12th of January. It was not much, but the air was as cold as in midwinter.

The force of the south-west wind is here broken by the front ranges, and on these it often leaves its rain or snow, while we are quite exempt from either. We frequently hear both of more rain and of more snow on the plains than we have had, though my hut is at an elevation of 1,840 feet above the level of the sea. On the plains it will often blow for forty-eight hours, accompanied by torrents of pelting, pitiless rains, and is sometimes so violent, that there is hardly any possibility of making headway against it. Sheep race before it as hard as they can go helter-skelter, leaving their lambs behind them to shift for themselves.

There is no shelter on the plains, and, unless stopped by the shepherds, they will drive from one river to the next. The shepherds, therefore, have a hard time of it, for they must be out till the wind goes down; and the worse the weather the more absolutely necessary it is that they should be with the sheep. Different flocks not unfrequently join during these gales, and the nuisance to both the owners is very great.

In the back country sheep can always find shelter in the gullies, or under the lee of the mountain.

We have here been singularly favoured with regard to snow this last winter, for whereas I was absolutely detained by the snow upon the plains on my way from Christchurch, because my horse would have had nothing to eat had I gone on, when I arrived at home I found they had been all astonishment as to what could possibly have been keeping me so long away.

The nor'-westers sometimes blow even in midwinter, but are most frequent in spring and summer, sometimes continuing for a fortnight together.

During a nor'-wester the sand on the river-bed is blinding, filling eyes, nose, and ears, and stinging sharply every exposed part. I lately had the felicity of getting a small mob of sheep into the river-bed (with a view of crossing them on to my own country) whilst this wind was blowing. There were only between seven and eight hundred, and as we were three, with two dogs, we expected to be able to put them through ourselves. We did so through the two first considerable streams, and then could not get them to move on any farther. As they paused, I will take the opportunity to digress and describe the process of putting sheep across a river.

The first thing is to carefully secure a spot fitted for the purpose, for which the principal requisites are: first, that the current set for the opposite bank, so that the sheep will be carried towards it. Sheep cannot swim against a strong current, and if the stream be flowing evenly down mid-channel, they will be carried down a long way before they

land; if, however, it sets at all towards the side from which they started, they will probably be landed by the stream on that same side. Therefore the current should flow towards the opposite bank. Secondly, there must be a good landing-place for the sheep. A spot must not be selected where the current sweeps underneath a hollow bank of gravel or a perpendicular wall of shingle; the bank on to which the sheep are to land must shelve, no matter how steeply, provided it does not rise perpendicularly out of the water. Thirdly, a good place must be chosen for putting them in; the water must not become deep all at once, or the sheep won't face it. It must be shallow at the commencement, so that they may have got too far to recede before they find their mistake. Fourthly, there should be no tutu in the immediate vicinity of either the place where the sheep are put into the river or that on to which they are to come out; for, in spite of your most frantic endeavours, you will be very liable to get some sheep tuted. These requisites being secured, the depth of the water is, of course, a matter of no moment; the narrowness of the stream being a point of far greater importance. These rivers abound in places combining every requisite.

The sheep being mobbed up together near the spot where they are intended to enter the water, the best plan is to split off a small number, say a hundred or hundred and fifty (a larger mob would be less easily managed), dog them, bark at them yourself furiously, beat them, spread out arms and legs to prevent their escaping, and raise all the unpleasant din about their ears that you possibly can. In spite of all that you can do they will very likely break through you and make back; if so, persevere as before, and in about ten minutes a single sheep will be seen eyeing the opposite bank, and evidently meditating an attempt to gain it. Pause a moment that you interrupt not a consummation so devoutly to be wished; the sheep bounds forward with three or four jumps into mid-stream, is carried down, and thence on to the opposite bank; immediately that one sheep has entered, let one man get into the river below them, and splash water

up at them to keep them from working lower and lower down the stream and getting into a bad place; let another be bringing up the remainder of the mob, so that they may have come up before the whole of the leading body are over; if this be done they will cross in a string of their own accord, and there will be no more trouble from the moment when the first sheep entered the water.

If the sheep are obstinate and will not take the water, it is a good plan to haul one or two over first, pulling them through by the near hind leg; these will often entice the others, or a few lambs will encourage their mothers to come over to them, unless indeed they immediately swim back to their mothers: the first was the plan we adopted.

As I said, our sheep were got across the first two streams without much difficulty; then they became completely silly. The awful wind, so high that we could scarcely hear ourselves talk, the blinding sand, the cold glacier water, rendered more chilling by the strong wind, which, contrary to custom, was very cold, all combined to make them quite stupid; the little lambs stuck up their backs and shut their eyes and looked very shaky on their legs, while the bigger ones and the ewes would do nothing but turn round and stare at us. Our dogs knocked-up completely, and we ourselves were somewhat tired and hungry, partly from night-watching and partly from having fasted since early dawn, whereas it was now four o'clock. Still we must get the sheep over somehow, for a heavy fresh was evidently about to come down; the river was yet low, and could we get them over before dark they would be at home. I rode home to fetch assistance and food; these arriving, by our united efforts we got them over every stream, save the last, before eight o'clock, and then it became quite dark, and we left them. The wind changed from very cold to very hot—it literally blew hot and cold in the same breath. Rain came down in torrents, six claps of thunder (thunder is very rare here) followed in succession about midnight, and very uneasy we all were. Next morning, before daybreak, we were by the river side;

the fresh had come down, and we crossed over to the sheep with difficulty, finding them up to their bellies in water huddled up in a mob together. We shifted them on to one of the numerous islands, where they were secure, and had plenty of feed, and with great difficulty recrossed, the river having greatly risen since we had got upon its bed. In two days' time it had gone down sufficiently to allow of our getting the sheep over, and we did so without the loss of a single one.

I hardly know why I have introduced this into an account of a trip with a bullock dray; it is, however, a colonial incident, such as might happen any day. In a life of continual excitement one thinks very little of these things. They may, however, serve to give English readers a glimpse of some of the numerous incidents which, constantly occurring in one shape or other, render the life of a colonist not only endurable, but actually pleasant.

CHAPTER NINE: PLANTS OF CANTERBURY, TURNIP, TUTU, FERNS, TI PALM, BIRDS, PARADISE DUCK, TERN, QUAIL, WOOD HEN, ROBIN, LINNET, PIGEON, MOA, NEW PARROQUET, QUADRUPEDS, EELS, INSECTS, WETA, LIZARDS.

THE FLORA OF THIS PROVINCE IS VERY DISappointing, and the absence of beautiful flowers adds to the uninteresting character which too generally pervades the scenery, save among the great Southern Alps themselves. There is no burst of bloom as there is in Switzerland and Italy, and the trees being, with few insignificant exceptions, all evergreen, the difference between winter and summer is chiefly perceptible by the state of the grass and the temperature. I do not know one really pretty flower which belongs to the plains; I believe there are one or two, but they are rare, and form no feature in the landscape. I never yet saw a blue flower growing wild here, nor indeed one of any other colour but white or yellow; if there are such they do not prevail, and their absence is sensibly felt. We have no soldanellas and auriculas and Alpine cowslips, no brilliant gentians and anemones. We have one very stupid white gentian; but it is, to say the least of it, uninteresting to a casual observer. We have violets, very like those at home, but they are small and white, and have no scent. We have also a daisy, very like the English, but not nearly so pretty; we have a great ugly sort of Michaelmas daisy too, and any amount of spaniard. I do not say but that by hunting on the peninsula one might find one or two beautiful species, but simply that on the whole the flowers are few and ugly. The only plant good to eat is Maori cabbage, and that is swede turnip gone wild, from seed left by Captain Cook. Some say it is indigenous, but I do not believe it. The Maoris carry the seed about with them, and sow it wherever they camp. I should rather write, *used* to sow it where they *camped*, for the Maoris in this island are almost a thing of the past.

The root of the spaniard, it should be added, will support life for some little time.

Tutu (pronounced toot) is a plant which abounds upon

the plains for some few miles near the river-beds; it is at first sight not much unlike myrtle, but is in reality a wholly different sort of plant; it dies down in the winter, and springs up again from its old roots. These roots are sometimes used for firewood, and are very tough, so much so as not unfrequently to break ploughs. It is poisonous for sheep and cattle if eaten on an empty stomach.

New Zealand is rich in ferns. We have a tree-fern which grows as high as twenty feet. We have also some of the English species; among them I believe the *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*, with many of the same tribe. I see a little fern which, to my eyes, is our English *Asplenium Trichomanes*. Every English fern which I know has a variety something like it here, though seldom identical. We have one to correspond with the adder's tongue and moonwort, with the *Adiantum nigrum* and *Capillus Veneris*, with the *Blechnum boreale*, with the Ceterach and *Ruta muraria*, and with the Cystopterids. I never saw a Woodsia here; but I think that every other English family is represented, and that we have many more besides. On the whole, the British character of many of the ferns is rather striking, as indeed is the case with our birds and insects; but, with a few conspicuous exceptions, the old country has greatly the advantage over us.

The cabbage-tree or ti palm is not a true palm, though it looks like one. It has not the least resemblance to a cabbage. It has a tuft of green leaves, which are rather palmy-looking at a distance, and which springs from the top of a pithy, worthless stem, varying from one to twenty or thirty feet in height. Sometimes the stem is branched at the top, and each branch ends in a tuft. The flax and the cabbage-tree and the tussock-grass are the great botanical features of the country. Add fern and tutu, and for the back country, spear-grass and Irishman, and we have summed up such prevalent plants as strike the eye.

As for the birds, they appear at first sight very few indeed. On the plains one sees a little lark with two white feathers

in the tail, and in other respects exactly like the English skylark, save that he does not soar, and has only a little chirrup instead of song. There are also paradise ducks, hawks, terns, red-bills, and sand-pipers, seagulls, and occasionally, though very rarely, a quail.

The paradise duck is a very beautiful bird. The male appears black, with white on the wing, when flying: when on the ground, however, he shows some dark greys and glossy greens and russets, which make him very handsome. He is truly a goose, and not a duck. He says "whiz" through his throat, and dwells a long time upon the "z." He is about the size of a farmyard duck. The plumage of the female is really gorgeous. Her head is pure white, and her body beautifully coloured with greens and russets and white. She screams, and does not say "whiz." Her mate is much fonder of her than she is of him, for if *she* is wounded he will come to see what is the matter, whereas if *he* is hurt his base partner flies instantly off and seeks new wedlock, affording a fresh example of the superior fidelity of the male to the female sex. When they have young they feign lameness, like the plover. I have several times been thus tricked by them. One soon, however, becomes an old bird oneself, and is not to be caught with such chaff any more. We look about for the young ones, clip off the top joint of one wing, and leave them; thus, in a few months' time, we can get prime young ducks for the running after them. The old birds are very bad eating. I rather believe they are aware of this, for they are very bold, and come very close to us. There are two that constantly come within ten yards of my hut, and I hope mean to build in the neighbourhood, for the eggs are excellent. Being geese, and not ducks, they eat grass. The young birds are called flappers till they can fly, and can be run down easily.

The hawk is simply a large hawk, and to the unscientific nothing more. There is a small sparrowhawk, too, which is very bold, and which will attack a man if he goes near its nest.

The tern is a beautiful little bird about twice as big as a swallow, and somewhat resembling it in its flight, but much more graceful. It has a black satin head, and lavender satin and white over the rest of its body. It has an orange bill and feet; and is not seen in the back country during the winter.

The red-bill is, I believe, identical with the oyster-catcher of the Cornish coast. It has a long orange bill, and orange feet, and is black and white over the body.

The sand-piper is very like the lark in plumage.

The quail is nearly exterminated. It is exactly like a small partridge, and is most excellent eating. Ten years ago it was very abundant, but now it is very rarely seen. The poor little thing is entirely defenceless; it cannot take more than three flights, and then it is done up. Some say the fires have destroyed them; some say the sheep have trod on their eggs; some that they have all been hunted down: my own opinion is that the wild cats, which have increased so as to be very numerous, have driven the little creatures nearly off the face of the earth.

There are wood hens also on the plains; but, though very abundant, they are not much seen. The wood hen is a bird rather resembling the pheasant tribe in plumage, but not so handsome. It has a long, sharp bill and long feet. It is about the size of a hen. It cannot fly, but sticks its little bob-tail up and down whenever it walks, and has a curious Paul-Pry-like gait, which is rather amusing. It is exceedingly bold, and will come sometimes right into a house. It is an arrant thief, moreover, and will steal anything. I know of a case in which one was seen to take up a gold watch, and run off with it, and of another in which a number of men, who were camping out, left their pannikins at the camp, and on their return found them all gone, and only recovered them by hearing the wood hens tapping their bills against them. Anything bright excites their greed; anything red, their indignation. They are reckoned good eating by some; but most people think them exceedingly rank and unpleasant.

From fat wood hens a good deal of oil can be got, and this oil is very valuable for almost anything where oil is wanted. It is sovereign for rheumatics, and wounds or bruises; item for softening one's boots, and so forth. The egg is about the size of a guinea fowl's, dirtily streaked, and spotted with a dusky purple; it is one of the best eating eggs I have ever tasted.

I must not omit to mention the white crane, a very beautiful bird, with immense wings, of the purest white; and the swamp hen, with a tail which it is constantly bobbing up and down like the wood hen; it has a good deal of bluish purple about it, and is very handsome.

There are other birds on the plains, especially about the river-beds, but not many worthy of notice.

In the back country, however, we have a considerable variety. I have mentioned the kaka and the parroquet.

The robin is a pretty little fellow, in build and manners very like our English robin, but tamer. His plumage, however, is different, for he has a dusky black tail coat and a pale canary-coloured waistcoat. When one is camping out, no sooner has one lit one's fire than several robins make their appearance, prying into one's whole proceedings with true robin-like impudence. They have never probably seen a fire before, and are rather puzzled by it. I heard of one which first lighted on the embers, which were covered with ashes; finding this unpleasant, he hopped on to a burning twig; this was worse, so the third time he lighted on a red-hot coal; whereat, much disgusted, he took himself off, I hope escaping with nothing but a blistered toe. They frequently come into my hut. I watched one hop in a few mornings ago, when the breakfast things were set. First he tried the bread—that was good; then he tried the sugar—that was good also; then he tried the salt, which he instantly rejected; and, lastly, he tried a cup of hot tea, on which he flew away. I have seen them light on a candle (not a lighted one) and peck the tallow. I fear, however, that these tame ones are too often killed by the cats.

The tomtit is like its English namesake in shape, but smaller, and with a glossy black head and bright yellow breast.

The wren is a beautiful little bird, much smaller than the English one, and with green about its plumage.

The tui, or parson-bird, is a starling, and has a small tuft of white cravat-like feathers growing from his throat. True to his starling nature, he has a delicious voice.

We have a thrush, but it is rather rare. It is just like the English, save that it has some red feathers in its tail.

Our teal is, if not the same as the English teal, so like it that the difference is not noticeable.

Our linnet is a little larger than the English, with a clear, bell-like voice, as of a blacksmith's hammer on an anvil. Indeed, we might call him the harmonious blacksmith.

The pigeon is larger than the English, and far handsomer. He has much white and glossy green shot with purple about him, and is one of the most beautiful birds I ever saw. He is very foolish, and can be noosed with ease. Tie a string with a noose at the end of it to a long stick, and you may put it round his neck and catch him. The kakas, too, will let you do this, and in a few days become quite tame.

Besides these, there is an owl or two. These are heard occasionally, but not seen. Often at night one hears a solemn cry of "More pork! more pork! more pork!" I have heard people talk, too, of a laughing jackass (not the Australian bird of that name), but no one has ever seen it.

Occasionally we hear rumours of the footprint of a moa, and the Nelson surveyors found fresh foot-tracks of a bird, which were measured for fourteen inches. Of this there can be little doubt; but since a wood hen's foot measures four inches, and a wood hen does not stand higher than a hen, fourteen inches is hardly long enough for the track of a moa, the largest kind of which stood fifteen feet high. We often find some of their bones lying in a heap upon the ground, but never a perfect skeleton. Little heaps of their gizzard stones, too, are constantly found. They consist of very

smooth and polished flints and cornelians, with sometimes quartz. The bird generally chose rather pretty stones. I do not remember finding a single sandstone specimen of a moa gizzard stone. Those heaps are easily distinguished, and very common. Few people believe in the existence of a moa. If one or two be yet living, they will probably be found on the West Coast, that yet unexplored region of forest which may contain sleeping princesses and gold in ton blocks, and all sorts of good things. A gentleman who lives at the Kiakoras possesses a moa's egg; it is ten inches by seven. It was discovered in a Maori grave, and must have been considered precious at the time it was buried, for the Maoris were accustomed to bury a man's valuables with him.

I really know of few other birds to tell you about. There is a good sprinkling more, but they form no feature in the country, and are only interesting to the naturalist. There is the kiwi, or apteryx, which is about as large as a turkey, but only found on the West Coast. There is a green ground parrot too, called the kakapo, a night bird, and hardly ever found on the eastern side of the island. There is also a very rare and as yet unnamed kind of kaka, much larger and handsomer than the kaka itself, of which I and another shot one of the first, if not the very first, observed specimen. Being hungry, far from home, and without meat, we ate the interesting creature, but made a note of it for the benefit of science. Since then it has found its way into more worthy hands, and was, a few months ago, sent home to be named. Altogether, I am acquainted with about seventy species of birds belonging to the Canterbury settlement, and I do not think that there are many more. Two albatrosses came to my wool-shed about seven months ago, and a dead one was found at Mount Peel not long since. I did not see the former myself, but my cook, who was a sailor, watched them for some time, and his word may be taken. I believe, however, that their coming so far inland is a very rare occurrence here.

As for the quadrupeds of New Zealand, they are easily disposed of. There are but two, a kind of rat, which is now

banished by the Norway rat, and an animal of either the otter or beaver species, which is known rather by rumour than by actual certainty.

The fishes, too, will give us little trouble. There are only a sort of minnow and an eel. This last grows to a great size, and is abundant even in the clear, rapid, snow-fed rivers. In every creek one may catch eels, and they are excellent eating, if they be cooked in such a manner as to get rid of the oil.

> " Try them spitchcocked or stewed,
> They're too oily when fried,"

as Barham says, with his usual good sense. I am told that the other night a great noise was heard in the kitchen of a gentleman with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, and that the servants, getting up, found an eel chasing a cat round about the room. I believe this story. The eel was in a bucket of water, and doomed to die upon the morrow. Doubtless the cat had attempted to take liberties with him; on which a sudden thought struck the eel that he might as well eat the cat as the cat eat him; and he was preparing to suit the action to the word when he was discovered.

The insects are insignificant and ugly, and, like the plants, devoid of general interest. There is one rather pretty butterfly, like our English tortoiseshell. There is a sprinkling of beetles, a few ants, and a detestable sandfly, that, on quiet, cloudy mornings, especially near water, is more irritating than can be described. This little beast is rather venomous; and, for the first fortnight or so that I was bitten by it, every bite swelled up to a little hard button. Soon, however, one becomes case-hardened, and only suffers the immediate annoyance consequent upon its tickling and pricking. There is also a large assortment of spiders. We have, too, one of the ugliest-looking creatures that I have ever seen. It is called " weta," and is of tawny scorpion-like colour with long antennae and great eyes, and nasty squashy-looking body, with (I think) six legs. It is a kind of animal which

no one would wish to touch: if touched, it will bite sharply, some say venomously. It is very common, but not often seen, and lives chiefly among dead wood and under stones. In the North Island I am told that it grows to the length of three or four inches. Here I never saw it longer than an inch and a half. The principal reptile is an almost ubiquitous lizard.

Summing up, then, the whole of the vegetable and animal productions of this settlement, I think that it is not too much to say that they are decidedly inferior in beauty and interest to those of the old world. You will think that I have a prejudice against the natural history of Canterbury. I assure you I have no such thing; and I believe that anyone, on arriving here, would receive a similar impression with myself.

CHAPTER TEN: CHOICE OF A RUN, BOUNDARIES, MAORIS, WAGES, SERVANTS, DRUNKENNESS, COOKING, WETHERS, CHOICE OF HOMESTEAD, WATCHFULNESS REQUIRED, BURNING THE COUNTRY, YARDS FOR SHEEP, EWES AND LAMBS, LAMBING SEASON, WOOL SHEDS, SHEEP WASHING, PUTTING UP A HUT, GARDENS, FAREWELL.

IN LOOKING FOR A RUN, SOME DISTANCE MUST be traversed; the country near Christchurch is already stocked. The waste lands are, indeed, said to be wholly taken up throughout the colony, wherever they are capable of supporting sheep. It may, however, be a matter of some satisfaction to a new settler to examine this point for himself, and to consider what he requires in the probable event of having to purchase the goodwill of a run, with the improvements upon it, which can hardly be obtained under £150 per 1,000 acres.

A river boundary is most desirable; the point above or below the confluence of two rivers is still better, as there are then only two sides to guard. Stony ground must not be considered as an impediment; grass grows between the stones, and a dray can travel upon it. England must have been a most impracticable country to traverse before metalled roads were made. Here the surface is almost everywhere a compact mass of shingle; it is for the most part only near the sea that the shingle is covered with soil. Forest and swamp are much greater impediments to a journey than a far greater distance of hard ground would prove. A river such as the Cam or Ouse would be far more difficult to cross without bridges than the Rakaia or Rangitata, notwithstanding their volume and rapidity; the former are deep in mud, and rarely have convenient places at which to get in or out; while the latter abound in them, and have a stony bed on which the wheels of your dray make no impression. The stony ground will carry a sheep to each acre and a half or two acres. Such diseases as foot-rot are unknown, owing probably to the generally dry surface of the land.

There are few Maoris here; they inhabit the north island, and are only in small numbers, and degenerate in this, so

may be passed over unnoticed. The only effectual policy in dealing with them is to show a bold front and, at the same time, do them a good turn whenever you can be quite certain that your kindness will not be misunderstood as a symptom of fear. There are no wild animals that will molest your sheep. In Australia they have to watch the flocks night and day because of the wild dogs. The yards, of course, are not proof against dogs, and the Australian shepherd's hut is built close against the yard; here this is unnecessary.

Having settled that you will take up your country or purchase the lease of it, you must consider next how to get a dray on to it. Horses are not to be thought of except for riding; you must buy a dray and bullocks. The rivers here are not navigable.

Wages are high. People do not leave England and go to live at the antipodes to work for the same wages which they had at home. They want to better themselves as well as you do, and, the supply being limited, they will ask and get from £1 to 30*s*. a week besides their board and billet.

You must remember you will have a rough life at first; there will be a good deal of cold and exposure; a good deal of tent work; possibly a fever or two; to say nothing of the seeds of rheumatism which will give you something to meditate upon hereafter.

You and your men will have to be on rather a different footing from that on which you stood in England. There, if your servant were in any respect what you did not wish, you were certain of getting plenty of others to take his place. Here, if a man does not find you quite what he wishes, he is certain of getting plenty of others to employ him. In fact, he is at a premium, and soon finds this out. On really good men this produces no other effect than a demand for high wages. They will be respectful and civil, though there will be a slight but quite unobjectionable difference in their manner toward you. Bad men assume an air of defiance which renders their immediate dismissal a matter of necessity. When you have good men, however, you must recognize

the different position in which you stand toward them as compared with that which subsisted at home. The fact is, they are more your equals and more independent of you, and, this being the case, you must treat them accordingly. I do not advise you for one moment to submit to disrespect; this would be a fatal error. A man whose conduct does not satisfy you must be sent about his business as certainly as in England; but when you have men who *do* suit you, you must, besides paying them handsomely, expect them to treat you rather as an English yeoman would speak to the squire of his parish than as an English labourer would speak to him. The labour markets will not be so bad but that good men can be had, and as long as you put up with bad men it serves you right to be the loser by your weakness.

Some good hands are very improvident, and will for the most part spend their money in drinking, a very short time after they have earned it. They will come back possibly with a *dead horse to work off*—that is, a debt at the accommodation-house—and will work hard for another year to have another drinking bout at the end of it. This is a thing fatally common here. Such men are often first-rate hands and thoroughly good fellows when away from drink; but, on the whole, saving men are perhaps the best. Commend yourself to a good screw for a shepherd; if he knows the value of money he knows the value of lambs, and if he has contracted the habit of being careful with his own money he will be apt to be so with yours also. But in justice to the improvident, it must be owned they are often admirable men save in the one point of sobriety.

Their political knowledge is absolutely nil, and, were the colony to give them political power, it might as well give gunpowder to children.

How many hands shall you want?

We will say a couple of good bush hands, who will put up your hut and yards and wool-shed. If you are in a hurry and have plenty of money you can have more. Besides these you will want a bullock driver and shepherd, unless you are

shepherd yourself. You must manage the cooking among you as best you can, and must be content to wash up yourself, taking your full part in the culinary processes, or you will soon find disaffection in the camp; but if you can afford to have a cook, have one by all means. It is a great nuisance to come in from a long round after sheep and find the fire out and no hot water to make tea, and to have to set to work immediately to get your men's supper; for they cannot earn their supper and cook it at the same time. The difficulty is that good boys are hard to get, and a man that is worth anything at all will hardly take to cooking as a profession. Hence it comes to pass that the cooks are generally indolent and dirty fellows, who don't like hard work. Your college education, if you have had one, will doubtless have made you familiar with the art of making bread; you will now proceed to discover the mysteries of boiling potatoes. The uses of dripping will begin to dawn upon you, and you will soon become expert in the manufacture of tallow candles. You will wash your own clothes, and will learn that you must not boil flannel shirts, and experience will teach you that you must eschew the promiscuous use of washing soda, tempting though indeed it be if you are in a hurry. If you use collars I can inform you that Glenfield starch is the only starch used in the laundries of our most gracious Sovereign; I tell you this in confidence, as it is not generally advertised.

To return to the culinary department. Your natural poetry of palate will teach you the proper treatment of the onion, and you will ere long be able to handle that inestimable vegetable with the breadth yet delicacy which it requires. Many other things you will learn, which for your sake as well as my own I will not enumerate here. Let the above suffice for examples.

At first your wethers will run with your ewes, and you will only want one shepherd; but as soon as the mob gets up to two or three thousand the wethers should be kept separate; you will then want another shepherd. As soon

as you have secured your run you must buy sheep; otherwise you lose time, as the run is only valuable for the sheep it carries. Bring sheep, shepherd, men, stores, all at one and the same time. Some wethers must be included in your purchase, otherwise you will run short of meat, as none of your own breeding will be ready for the knife for a year and a half, to say the least of it. No wether should be killed till it is two years old, and then it is murder to kill an animal which brings you in such good interest by its wool, and would even be better if suffered to live three years longer, when you will have had its value in its successive fleeces. It will, however, pay you better to invest nearly all your money in ewes, and to kill your own young stock, than to sink more capital than is absolutely necessary in wethers.

Start your dray, then, from town and join it with your sheep on the way up. Your sheep will not travel more than ten miles a day if you are to do them justice; so your dray must keep pace with them. You will generally find plenty of firewood on the track. You can camp under the dray at night. In about a week you will get on to your run, and very glad you will feel when you are safely come to the end of your journey. See the horses properly looked to at once; then set up the tent, make a good fire, put the kettle on, out with the frying-pan, and get your supper, smoke the calumet of peace, and go to bed.

The first question is, Where shall you place your homestead? You must put it in such a situation as will be most convenient for working the sheep. These are the real masters of the place—the run is theirs, not yours: you cannot bear this in mind too diligently. All considerations of pleasantness of site must succumb to this. You must fix on such a situation as not to cut up the run, by splitting off a little corner too small to give the sheep free scope and room. They will fight rather shy of your homestead, you may be certain; so the homestead must be out of their way. You *must*, however, have water and firewood at hand, which is a great convenience, to say nothing of the saving of labour

and expense. Therefore, if you can find a bush near a stream, make your homestead on the lee side of it. A stream is a boundary, and your hut, if built in such a position, will interfere with your sheep as little as possible.

The sheep will make for rising ground and hill-side to camp at night, and generally feed with their heads up the wind, if it is not too violent. As your mob increases you can put an out-station on the other side the run.

In order to prevent the sheep straying beyond your boundaries, keep ever hovering at a distance round them, so far off that they shall not be disturbed by your presence, and even be ignorant that you are looking at them. Sheep cannot be too closely watched, or too much left to themselves. You must remember they are your masters, and not you theirs; you exist for them, not they for you. If you bear this well in mind, you will be able to turn the tables on them effectually at shearing-time. But if you once begin to make the sheep suit their feeding-hours to your convenience, you may as well give up sheep-farming at once. You will soon find the mob begin to look poor, your percentage of lambs will fall off, and, in fact, you will have to pay very heavily for saving your own trouble, as indeed would be the case in every occupation or profession you might adopt.

Of course you will have to turn your sheep back when they approach the boundary of your neighbour. Be ready, then, at the boundary. You have been watching them creeping up in a large semicircle toward the forbidden ground. As long as they are on their own run let them alone, give them not a moment's anxiety of mind; but directly they reach the boundary, show yourself with your dog in your most terrific aspect. Startle them, frighten them, disturb their peace; do so again and again, at the same spot, from the very first day. Let them always have peace on their own run, and none anywhere off it. In a month or two you will find the sheep begin to understand your meaning, and it will then be very easy work to keep them within bounds. If, however, you suffer them to have half an hour now and then

on the forbidden territory, they will be constantly making for it. The chances are that the feed is good on or about the boundary, and they will be seduced by this to cross, and go on and on till they are quite beyond your control.

You will have burnt a large patch of feed on the outset. Burn it in early spring, on a day when rain appears to be at hand. It is dangerous to burn too much at once: a large fire may run farther than you wish, and, being no respecter of imaginary boundaries, will cross on to your neighbour's run without compunction and without regard to his sheep, and then heavy damages will be brought against you. Burn, however, you must; so do it carefully. Light one strip first, and keep putting it out by beating it with leafy branches. This will form a fireproof boundary between you and your neighbour.

Burnt feed means contented and well-conditioned sheep. The delicately green and juicy grass which springs up after burning is far better for sheep than the rank and dry growth of summer after it has been withered by the winter's frosts. Your sheep will not ramble, for if they have plenty of burnt pasture they are contented where they are. They feed in the morning, bunch themselves together in clusters during the heat of the day, and feed again at night.

Moreover, on burnt pasture, no fire can come down upon you from your neighbour so as to hurt your sheep.

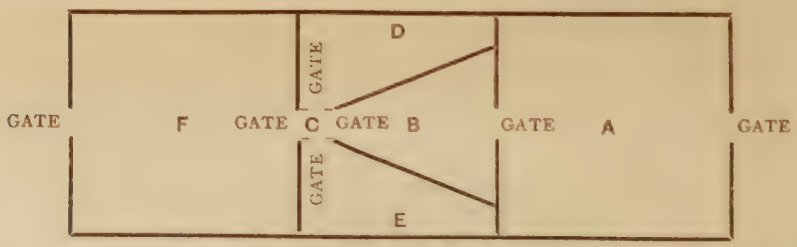
The day will come when you will have no more occasion for burning, when your run will be fully stocked, and the sheep will keep your feed so closely cropped that it will do without it. It is certainly a mortification to see volumes of smoke rising into the air, and to know that all that smoke might have been wool, and might have been sold by you for 2*s*. a pound in England. You will think it great waste, and regret that you have not more sheep to eat it. However, that will come to pass in time; and meanwhile, if you have not mouths enough upon your run to make wool of it, you must burn it off and make smoke of it instead. There is sure to be a good deal of rough scrub and brushwood on the run,

which is better destroyed, and which sheep would not touch; therefore, for the ultimate value of your run, it is as well or better that it should be fired than fed off.

The very first work to be done after your arrival will be to make a yard for your sheep. Make this large enough to hold five or six times as many sheep as you possess at first. It may be square in shape. Place two good large gates at the middle of either of the two opposite sides. This will be sufficient at first, but, as your flocks increase, a somewhat more complicated arrangement will be desirable.

The sheep, we will suppose, are to be thoroughly overhauled. You wish, for some reason, to inspect their case fully yourself, or you must tail your lambs, in which case every lamb has to be caught, and you will cut its tail off and earmark it with your own earmark; or, again, you will see fit to draft out all the lambs that are ready for weaning; or you may wish to cull the mob, and sell off the worst-woolled sheep; or your neighbour's sheep may have joined with yours; or for many other reasons it is necessary that your flock should be closely examined. Without good yards it is impossible to do this well—they are an essential of the highest importance.

Select, then, a site as dry and stony as possible (for your sheep will have to be put into the yard over night), and at daylight in the morning set to work.



Fill the yard B with sheep from the big yard A. The yard B we will suppose to hold about 600. Fill C from B: C shall hold about 100. When the sheep are in that small yard C

(which is called the drafting-yard), you can overhaul them, and your men can catch the lambs and hold them up to you over the rail of the yard to earmark and tail. There being but 100 sheep in the yard, you can easily run your eye over them. Should you be drafting out sheep or taking your rams out, let the sheep which you are taking out be let into the yards D and E. Or, it may be, you are drafting two different sorts of sheep at once; then there will be two yards in which to put them. When you have done with the small mob, let it out into the yard F, taking the tally of the sheep as they pass through the gate. This gate, therefore, must be a small one, so as not to admit more than one or two at a time. It would be tedious work filling the small yard C from the big one A; for in that large space the sheep will run about, and it will take you some few minutes every time. From the smaller yard B, however, C will easily be filled. Among the other great advantages of good yards, there is none greater than the time saved. This is of the highest importance, for the ewes will be hungry, and their lambs will have sucked them dry; and then, as soon as they are turned out of the yards, the mothers will race off after feed, and the lambs, being weak, will lag behind; and the Merino ewe being a bad mother, the two may never meet again, and the lamb will die. Therefore it is essential to begin work of this sort early in the morning, and to have yards so constructed as to cause as little loss of time as possible. I will not say that the plan given above is the very best that could be devised, but it is common out here, and answers all practical purposes. The weakest point is in the approach to B from A.

As soon as you have done with the mob, let them out. They will race off helter-skelter to feed, and soon be spread out in an ever-widening fan-like shape. Therefore have someone stationed a good way off to check their first burst, and stay them from going too far and leaving their lambs; after a while, as you sit, telescope in hand, you will see the ewes come bleating back to the yards for their lambs. They

have satisfied the first cravings of their hunger, and their motherly feelings are beginning to return. Now, if the sheep have not been kept a little together, the lambs may have gone off after the ewes, and some few will then be pretty certain never to find their mothers again. It is rather a pretty sight to sit on a bank and watch the ewes coming back. There is sure to be a mob of a good many lambs sticking near the yards, and ewe after ewe will come back and rush up affectionately to one lamb after another. A good few will try to palm themselves off upon her. If she is young and foolish, she will be for a short time in doubt; if she is older and wiser, she will butt away the little impostors with her head; but they are very importunate, and will stick to her for a long while. At last, however, she finds her true child, and is comforted. She kisses its nose and tail with the most affectionate fondness, and soon the lost lamb is seen helping himself lustily, and frolicking with his tail in the height of his contentment. I have known, however, many cunning lambs make a practice of thieving from the more inexperienced ewes, though they have mothers of their own; and I remember one very beautiful and favourite lamb of mine, who, to my great sorrow, lost its mother, but kept itself alive in this manner, and throve and grew up to be a splendid sheep by mere roguery. Such a case is an exception, not a rule.

You may perhaps wonder how you are to know that your sheep are all right, and that none get away. You cannot be *quite certain* of this. You may be pretty sure, however, for you will soon have a large number of sheep with whom you are personally acquainted, and who have, from time to time, forced themselves upon your attention either by peculiar beauty or peculiar ugliness, or by having certain marks upon them. You will have a black sheep or two, and probably a long-tailed one or two, and a sheep with only one eye, and another with a wart on its nose, and so forth. These will be your marked sheep, and if you find all of them you may be satisfied that the rest are safe also. Your eye will

soon become very accurate in telling you the number of a mob of sheep.

When the sheep are lambing they should not be disturbed. You cannot meddle with a mob of lambing ewes without doing them mischief. Some one or two lambs, or perhaps many more, will be lost every time you disturb the flock. The young sheep, until they have had their lambs a few days, and learnt their value, will leave them upon the slightest provocation. Then there is a serious moral injury inflicted upon the ewe: she becomes familiar with the crime of infanticide, and will be apt to leave her next lamb as carelessly as her first. If, however, she has once reared a lamb, she will be fond of the next, and, when old, will face anything, even a dog, for the sake of her child.

When, therefore, the sheep are lambing, you must ride or walk farther round, and notice any tracks you may see: anything rather than disturb the sheep. They must always lamb on burnt or green feed, and against the best boundary you have, and then there will be the less occasion to touch them.

Besides the yards above described, you will want one or two smaller ones for getting the sheep into the wool-shed at shearing-time, and you will also want a small yard for branding. The wool-shed is a roomy covered building, with a large central space, and an aisle-like partition on each side. These last will be for holding the sheep during the night. The shearers will want to begin with daylight, and the dew will not yet be off the wool if the sheep are exposed. If wool is packed damp it will heat and spoil; therefore a sufficient number of sheep must be left under cover through the night to last the shearers till the dew is off. In a wool-shed the aisles would be called skilions (whence the name is derived I know not, nor whether it has two *l*'s in it or one). All the sheep go into the skilions. The shearers shear in the centre, which is large enough to leave room for the wool to be stowed away at one end. The shearers pull the sheep out of the skilions as they want them. Each

picks the worst sheep, *i.e.*, that with the least wool upon it, that happens to be at hand at the time, trying to put the best-woolled sheep, which are consequently the hardest to shear, upon someone else; and so the heaviest-woolled and largest sheep get shorn the last.

A good man will shear 100 sheep in a day, some even more; but 100 is reckoned good work. I have known 195 sheep to be shorn by one man in a day; but I fancy these must have been from an old and bare mob, and that this number of well-woolled sheep would be quite beyond one man's power. Sheep are not shorn so neatly as at home. But supposing a man has a mob of 20,000, he must get the wool off their backs as best he can without carping at an occasional snip from a sheep's carcase. If the wool is taken close off, and only now and then a sheep snipped, there will be no cause to complain.

Then follows the draying of the wool to port, and the bullocks come in for their full share of work. It is a pleasant sight to see the first load of wool start down, but a far pleasanter to see the dray returning from its last trip.

Shearing well over will be a weight off your mind. This is your most especially busy and anxious time of year, and when the wool is safely down you will be glad indeed.

It may have been a matter of question with you, Shall I wash my sheep before shearing or not? If you wash them at all, you should do it thoroughly, and take considerable pains to have them clean; otherwise you had better shear in the grease, *i.e.*, not wash. Wool in the grease weighs about one-third heavier, and consequently fetches a lower price in the market. When wool falls, moreover, the fall tells first upon greasy wool. Still, many shear in the grease, and some consider it pays them better to do so. It is a mooted point, but the general opinion is in favour of washing.

As soon as you have put up one yard, you may set to work upon a hut for yourself and men. This you will make of split wooden slabs set upright in the ground, and

nailed on to a wall-plate. You will first plant large posts at each of the corners, and one at either side every door, and four for the chimney. At the top of these you will set your wall-plates; to the wall-plates you will nail your slabs; on the inside of the slabs you will nail light rods of wood, and plaster them over with mud, having first, however, put up the roof and thatched it. Three or four men will have split the stuff and put up the hut in a fortnight. We will suppose it to be about 18 feet by 12.

By and by, as you grow richer, you may burn bricks at your leisure, and eventually build a brick house. At first, however, you must rough it.

You will set about a garden at once. You will bring up fowls at once. Pigs may wait till you have time to put up a regular stye, and to have grown potatoes enough to feed them. Two fat and well-tended pigs are worth half a dozen half-starved wretches. Such neglected brutes make a place look very untidy, and their existence will be a burden to themselves, and an eyesore to you.

In a year or two you will find yourself very comfortable. You will get a little fruit from your garden in summer, and will have a prospect of much more. You will have cows, and plenty of butter and milk and eggs; you will have pigs, and, if you choose it, bees, plenty of vegetables, and, in fact, may live upon the fat of the land, with very little trouble, and almost as little expense. If you grudge this, your fare will be rather unvaried, and will consist solely of tea, mutton, bread, and possibly potatoes. For the first year, these are all you must expect; the second will improve matters; and the third should see you surrounded with luxuries.

If you are your own shepherd, which at first is more than probable, you will find that shepherding is one of the most prosaic professions you could have adopted. Sheep will be the one idea in your mind; and as for poetry, nothing will be farther from your thoughts. Your eye will ever be straining after a distant sheep—your ears listening for a bleat—in fact, your whole attention will be directed, the whole

day long, to nothing but your flock. Were you to shepherd too long your wits would certainly go wool-gathering, even if you were not tempted to bleat. It is, however, a gloriously healthy employment.

And now, gentle reader, I wish you luck with your run. If you have tolerably good fortune, in a very short time you will be a rich man. Hoping that this may be the case, there remains nothing for me but to wish you heartily farewell.

SUPPOSE YOU WERE TO ASK YOUR WAY FROM Mr. Phillips's station to mine, I should direct you thus: "Work your way towards yonder mountain; pass underneath it between it and the lake, having the mountain on your right hand and the lake on your left; if you come upon any swamps go round them or, if you think you can, go through them; if you get stuck up by any creeks —a creek is the colonial term for a stream—you'll very likely see cattle marks, by following the creek up and down; but there is nothing there that ought to stick you up if you keep out of the big swamp at the bottom of the valley; after passing that mountain follow the lake till it ends, keeping well on the hill-side above it, and make the end of the valley, where you will come upon a high terrace above a large gully, with a very strong creek at the bottom of it; get down the terrace, where you'll see a patch of burnt ground, and follow the river-bed till it opens on to a flat; turn to your left and keep down the mountain sides that run along the Rangitata; keep well near them and so avoid the swamps; cross the Rangitata opposite where you see a large river-bed coming into it from the other side, and follow this river-bed till you see my hut some eight miles up it." Perhaps I have thus been better able to describe the nature of the travelling than by any other. If one can get anything that can be manufactured into a feature and be dignified with a name once in five or six miles, one is very lucky.

Well, we had followed these directions for some way, as far in fact as the terrace, when, the river coming into full view, I saw that the Rangitata was very high. Worse than that, I saw Mr. Phillips and a party of men who were taking a dray over to a run just on the other side of the river, and who had been prevented from crossing for ten days by the state of the water. Among them, to my horror, I recognized my cadet, whom I had left behind me with beef which he was to have taken over to my place a week and more back; whereon my mind misgave me that a poor Irishman who had been left alone at my place might be in a sore plight,

having been left with no meat and no human being within reach for a period of ten days. I don't think I should have attempted crossing the river but for this. Under the circumstances, however, I determined at once on making a push for it, and accordingly taking my two cadets with me and the unfortunate beef that was already putrescent—it had lain on the ground in a sack all the time—we started along under the hills and got opposite the place where I intended crossing by about three o'clock. I had climbed the mountain side and surveyed the river from thence before approaching the river itself. At last we were by the water's edge. Of course, I led the way, being as it were *patronus* of the expedition, and having been out some four months longer than either of my companions; still, having never crossed any of the rivers on horseback in a fresh, having never seen the Rangitata in a fresh, and being utterly unable to guess how deep any stream would take me, it may be imagined that I felt a certain amount of caution to be necessary, and accordingly, folding my watch in my pocket-handkerchief and tying it round my neck in case of having to swim for it unexpectedly, I strictly forbade the other two to stir from the bank until they saw me safely on the other side. Not that I intended to let my horse swim, in fact I had made up my mind to let my old Irishman wait a little longer rather than deliberately swim for it. My two companions were worse mounted than I was, and the rushing water might only too probably affect their heads. Mine had already become quite indifferent to it, though it had not been so at first. These two men, however, had been only a week in the settlement, and I should have deemed myself highly culpable had I allowed them to swim a river on horseback, though I am sure both would have been ready enough to do so if occasion required.

As I said before, at last we were on the water's edge; a rushing stream some sixty yards wide was the first instalment of our passage. It was about the colour and consistency of cream and soot, and how deep? I had not the remotest

idea; the only thing for it was to go in and see. So choosing a spot just above a spit and a rapid—at such spots there is sure to be a ford, if there is a ford anywhere—I walked my mare quickly into it, having perfect confidence in her, and, I believe, she having more confidence in me than some who have known me in England might suppose. In we went; in the middle of the stream the water was only a little over her belly (she is sixteen hands high); a little farther, by sitting back on my saddle and lifting my feet up I might have avoided getting them wet, had I cared to do so, but I was more intent on having the mare well in hand, and on studying the appearance of the remainder of the stream than on thinking of my own feet just then; after that the water grew shallower rapidly, and I soon had the felicity of landing my mare on the shelving shingle of the opposite bank. So far so good; I beckoned to my companions, who speedily followed, and we all then proceeded down the spit in search of a good crossing place over the next stream. We were soon beside it, and very ugly it looked. It must have been at least a hundred yards broad—I think more, but water is so deceptive that I dare not affix any certain width. I was soon in it, advancing very slowly above a slightly darker line in the water, which assured me of its being shallow for some little way; this failing, I soon found myself descending into deeper water, first over my boots for some yards, then over the top of my gaiters for some yards more. This continued so long that I was in hopes of being able to get entirely over, when suddenly the knee against which the stream came was entirely wet, and the water was rushing so furiously past me that my poor mare was leaning over tremendously. Already she had begun to snort, as horses do when they are swimming, and I knew well that my companions would have to swim for it even though I myself might have got through. So I very gently turned her head round down stream and quietly made back again for the bank which I had left. She had got nearly to the shore, and I could again detect a darker line in the water, which was

now not over her knees, when all of a sudden down she went up to her belly in a quicksand, in which she began floundering about in fine style. I was off her back and into the water that she had left in less time than it takes to write this. I should not have thought of leaving her back unless sure of my ground, for it is a canon in river crossing to stick to your horse. I pulled her gently out, and followed up the dark line to the shore where my two friends were only too glad to receive me. By the way, all this time I had had a companion in the shape of a cat in a bag, which I was taking over to my place as an antidote to the rats, which were most unpleasantly abundant there. I nursed her on the pommel of my saddle all through this last stream, and save in the episode of the quicksand she had not been in the least wet. Then, however, she did drop in for a sousing, and mewed in a manner that went to my heart. I am very fond of cats, and this one is a particularly favourable specimen. It was with great pleasure that I heard her purring through the bag, as soon as I was again mounted and had her in front of me as before.

So I failed to cross this stream there, but, determined if possible to get across the river and see whether the Irishman was alive or dead, we turned higher up the stream and by and by found a place where it divided. By carefully selecting a spot I was able to cross the first stream without the waters getting higher than my saddle-flaps, and the second scarcely over the horse's belly. After that there were two streams somewhat similar to the first, and then the dangers of the passage of the river might be considered as accomplished—the dangers, but not the difficulties. These consisted in the sluggish creeks and swampy ground thickly overgrown with Irishman, snow-grass, and spaniard, which extend on either side the river for half a mile and more. But to cut a long story short we got over these too, and then we were on the shingly river-bed which leads up to the spot on which my hut is made and my house making. This river was now a brawling torrent, hardly less dangerous to cross than the

Rangitata itself, though containing not a tithe of the water, the boulders are so large and the water so powerful. In its ordinary condition it is little more than a large brook; now, though not absolutely fresh, it was as unpleasant a place to put a horse into as one need wish. There was nothing for it, however, and we crossed and recrossed it four times without misadventure, and finally with great pleasure I perceived a twinkling light on the terrace where the hut was, which assured me at once that the old Irishman was still in the land of the living. Two or three vigorous " coo-eys " brought him down to the side of the creek which bounds my run upon one side.

As the following dialogue embodies the earliest fruits of Butler's study of the works of Charles Darwin, with whose name his own was destined in later years to be so closely connected, and thus possesses an interest apart from its intrinsic merit, a few words as to the circumstances in which it was published will not be out of place.

Butler arrived in New Zealand in October 1859, *and about the same time Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published. Shortly afterwards the book came into Butler's hands. He seems to have read it carefully, and meditated upon it. The result of his meditations took the shape of the following dialogue, which was published on* 20*th December* 1862 *in "The Press," which had been started in the town of Christchurch in May* 1861. *The dialogue did not by any means pass unnoticed. On the* 17*th January* 1863 *a leading article (of course unsigned) appeared in "The Press," under the title "Barrel-Organs," discussing Darwin's theories, and incidentally referring to Butler's dialogue. A reply to this article, signed A.M., appeared on the* 21*st February, and the correspondence was continued until the* 22*nd June* 1863. *The dialogue itself, which was unearthed from the early files of "The Press," mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. Henry Festing Jones, was reprinted, together with the correspondence that followed its publication, in "The Press" of* 8*th and* 15*th June* 1912. *Soon after the original appearance of Butler's dialogue a copy of it fell into the hands of Charles Darwin, possibly sent to him by a friend in New Zealand. Darwin was sufficiently struck by it to forward it to the editor of some magazine, which has not been identified, with the following letter:*

Down, Bromley, Kent, S.E.
March 24 [1863].

(*Private*).

Mr. Darwin takes the liberty to send by this post to the Editor a New Zealand newspaper for the very improbable chance of the Editor having some time spare space to print a Dialogue on Species. This Dialogue, written by some [*sic*] *quite unknown to Mr. Darwin, is remarkable from its spirit and from giving so clear and accurate a view of Mr. D.* [*sic*] *theory. It is also remarkable from being*

published in a colony exactly 12 *years old, in which it might have* [*sic*] *thought only material interests would have been regarded.*

The autograph of this letter was purchased from Mr. Tregaskis by Mr. Festing Jones, and subsequently presented by him to the Museum at Christchurch. The letter cannot be dated with certainty, but since Butler's dialogue was published in December 1862, *and it is at least probable that the copy of "The Press" which contained it was sent to Darwin shortly after it appeared, we may conclude with tolerable certainty that the letter was written in March* 1863. *Further light is thrown on the controversy by a correspondence which took place between Butler and Darwin in* 1865, *shortly after Butler's return to England. During that year Butler had published a pamphlet entitled "The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ as given by the Four Evangelists critically examined," of which he afterwards incorporated the substance into "The Fair Haven." Butler sent a copy of this pamphlet to Darwin, and in due course received the following reply:*

Down, Bromley, Kent.
September 30 [1865]

My dear Sir, I am much obliged to you for so kindly sending me your "Evidence, etc." We have read it with much interest. It seems to me written with much force, vigour, and clearness; and the main argument to me is quite new. I particularly agree with all you say in your preface.

I do not know whether you intend to return to New Zealand, and if you are inclined to write. I should much like to know what your future plans are.

My health has been so bad during the last five months that I have been confined to my bedroom. Had it been otherwise I would have asked you if you could spare the time to have paid us a visit; but this at present is impossible, and I fear will be so for some time.

With my best thanks for your present,
I remain,
My dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
Charles Darwin.

To this letter Butler replied as follows :

15 Clifford's Inn, E.C.
October 1st, 1865.

Dear Sir, I knew you were ill and I never meant to give you the fatigue of writing to me. Please do not trouble yourself to do so again. As you kindly ask my plans I may say that, though I very probably may return to New Zealand in three or four years, I have no intention of doing so before that time. My study is art, and anything else I may indulge in is only by-play ; it may cause you some little wonder that at my age I should have started as an art student, and I may perhaps be permitted to explain that this was always my wish for years, that I had begun six years ago, as soon as ever I found that I could not conscientiously take orders ; my father so strongly disapproved of the idea that I gave it up and went out to New Zealand, stayed there for five years, worked like a common servant, though on a run of my own, and sold out little more than a year ago, thinking that prices were going to fall—which they have since done. Being then rather at a loss what to do and my capital being all locked up, I took the opportunity to return to my old plan, and have been studying for the last twelve months unremittingly. I hope that in three or four years more I shall be able to go very well by myself, and then I may go back to New Zealand or no as circumstances shall seem to render advisable. I must apologise for so much detail, but hardly knew how to explain myself without it.

I always delighted in your "Origin of Species" as soon as I saw it out in New Zealand—not as knowing anything whatsoever of natural history, but it enters into so many deeply interesting questions, or rather it suggests so many, that it thoroughly fascinated me. I therefore feel all the greater pleasure that my pamphlet should please you, however full of errors it may be.

The first dialogue on the "Origin" which I wrote in "The Press" called forth a contemptuous rejoinder from (I believe) the Bishop of Wellington—(please do not mention the name, though I think that at this distance of space and time I might mention it to yourself) —I answered it with the enclosed, which may amuse you. I assumed another character because my dialogue was in my hearing very

severely criticised by two or three whose opinion I thought worth having, and I deferred to their judgement in my next. I do not think I should do so now. I fear you will be shocked at an appeal to the periodicals mentioned in my letter, but they form a very staple article of bush diet, and we used to get a good deal of superficial knowledge out of them. I feared to go in too heavy on the side of the "Origin," because I thought that, having said my say as well as I could, I had better now take a less impassioned tone; but I was really exceedingly angry.

Please do not trouble yourself to answer this, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

S. Butler.

This elicited a second letter from Darwin:

Down, Bromley, Kent.
October 6.

My dear Sir, I thank you sincerely for your kind and frank letter, which has interested me greatly. What a singular and varied career you have already run. Did you keep any journal or notes in New Zealand? For it strikes me that with your rare powers of writing you might make a very interesting work descriptive of a colonist's life in New Zealand.

I return your printed letter, which you might like to keep. It has amused me, especially the part in which you criticise yourself. To appreciate the latter part fully I ought to have read the bishop's letter, which seems to have been very rich.

You tell me not to answer your note, but I could not resist the wish to thank you for your letter.

With every good wish, believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Ch. Darwin.

It is curious that in this correspondence Darwin makes no reference to the fact that he had already had in his possession a copy of Butler's dialogue and had endeavoured to induce the editor of an English periodical to reprint it. It is possible that we have not here the whole of the correspondence which passed between Darwin

and Butler at this period, and this theory is supported by the fact that Butler seems to take for granted that Darwin knew all about the appearance of the original dialogue on the "Origin of Species" in "The Press." Enough, however, has been given to explain the correspondence which the publication of the dialogue occasioned. I do not know what authority Butler had for supposing that Charles John Abraham, Bishop of Wellington, was the author of the article entitled "Barrel-Organs," and the "Savoyard" of the subsequent controversy. However, at that time Butler was deep in the counsels of "The Press," and he may have received private information on the subject. Butler's own reappearance over the initials A.M. is sufficiently explained in his letter to Darwin.

It is worth observing that Butler appears in the dialogue and ensuing correspondence in a character very different from that which he was later to assume. Here we have him as an ardent supporter of Charles Darwin, and adopting a contemptuous tone with regard to the claims of Erasmus Darwin to have sown the seed which was afterwards raised to maturity by his grandson. It would be interesting to know if it was this correspondence that first turned Butler's attention seriously to the works of the older evolutionists and ultimately led to the production of "Evolution, Old and New," in which the indebtedness of Charles Darwin to Erasmus Darwin, Buffon, and Lamarck is demonstrated with such compelling force.

DARWIN ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES[1]: A DIALOGUE

F. SO YOU HAVE FINISHED DARWIN? WELL, HOW did you like him?

C. You cannot expect me to like him. He is so hard and logical, and he treats his subject with such an intensity of dry reasoning without giving himself the loose rein for a single moment from one end of the book to the other, that I must confess I have found it a great effort to read him through.

F. But I fancy that, if you are to be candid, you will admit that the fault lies rather with yourself than with the book.

[1] From *The Press*, 20th December 1862.

Your knowledge of natural history is so superficial that you are constantly baffled by terms of which you do not understand the meaning, and in which you consequently lose all interest. I admit, however, that the book is hard and laborious reading; and, moreover, that the writer appears to have predetermined from the commencement to reject all ornament, and simply to argue from beginning to end, from point to point, till he conceived that he had made his case sufficiently clear.

C. I agree with you, and I do not like his book partly on that very account. He seems to have no eye but for the single point at which he is aiming.

F. But is not that a great virtue in a writer?

C. A great virtue, but a cold and hard one.

F. In my opinion it is a grave and wise one. Moreover, I conceive that the judicial calmness which so strongly characterizes the whole book, the absence of all passion, the air of extreme and anxious caution which pervades it throughout, are rather the result of training and artificially acquired self-restraint than symptoms of a cold and unimpassioned nature; at any rate, whether the lawyer-like faculty of swearing both sides of a question and attaching the full value to both is acquired or natural in Darwin's case, you will admit that such a habit of mind is essential for any really valuable and scientific investigation.

C. I admit it. Science is all head–she has no heart at all.

F. You are right. But a man of science may be a man of other things besides science, and though he may have, and ought to have no heart during a scientific investigation, yet when he has once come to a conclusion he may be hearty enough in support of it, and in his other capacities may be of as warm a temperament as even you can desire.

C. I tell you I do not like the book.

F. May I catechize you a little upon it?

C. To your heart's content.

F. Firstly, then, I will ask you what is the one great

impression that you have derived from reading it; or, rather, what do you think to be the main impression that Darwin wanted you to derive?

C. Why, I should say some such thing as the following—that men are descended from monkeys, and monkeys from something else, and so on back to dogs and horses and hedge-sparrows and pigeons and cinipedes (what is a cinipede?) and cheesemites, and then through the plants down to duck-weed.

F. You express the prevalent idea concerning the book, which as you express it appears nonsensical enough.

C. How, then, should you express it yourself?

F. Hand me the book and I will read it to you through from beginning to end, for to express it more briefly than Darwin himself has done is almost impossible.

C. That is nonsense; as you asked me what impression I derived from the book, so now I ask you, and I charge you to answer me.

F. Well, I assent to the justice of your demand, but I shall comply with it by requiring your assent to a few principal statements deducible from the work.

C. So be it.

F. You will grant then, firstly, that all plants and animals increase very rapidly, and that unless they were in some manner checked, the world would soon be overstocked. Take cats, for instance; see with what rapidity they breed on the different runs in this province where there is little or nothing to check them; or even take the more slowly breeding sheep, and see how soon 500 ewes become 5,000 sheep under favourable circumstances. Suppose this sort of thing to go on for a hundred million years or so, and where would be the standing room for all the different plants and animals that would be now existing, did they not materially check each other's increase, or were they not liable in some way to be checked by other causes? Remember the quail; how plentiful they were until the cats came with the settlers from Europe. Why were they so abundant?

Simply because they had plenty to eat, and could get sufficient shelter from the hawks to multiply freely. The cats came, and tussocks stood the poor little creatures in but poor stead. The cats increased and multiplied because they had plenty of food and no natural enemy to check them. Let them wait a year or two, till they have materially reduced the larks also, as they have long since reduced the quail, and let them have to depend solely upon occasional dead lambs and sheep, and they will find a certain rather formidable natural enemy called Famine rise slowly but inexorably against them and slaughter them wholesale. The first proposition then to which I demand your assent is that all plants and animals tend to increase in a high geometrical ratio; that they all endeavour to get that which is necessary for their own welfare; that, as unfortunately there are conflicting interests in Nature, collisions constantly occur between different animals and plants, whereby the rate of increase of each species is very materially checked. Do you admit this?

C. Of course; it is obvious.

F. You admit then that there is in Nature a perpetual warfare of plant, of bird, of beast, of fish, of reptile; that each is striving selfishly for its own advantage, and will get what it wants if it can.

C. If what?

F. If it can. How comes it then that sometimes it cannot? Simply because all are not of equal strength, and the weaker must go to the wall.

C. You seem to gloat over your devilish statement.

F. Gloat or no gloat, is it true or no? I am not one of those

> "Who would unnaturally better Nature
> By making out that that which is, is not."

If the law of Nature is "struggle," it is better to look the matter in the face and adapt yourself to the conditions of your existence. Nature will not bow to you, neither will you mend matters by patting her on the back and telling

her that she is not so black as she is painted. My dear fellow, my dear sentimental friend, do you eat roast beef or roast mutton?

C. Drop that chaff and go back to the matter in hand.

F. To continue then with the cats. Famine comes and tests them, so to speak; the weaker, the less active, the less cunning, and the less enduring cats get killed off, and only the strongest and smartest cats survive; there will be no favouritism shown to animals in a state of Nature; they will be weighed in the balance, and the weight of a hair will sometimes decide whether they shall be found wanting or no. This being the case, the cats having been thus naturally culled and the stronger having been preserved, there will be a gradual tendency to improve manifested among the cats, even as among our own mobs of sheep careful culling tends to improve the flock.

C. This, too, is obvious.

F. Extend this to all animals and plants, and the same thing will hold good concerning them all. I shall now change the ground and demand assent to another statement. You know that though the offspring of all plants and animals is in the main like the parent, yet that in almost every instance slight deviations occur, and that sometimes there is even considerable divergence from the parent type. It must also be admitted that these slight variations are often, or at least sometimes, capable of being perpetuated by inheritance. Indeed, it is only in consequence of this fact that our sheep and cattle have been capable of so much improvement.

C. I admit this.

F. Then the whole matter lies in a nutshell. Suppose that hundreds of millions of years ago there existed upon this earth a single primordial form of the very lowest life, or suppose that three or four such primordial forms existed. Change of climate, of food, of any of the circumstances which surrounded any member of this first and lowest class of life would tend to alter it in some slight manner, and the alteration would have a tendency to perpetuate itself by

inheritance. Many failures would doubtless occur, but with the lapse of time slight deviations would undoubtedly become permanent and inheritable, those alone being perpetuated which were beneficial to individuals in whom they appeared. Repeat the process with each deviation and we shall again obtain divergences (in the course of ages) differing more strongly from the ancestral form, and again those that enable their possessor to struggle for existence most efficiently will be preserved. Repeat this process for millions and millions of years, and, as it is impossible to assign any limit to variability, it would seem as though the present diversities of species must certainly have come about sooner or later, and that other divergences will continue to come about to the end of time. The great agent in this development of life has been competition. This has culled species after species, and secured that those alone should survive which were best fitted for the conditions by which they found themselves surrounded. Endeavour to take a bird's-eye view of the whole matter. See battle after battle, first in one part of the world, then in another, sometimes raging more fiercely and sometimes less; even as in human affairs war has always existed in some part of the world from the earliest known periods, and probably always will exist. While a species is conquering in one part of the world it is being subdued in another, and while its conquerors are indulging in their triumph down comes the fiat for their being culled and drafted out, some to life and some to death, and so forth *ad infinitum*.

C. It is very horrid.

F. No more horrid than that you should eat roast mutton or boiled beef.

C. But it is utterly subversive of Christianity; for if this theory is true the fall of man is entirely fabulous; and if the fall, then the redemption, these two being inseparably bound together.

F. My dear friend, there I am not bound to follow you. I believe in Christianity, and I believe in Darwin. The two

appear irreconcilable. My answer to those who accuse me of inconsistency is, that both being undoubtedly true, the one must be reconcilable with the other, and that the impossibility of reconciling them must be only apparent and temporary, not real. The reconciliation will never be effected by planing a little off the one and a little off the other and then gluing them together with glue. People will not stand this sort of dealing, and the rejection of the one truth or of the other is sure to follow upon any such attempt being persisted in. The true course is to use the freest candour in the acknowledgment of the difficulty; to estimate precisely its real value, and obtain a correct knowledge of its precise form. Then and then only is there a chance of any satisfactory result being obtained. For unless the exact nature of the difficulty be known first, who can attempt to remove it? Let me re-state the matter once again. All animals and plants in a state of Nature are undergoing constant competition for the necessaries of life. Those that can hold their ground hold it; those that cannot hold it are destroyed. But as it also happens that slight changes of food, of habit, of climate, of circumjacent accident, and so forth, produce a slight tendency to vary in the offspring of any plant or animal, it follows that among these slight variations some may be favourable to the individual in whom they appear, and may place him in a better position than his fellows as regards the enemies with whom his interests come into collision. In this case he will have a better chance of surviving than his fellows; he will thus stand also a better chance of continuing the species, and in his offspring his own slight divergence from the parent type will be apt to appear. However slight the divergence, if it be beneficial to the individual it is likely to preserve the individual and to reappear in his offspring, and this process may be repeated *ad infinitum*. Once grant these two things, and the rest is a mere matter of time and degree. That the immense differences between the camel and the pig should have come about in six thousand years is not believable; but in six hundred

million years it is not incredible, more especially when we consider that by the assistance of geology a very perfect chain has been formed between the two. Let this instance suffice. Once grant the principles, once grant that competition is a great power in Nature, and that changes of circumstances and habits produce a tendency to variation in the offspring (no matter how slight such variation may be), and unless you can define the possible limit of such variation during an infinite series of generations, unless you can show that there is a limit, and that Darwin's theory oversteps it, you have no right to reject his conclusions. As for the objections to the theory, Darwin has treated them with admirable candour, and our time is too brief to enter into them here. My recommendation to you is that you should read the book again.

C. Thank you, but for my own part I confess to caring very little whether my millionth ancestor was a gorilla or no; and as Darwin's book does not please me, I shall not trouble myself further about the matter.

BARREL-ORGANS [1]

DUGALD STEWART in his *Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysics* says: "On reflecting on the repeated reproduction of ancient paradoxes by modern authors one is almost tempted to suppose that human invention is limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes."

It would be a very amusing and instructive task for a man of reading and reflection to note down the instances he meets with of these old tunes coming up again and again in regular succession with hardly any change of note, and with all the old hitches and involuntary squeaks that the barrel-organ had played in days gone by. It is most amusing to see the old quotations repeated year after year and volume after volume, till at last some more careful enquirer turns to the passage referred to and finds that they have all been taken in and have followed the lead of the first daring inventor

[1] From *The Press*, 17th January 1863.

of the mis-statement. Hallam has had the courage, in the supplement to his *History of the Middle Ages*, p. 398, to acknowledge an error of this sort that he has been led into.

But the particular instance of barrel-organism that is present to our minds just now is the Darwinian theory of the development of species by natural selection, of which we hear so much. This is nothing new, but a *réchauffée* of the old story that his namesake, Dr. Darwin, served up in the end of the last century to Priestley and his admirers, and Lord Monboddo had cooked in the beginning of the same century. We have all heard of his theory that man was developed directly from the monkey, and that we all lost our tails by sitting too much upon that appendage.

We learn from that same great and cautious writer Hallam in his *History of Literature* that there are traces of this theory and of other popular theories of the present day in the works of Giordano Bruno, the Neapolitan who was burnt at Rome by the Inquisition in 1600. It is curious to read the titles of his works and to think of Dugald Stewart's remark about barrel-organs. For instance, he wrote on "The Plurality of Worlds," and on the universal "Monad," a name familiar enough to the readers of *Vestiges of Creation*. He was a Pantheist, and, as Hallam says, borrowed all his theories from the eclectic philosophers, from Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists, and ultimately they were no doubt of Oriental origin. This is just what has been shown again and again to be the history of German Pantheism; it is a mere barrel-organ repetition of the Brahman metaphysics found in Hindu cosmogonies. Bruno's theory regarding development of species was in Hallam's words: "There is nothing so small or so unimportant but that a portion of spirit dwells in it; and this spiritual substance requires a proper subject to become a plant or an animal"; and Hallam in a note on this passage observes how the modern theories of equivocal generation correspond with Bruno's.

No doubt Hallam is right in saying that they are all of

Oriental origin. Pythagoras borrowed from thence his kindred theory of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. But he was more consistent than modern philosophers; he recognized a downward development as well as an upward, and made morality and immorality the crisis and turning-point of change—a bold lion developed into a brave warrior, a drunken sot developed into a wallowing pig, and Darwin's slave-making ants, p. 219, would have been formerly Virginian cotton and tobacco growers.

Perhaps Prometheus was the first Darwin of antiquity, for he is said to have begun his creation from below, and after passing from the invertebrate to the sub-vertebrate, from thence to the backbone, from the backbone to the mammalia, and from the mammalia to the manco-cerebral, he compounded man of each and all:

> "Fertur Prometheus addere principi
> Limo coactus particulam undique
> Desectam et insani leonis
> Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro."

One word more about barrel-organs. We have heard on the undoubted authority of ear and eye-witnesses, that in a neighbouring province there is a church where the psalms are sung to a barrel-organ, but unfortunately the psalm tunes come in the middle of the set, and the jigs and waltzes have to be played through before the psalm can start. Just so is it with Darwinism and all similar theories. All his fantasias, as we saw in a late article, are made to come round at last to religious questions, with which really and truly they have nothing to do, but were it not for their supposed effect upon religion, no one would waste his time in reading about the possibility of Polar bears swimming about and catching flies so long that they at last get the fins they wish for.

DARWIN ON SPECIES [1]

To the Editor of *The Press*.

SIR, In two of your numbers you have already taken notice of Darwin's theory of the origin of species; I would venture to trespass upon your space in order to criticize briefly both your notices.

The first is evidently the composition of a warm adherent of the theory in question; the writer overlooks all the real difficulties in the way of accepting it, and, caught by the obvious truth of much that Darwin says, has rushed to the conclusion that all is equally true. He writes with the tone of a partisan, of one deficient in scientific caution, and from the frequent repetition of the same ideas manifest in his dialogue one would be led to suspect that he was but little versed in habits of literary composition and philosophical argument. Yet he may fairly claim the merit of having written in earnest. He has treated a serious subject seriously according to his lights; and though his lights are not brilliant ones, yet he has apparently done his best to show the theory on which he is writing in its most favourable aspect. He is rash, evidently well satisfied with himself, very possibly mistaken, and just one of those persons who (without intending it) are more apt to mislead than to lead the few people that put their trust in them. A few will always follow them, for a strong faith is always more or less impressive upon persons who are too weak to have any definite and original faith of their own. The second writer, however, assumes a very different tone. His arguments to all practical intents and purposes run as follows:

Old fallacies are constantly recurring. Therefore Darwin's theory is a fallacy.

They come again and again, like tunes in a barrel-organ. Therefore Darwin's theory is a fallacy.

Hallam made a mistake, and in his *History of the Middle*

[1] From *The Press*, 21st February 1863.

Ages, p. 398, he corrects himself. Therefore Darwin's theory is wrong.

Dr. Darwin in the last century said the same thing as his son or grandson says now—will the writer of the article refer to anything bearing on natural selection and the struggle for existence in Dr. Darwin's work?—and a foolish nobleman said something foolish about monkeys' tails. Therefore Darwin's theory is wrong.

Giordano Bruno was burnt in the year 1600 A.D.; he was a Pantheist; therefore Darwin's theory is wrong.

And finally, as a clinching argument, in one of the neighbouring settlements there is a barrel-organ which plays its psalm tunes in the middle of its jigs and waltzes. After this all lingering doubts concerning the falsehood of Darwin's theory must be at an end, and any person of ordinary common sense must admit that the theory of development by natural selection is unwarranted by experience and reason.

The articles conclude with an implied statement that Darwin supposes the Polar bear to swim about catching flies for so long a period that at last it gets the fins it wishes for.

Now, however sceptical I may yet feel about the truth of all Darwin's theory, I cannot sit quietly by and see him misrepresented in such a scandalously slovenly manner. What Darwin does say is that sometimes diversified and changed habits may be observed in individuals of the same species; that is, that there are eccentric animals just as there are eccentric men. He adduces a few instances and winds up by saying that " in North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth, thus catching—almost like a whale—insects in the water." This and nothing more. (See pp. 201 and 202.)

Because Darwin says that a bear of rather eccentric habits happened to be seen by Hearne swimming for hours and catching insects almost like a whale, your writer (with a carelessness hardly to be reprehended in sufficiently strong terms) asserts by implication that Darwin supposes the whale

to be developed from the bear by the latter having had a strong desire to possess fins. This is disgraceful.

I can hardly be mistaken in supposing that I have quoted the passage your writer alludes to. Should I be in error, I trust he will give the reference to the place in which Darwin is guilty of the nonsense that is fathered upon him in your article.

It must be remembered that there have been few great inventions in physics or discoveries in science which have not been foreshadowed to a certain extent by speculators who were indeed mistaken, but were yet more or less on the right scent. Day is heralded by dawn, Apollo by Aurora, and thus it often happens that a real discovery may wear to the careless observer much the same appearance as an exploded fallacy, whereas in fact it is widely different. As much caution is due in the rejection of a theory as in the acceptation of it. The first of your writers is too hasty in accepting, the second in refusing even a candid examination.

Now, when *The Saturday Review*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, *Once a Week*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*, not to mention other periodicals, have either actually and completely as in the case of the first two, provisionally as in the last mentioned, given their adherence to the theory in question, it may be taken for granted that the arguments in its favour are sufficiently specious to have attracted the attention and approbation of a considerable number of well-educated men in England. Three months ago the theory of development by natural selection was openly supported by Professor Huxley before the British Association at Cambridge. I am not adducing Professor Huxley's advocacy as a proof that Darwin is right (indeed, Owen opposed him tooth and nail), but as a proof that there is sufficient to be said on Darwin's side to demand more respectful attention than your last writer has thought it worth while to give it. A theory which the British Association is discussing with great care in England is not to be set down by offhand nicknames in Canterbury.

To those, however, who do feel an interest in the question, I would venture to give a word or two of advice. I would strongly deprecate forming a hurried opinion for or against the theory. Naturalists in Europe are canvassing the matter with the utmost diligence, and a few years must show whether they will accept the theory or no. It is plausible; that can be decided by any one. Whether it is true or no can be decided only among naturalists themselves. We are outsiders, and most of us must be content to sit on the stairs till the great men come forth and give us the benefit of their opinion.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

A.M.

DARWIN ON SPECIES [1]

To the Editor of *The Press*.

SIR, A correspondent signing himself "A.M." in the issue of February 21st says: "Will the writer (of an article on barrel-organs) refer to anything bearing upon natural selection and the struggle for existence in Dr. Darwin's work?" This is one of the trade forms by which writers imply that there is no such passage, and yet leave a loophole if they are proved wrong. I will, however, furnish him with a passage from the notes of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*:

"I am acquainted with a philosopher who, contemplating this subject, thinks it not impossible that the first insects were anthers or stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosed themselves from their parent plant; and that many insects have gradually in long process of time been formed from these, some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws, from their ceaseless efforts to procure their food or to secure themselves from injury. The anthers or stigmas are therefore separate beings."

[1] From *The Press*, 14th March 1863.

This passage contains the germ of Mr. Charles Darwin's theory of the origin of species by natural selection:

"Analogy would lead me to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from one prototype."

Here are a few specimens, his illustrations of the theory:

"There seems to me no great difficulty in believing that natural selection has actually converted a swim-bladder into a lung or organ used exclusively for respiration." "A swim-bladder has apparently been converted into an air-breathing lung." "We must be cautious in concluding that a bat could not have been formed by natural selection from an animal which at first could only glide through the air." "I can see no insuperable difficulty in further believing it possible that the membrane-connected fingers and forearm of the galeopithecus might be greatly lengthened by natural selection, and this, as far as the organs of flight are concerned, would convert it into a bat." "The framework of bones being the same in the hand of a man, wing of a bat, fin of a porpoise, and leg of a horse, the same number of vertebrae forming the neck of the giraffe and of the elephant, and innumerable other such facts, at once explain themselves on the theory of descent with slow and slight successive modifications."

I do not mean to go through your correspondent's letter, otherwise "I could hardly reprehend in sufficiently strong terms" (and all that sort of thing) the perversion of what I said about Giordano Bruno. But "ex uno disce omnes"—I am, etc.,

"THE SAVOYARD."

DARWIN ON SPECIES [1]

To the Editor of *The Press*.

SIR, The "Savoyard" of last Saturday has shown that he has perused Darwin's *Botanic Garden* with greater attention than myself. I am obliged to him for his correction of my

[1] From *The Press*, 18th March, 1863.

carelessness, and have not the smallest desire to make use of any loopholes to avoid being "proved wrong." Let, then, the "Savoyard's" assertion that Dr. Darwin had to a certain extent forestalled Mr. C. Darwin stand, and let my implied denial that in the older Darwin's works passages bearing on natural selection, or the struggle for existence, could be found, go for nought, or rather let it be set down against me.

What follows? Has the "Savoyard" (supposing him to be the author of the article on barrel-organs) adduced one particle of real argument the more to show that the real Darwin's theory is wrong?

The elder Darwin writes in a note that "he is acquainted with a philosopher who thinks it not impossible that the first insects were the anthers or stigmas of flowers, which by some means, etc., etc." This is mere speculation, not a definite theory, and though the passage above as quoted by the "Savoyard" certainly does contain the germ of Darwin's theory, what is it more than the crudest and most unshapen germ? And in what conceivable way does this discovery of the egg invalidate the excellence of the chicken?

Was there ever a great theory yet which was not more or less developed from previous speculations which were all to a certain extent wrong, and all ridiculed, perhaps not undeservedly, at the time of their appearance? There is a wide difference between a speculation and a theory. A speculation involves the notion of a man climbing into a lofty position, and descrying a somewhat remote object which he cannot fully make out. A theory implies that the theorist has looked long and steadfastly till he is clear in his own mind concerning the nature of the thing which he is beholding. I submit that the "Savoyard" has unfairly made use of the failure of certain speculations in order to show that a distinct theory is untenable.

Let it be granted that Darwin's theory has been foreshadowed by numerous previous writers. Grant the "Savoyard" his Giordano Bruno, and give full weight to

the barrel-organ in a neighbouring settlement, I would still ask, has the theory of natural development of species ever been placed in anything approaching its present clear and connected form before the appearance of Mr. Darwin's book? Has it ever received the full attention of the scientific world as a duly organized theory, one presented in a tangible shape and demanding investigation, as the conclusion arrived at by a man of known scientific attainments after years of patient toil? The upshot of the barrel-organs article was to answer this question in the affirmative and to pooh-pooh all further discussion.

It would be mere presumption on my part either to attack or defend Darwin, but my indignation was roused at seeing him misrepresented and treated disdainfully. I would wish, too, that the "Savoyard" would have condescended to notice that little matter of the bear. I have searched my copy of Darwin again and again to find anything relating to the subject except what I have quoted in my previous letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A.M.

DARWIN ON SPECIES [1]

To the Editor of *The Press*.

SIR, Your correspondent "A.M." is pertinacious on the subject of the bear being changed into a whale, which I said Darwin contemplated as not impossible. I did not take the trouble in my former letter to answer him on that point, as his language was so intemperate. He has modified his tone in his last letter, and really seems open to the conviction that he may be the "careless" writer after all; and so on reflection I have determined to give him the opportunity of doing me justice.

In his letter of 21st February he says: "I cannot sit by and see Darwin misrepresented in such a scandalously slovenly manner. What Darwin does say is that SOMETIMES diversified and changed habits may be observed in individuals

[1] From *The Press*, 11th April 1863.

of the same species; that is, that there are certain eccentric animals as there are certain eccentric men. He adduces a few instances, and winds up by saying that 'in North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth, thus catching, ALMOST LIKE A WHALE, insects in the water.' THIS, AND NOTHING MORE, pp. 201, 202."

Then follows a passage about my carelessness, which (he says) is hardly to be reprehended in sufficiently strong terms, and he ends with saying: " This is disgraceful."

Now you may well suppose that I was a little puzzled at the seeming audacity of a writer who should adopt this style, when the words which follow his quotation from Darwin are (in the edition from which I quoted) as follows: " Even in so extreme a case as this, if the supply of insects were constant, and if better adapted competitors did not already exist in the country, I can see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered by natural selection more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale."

Now this passage was a remarkable instance of the idea that I was illustrating in the article on " Barrel-organs," because Buffon in his *Histoire Naturelle* had conceived a theory of degeneracy (the exact converse of Darwin's theory of ascension) by which the bear might pass into a seal, and that into a whale. Trusting now to the fairness of " A.M." I leave to him to say whether he has quoted from the same edition as I have, and whether the additional words I have quoted are in his edition, and if so whether he has not been guilty of a great injustice to me; and if they are not in his edition, whether he has not been guilty of great haste and " carelessness " in taking for granted that I have acted in so " disgraceful " a manner.

I am, Sir, etc.,
" The Savoyard," or player
on Barrel-organs.

(The paragraph in question has been the occasion of much discussion. The only edition in our hands is the third, seventh thousand, which contains the paragraph as quoted by "A.M." We have heard that it is different in earlier editions, but have not been able to find one. The difference between "A.M." and "The Savoyard" is clearly one of different editions. Darwin appears to have been ashamed of the inconsequent inference suggested, and to have withdrawn it.—Ed. *The Press*.)

DARWIN ON SPECIES [1]

To the Editor of *The Press*.

SIR, I extract the following from an article in *The Saturday Review* of 10th January 1863, on the vertebrated animals of the Zoological Gardens:

"As regards the ducks, for example, inter-breeding goes on to a very great extent among nearly all the genera, which are well represented in the collection. We think it unfortunate that the details of these crosses have not hitherto been made public. The Zoological Society has existed about thirty-five years, and we imagine that evidence must have been accumulated almost enough to make or mar that part of Mr. Darwin's well-known argument which rests on what is known of the phenomena of hybridism. The present list reveals only one fact bearing on the subject, but that is a noteworthy one, for it completely overthrows the commonly accepted theory that the mixed offspring of different species are infertile *inter se*. At page 15 (of the list of vertebrated animals living in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, Longman and Co., 1862) we find enumerated three examples of hybrids between two perfectly distinct species, and even, according to modern classification, between two distinct genera of ducks, for three or four generations. There can be little doubt that a series of researches in this branch of experimental physiology, which might be carried

[1] From *The Press*, 22nd June 1863.

on at no great loss, would place zoologists in a far better position with regard to a subject which is one of the most interesting if not one of the most important in natural history."

I fear that both you and your readers will be dead sick of Darwin, but the above is worthy of notice. My compliments to the "Savoyard."

Your obedient servant,

17th May.

A.M.

"Darwin Among the Machines" originally appeared in the Christchurch "Press," 13th June 1863. It was reprinted by Mr. Festing Jones in his edition of "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler" (1912), with a prefatory note pointing out its connection with the genesis of "Erewhon," to which readers desirous of further information may be referred.

To the Editor of *The Press*, Christchurch, New Zealand,
13th June 1863.

SIR,

THERE ARE FEW THINGS OF WHICH THE present generation is more justly proud than of the wonderful improvements which are daily taking place in all sorts of mechanical appliances. And indeed it is matter for great congratulation on many grounds. It is unnecessary to mention these here, for they are sufficiently obvious; our present business lies with considerations which may somewhat tend to humble our pride and to make us think seriously of the future prospects of the human race. If we revert to the earliest primordial types of mechanical life, to the lever, the wedge, the inclined plane, the screw, and the pulley, or (for analogy would lead us one step further) to that one primordial type from which all the mechanical kingdom has been developed, we mean to the lever itself, and if we then examine the machinery of the *Great Eastern*, we find ourselves almost awestruck at the vast development of the mechanical world, at the gigantic strides with which it has advanced in comparison with the slow progress of the animal and vegetable kingdom. We shall find it impossible to refrain from asking ourselves what the end of this mighty movement is to be. In what direction is it tending? What will be its upshot? To give a few imperfect hints towards a solution of these questions is the object of the present letter.

We have used the words "mechanical life," "the mechanical kingdom," "the mechanical world," and so forth, and we have done so advisedly, for as the vegetable kingdom was slowly developed from the mineral, and as in like

manner the animal supervened upon the vegetable, so now in these last few ages an entirely new kingdom has sprung up, of which we as yet have only seen what will one day be considered the antediluvian prototypes of the race.

We regret deeply that our knowledge both of natural history and of machinery is too small to enable us to undertake the gigantic task of classifying machines into the genera and sub-genera, species, varieties and sub-varieties, and so forth, of tracing the connecting links between machines of widely different characters, of pointing out how subservience to the use of man has played that part among machines which natural selection has performed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, of pointing out rudimentary organs [1] which exist in some few machines, feebly developed and perfectly useless, yet serving to mark descent from some ancestral type which has either perished or been modified into some new phase of mechanical existence. We can only point out this field for investigation; it must be followed by others whose education and talents have been of a much higher order than any which we can lay claim to.

Some few hints we have determined to venture upon,

[1] We were asked by a learned brother philosopher who saw this article in MS. what we meant by alluding to rudimentary organs in machines. Could we, he asked, give any example of such organs? We pointed to the little protuberance at the bottom of the bowl of our tobacco pipe. This organ was originally designed for the same purpose as the rim at the bottom of a tea-cup, which is but another form of the same function. Its purpose was to keep the heat of the pipe from marking the table on which it rested. Originally, as we have seen in very early tobacco pipes, this protuberance was of a very different shape to what it is now. It was broad at the bottom and flat, so that while the pipe was being smoked the bowl might rest upon the table. Use and disuse have here come into play and served to reduce the function to its present rudimentary condition. That these rudimentary organs are rarer in machinery than in animal life is owing to the more prompt action of the human selection as compared with the slower but even surer operation of natural selection. Man may make mistakes; in the long run nature never does so. We have only given an imperfect example, but the intelligent reader will supply himself with illustrations.

though we do so with the profoundest diffidence. Firstly, we would remark that as some of the lowest of the vertebrata attained a far greater size than has descended to their more highly organized living representatives, so a diminution in the size of machines has often attended their development and progress. Take the watch for instance. Examine the beautiful structure of the little animal, watch the intelligent play of the minute members which compose it; yet this little creature is but a development of the cumbrous clocks of the thirteenth century—it is no deterioration from them. The day may come when clocks, which certainly at the present day are not diminishing in bulk, may be entirely superseded by the universal use of watches, in which case clocks will become extinct like the earlier saurians, while the watch (whose tendency has for some years been rather to decrease in size than the contrary) will remain the only existing type of an extinct race.

The views of machinery which we are thus feebly indicating will suggest the solution of one of the greatest and most mysterious questions of the day. We refer to the question: What sort of creature man's next successor in the supremacy of the earth is likely to be. We have often heard this debated; but it appears to us that we are ourselves creating our own successors; we are daily adding to the beauty and delicacy of their physical organization; we are daily giving them greater power and supplying by all sorts of ingenious contrivances that self-regulating, self-acting power which will be to them what intellect has been to the human race. In the course of ages we shall find ourselves the inferior race. Inferior in power, inferior in that moral quality of self-control, we shall look up to them as the acme of all that the best and wisest man can ever dare to aim at. No evil passions, no jealousy, no avarice, no impure desires will disturb the serene might of those glorious creatures. Sin, shame, and sorrow will have no place among them Their minds will be in a state of perpetual calm, the contentment of a spirit that knows no wants, is disturbed by no

regrets. Ambition will never torture them. Ingratitude will never cause them the uneasiness of a moment. The guilty conscience, the hope deferred, the pains of exile, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes—these will be entirely unknown to them. If they want " feeding " (by the use of which very word we betray our recognition of them as living organism) they will be attended by patient slaves whose business and interest it will be to see that they shall want for nothing. If they are out of order they will be promptly attended to by physicians who are thoroughly acquainted with their constitutions; if they die, for even these glorious animals will not be exempt from that necessary and universal consummation, they will immediately enter into a new phase of existence, for what machine dies entirely in every part at one and the same instant?

We take it that when the state of things shall have arrived which we have been above attempting to describe, man will have become to the machine what the horse and the dog are to man. He will continue to exist, nay even to improve, and will be probably better off in his state of domestication under the beneficent rule of the machines than he is in his present wild state. We treat our horses, dogs, cattle, and sheep, on the whole, with great kindness; we give them whatever experience teaches us to be best for them, and there can be no doubt that our use of meat has added to the happiness of the lower animals far more than it has detracted from it; in like manner it is reasonable to suppose that the machines will treat us kindly, for their existence is as dependent upon ours as ours is upon the lower animals. They cannot kill us and eat us as we do sheep; they will not only require our services in the parturition of their young (which branch of their economy will remain always in our hands), but also in feeding them, in setting them right when they are sick, and burying their dead or working up their corpses into new machines. It is obvious that if all the animals in Great Britain save man alone were to die, and if at the same time

all intercourse with foreign countries were by some sudden catastrophe to be rendered perfectly impossible, it is obvious that under such circumstances the loss of human life would be something fearful to contemplate—in like manner were mankind to cease, the machines would be as badly off or even worse. The fact is that our interests are inseparable from theirs, and theirs from ours. Each race is dependent upon the other for innumerable benefits, and, until the reproductive organs of the machines have been developed in a manner which we are hardly yet able to conceive, they are entirely dependent upon man for even the continuance of their species. It is true that these organs may be ultimately developed, inasmuch as man's interest lies in that direction; there is nothing which our infatuated race would desire more than to see a fertile union between two steam engines; it is true that machinery is even at this present time employed in begetting machinery, in becoming the parent of machines often after its own kind, but the days of flirtation, courtship, and matrimony appear to be very remote, and indeed can hardly be realized by our feeble and imperfect imagination.

Day by day, however, the machines are gaining ground upon us; day by day we are becoming more subservient to them; more men are daily bound down as slaves to tend them, more men are daily devoting the energies of their whole lives to the development of mechanical life. The upshot is simply a question of time, but that the time will come when the machines will hold the real supremacy over the world and its inhabitants is what no person of a truly philosophic mind can for a moment question.

Our opinion is that war to the death should be instantly proclaimed against them. Every machine of every sort should be destroyed by the well-wisher of his species. Let there be no exceptions made, no quarter shown; let us at once go back to the primeval condition of the race. If it be urged that this is impossible under the present condition of human affairs, this at once proves that the mischief is already done, that our servitude has commenced in good

earnest, that we have raised a race of beings whom it is beyond our power to destroy, and that we are not only enslaved but are absolutely acquiescent in our bondage.

For the present we shall leave this subject, which we present gratis to the members of the Philosophical Society. Should they consent to avail themselves of the vast field which we have pointed out, we shall endeavour to labour in it ourselves at some future and indefinite period.

I am, Sir, etc.,

CELLARIUS.

"Lucubratio Ebria," [1] *like "Darwin Among the Machines," has already appeared in "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler" with a prefatory note by Mr. Festing Jones, explaining its connection with "Erewhon" and "Life and Habit." I need therefore only repeat that it was written by Butler after his return to England and sent to New Zealand, where it was published in "The Press" on 29th July 1865.*

THERE IS A PERIOD IN THE EVENING, OR more generally towards the still small hours of the morning, in which we so far unbend as to take a single glass of hot whisky and water. We will neither defend the practice nor excuse it. We state it as a fact which must be borne in mind by the readers of this article; for we know not how, whether it be the inspiration of the drink or the relief from the harassing work with which the day has been occupied or from whatever other cause, yet we are certainly liable about this time to such a prophetic influence as we seldom else experience. We are rapt in a dream such as we ourselves know to be a dream, and which, like other dreams, we can hardly embody in a distinct utterance. We know that what we see is but a sort of intellectual Siamese twins, of which one is substance and the other shadow, but we cannot set either free without killing both. We are unable to rudely tear away the veil of phantasy in which the truth is shrouded, so we present the reader with a draped figure, and his own judgment must discriminate between the clothes and the body. A truth's prosperity is like a jest's, it lies in the ear of him that hears it. Some may see our lucubration as we saw it, and others may see nothing but a drunken dream or the nightmare of a distempered imagination. To ourselves it is the speaking with unknown tongues to the early Corinthians; we cannot fully understand our own speech, and we fear lest there be not a sufficient number of interpreters present to make our utterance edify. But there! (Go on straight to the body of the article.)

[1] From *The Press*, 29th July 1865.

The limbs of the lower animals have never been modified by any act of deliberation and forethought on their own part. Recent researches have thrown absolutely no light upon the origin of life—upon the initial force which introduced a sense of identity and a deliberate faculty into the world; but they do certainly appear to show very clearly that each species of the animal and vegetable kingdom has been moulded into its present shape by chances and changes of many millions of years, by chances and changes over which the creature modified had no control whatever, and concerning whose aim it was alike unconscious and indifferent, by forces which seem insensate to the pain which they inflict, but by whose inexorably beneficent cruelty the brave and strong keep coming to the fore, while the weak and bad drop behind and perish. There was a moral government of this world before man came near it—a moral government suited to the capacities of the governed, and which unperceived by them has laid fast the foundations of courage, endurance, and cunning. It laid them so fast that they became more and more hereditary. Horace says well *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*, good men beget good children; the rule held even in the geological period; good ichthyosauri begot good ichthyosauri, and would to our discomfort have gone on doing so to the present time had not better creatures been begetting better things than ichthyosauri, or famine or fire or convulsion put an end to them. Good apes begot good apes, and at last when human intelligence stole like a late spring upon the mimicry of our semi-simious ancestry, the creature learnt how he could of his own forethought add extra-corporaneous limbs to the members of his own body, and become not only a vertebrate mammal, but a vertebrate machinate mammal into the bargain.

It was a wise monkey that first learned to carry a stick, and a useful monkey that mimicked him. For the race of man has learned to walk uprightly much as a child learns the same thing. At first he crawls on all fours, then he clambers, laying hold of whatever he can; and lastly he stands

upright alone and walks, but for a long time with an unsteady step. So when the human race was in its gorilla-hood it generally carried a stick; from carrying a stick for many million years it became accustomed and modified to an upright position. The stick wherewith it had learned to walk would now serve to beat its younger brothers, and then it found out its service as a lever. Man would thus learn that the limbs of his body were not the only limbs that he could command. His body was already the most versatile in existence, but he could render it more versatile still. With the improvement in his body his mind improved also. He learnt to perceive the moral government under which he held the feudal tenure of his life—perceiving it he symbolized it, and to this day our poets and prophets still strive to symbolize it more and more completely.

The mind grew because the body grew; more things were perceived, more things were handled, and being handled became familiar. But this came about chiefly because there was a hand to handle with; without the hand there would be no handling, and no method of holding and examining is comparable to the human hand. The tail of an opossum is a prehensile thing, but it is too far from his eyes; the elephant's trunk is better, and it is probably to their trunks that the elephants owe their sagacity. It is here that the bee, in spite of her wings, has failed. She has a high civilization, but it is one whose equilibrium appears to have been already attained; the appearance is a false one, for the bee changes, though more slowly than man can watch her; but the reason of the very gradual nature of the change is chiefly because the physical organization of the insect changes, but slowly also. She is poorly off for hands, and has never fairly grasped the notion of tacking on other limbs to the limbs of her own body, and so being short lived to boot she remains from century to century to human eyes *in statu quo*. Her body never becomes machinate, whereas this new phase of organism which has been introduced with man into the mundane economy, has made him a very quicksand for

the foundation of an unchanging civilization; certain fundamental principles will always remain, but every century the change in man's physical status, as compared with the elements around him, is greater and greater. He is a shifting basis on which no equilibrium of habit and civilization can be established. Were it not for this constant change in our physical powers, which our mechanical limbs have brought about, man would have long since apparently attained his limit of possibility; he would be a creature of as much fixity as the ants and bees; he would still have advanced, but no faster than other animals advance.

If there were a race of men without any mechanical appliances we should see this clearly. There are none, nor have there been, so far as we can tell, for millions and millions of years. The lowest Australian savage carries weapons for the fight or the chase, and has his cooking and drinking utensils at home; a race without these things would be completely *ferae naturae* and not men at all. We are unable to point to any example of a race absolutely devoid of extra-corporaneous limbs, but we can see among the Chinese that with the failure to invent new limbs a civilization becomes as much fixed as that of the ants; and among savage tribes we observe that few implements involve a state of things scarcely human at all. Such tribes only advance *pari passu* with the creatures upon which they feed.

It is a mistake, then, to take the view adopted by a previous correspondent of this paper, to consider the machines as identities, to animalize them and to anticipate their final triumph over mankind. They are to be regarded as the mode of development by which human organism is most especially advancing, and every fresh invention is to be considered as an additional member of the resources of the human body. Herein lies the fundamental difference between man and his inferiors. As regards his flesh and blood, his senses, appetites, and affections, the difference is one of degree rather than of kind, but in the deliberate invention of such unity of limbs as is exemplified by the railway train–

that seven-leagued foot which five hundred may own at once—he stands quite alone.

In confirmation of the views concerning mechanism which we have been advocating above, it must be remembered that men are not merely the children of their parents, but they are begotten of the institutions of the state of the mechanical sciences under which they are born and bred. These things have made us what we are. We are children of the plough, the spade, and the ship; we are children of the extended liberty and knowledge which the printing press has diffused. Our ancestors added these things to their previously existing members; the new limbs were preserved by natural selection and incorporated into human society; they descended with modifications, and hence proceeds the difference between our ancestors and ourselves. By the institutions and state of science under which a man is born it is determined whether he shall have the limbs of an Australian savage or those of a nineteenth-century Englishman. The former is supplemented with little save a rug and a javelin; the latter varies his physique with the changes of the season, with age, and with advancing or decreasing wealth. If it is wet he is furnished with an organ which is called an umbrella, and which seems designed for the purpose of protecting either his clothes or his lungs from the injurious effects of rain. His watch is of more importance to him than a good deal of his hair, at any rate than of his whiskers; besides this he carries a knife and generally a pencil case. His memory goes in a pocket-book. He grows more complex as he becomes older and he will then be seen with a pair of spectacles, perhaps also with false teeth and a wig; but, if he be a really well-developed specimen of the race, he will be furnished with a large box upon wheels, two horses, and a coachman.

Let the reader ponder over these last remarks and he will see that the principal varieties and sub-varieties of the human race are not now to be looked for among the negroes, the Circassians, the Malays, or the American aborigines, but

among the rich and the poor. The difference in physical organization between these two species of man is far greater than that between the so-called types of humanity. The rich man can go from here to England whenever he feels inclined, the legs of the other are by an invisible fatality prevented from carrying him beyond certain narrow limits. Neither rich nor poor as yet see the philosophy of the thing, or admit that he who can tack a portion of one of the P. and O. boats on to his identity is a much more highly organized being than one who cannot. Yet the fact is patent enough, if we once think it over, from the mere consideration of the respect with which we so often treat those who are richer than ourselves. We observe men for the most part (admitting, however, some few abnormal exceptions) to be deeply impressed by the superior organization of those who have money. It is wrong to attribute this respect to any unworthy motive, for the feeling is strictly legitimate and springs from some of the very highest impulses of our nature. It is the same sort of affectionate reverence which a dog feels for man, and is not infrequently manifested in a similar manner.

We admit that these last sentences are open to question, and we should hardly like to commit ourselves irrecoverably to the sentiments they express; but we will say this much for certain, namely, that the rich man is the true hundred-handed Gyges of the poets. He alone possesses the full complement of limbs who stands at the summit of opulence, and we may assert with strictly scientific accuracy that the Rothschilds are the most astonishing organisms that the world has ever yet seen. For to the nerves or tissues, or whatever it be that answers to the helm of a rich man's desires, there is a whole army of limbs seen and unseen attachable; he may be reckoned by his horse-power, by the number of foot-pounds which he has money enough to set in motion. Who, then, will deny that a man whose will represents the motive power of a thousand horses is a being very different from the one who is equivalent but to the power of a single one?

Henceforward, then, instead of saying that a man is hard up, let us say that his organization is at a low ebb, or, if we wish him well, let us hope that he will grow plenty of limbs. It must be remembered that we are dealing with physical organizations only. We do not say that the thousand-horse man is better than a one-horse man, we only say that he is more highly organized and should be recognized as being so by the scientific leaders of the period. A man's will, truth, endurance are part of him also, and may, as in the case of the late Mr. Cobden, have in themselves a power equivalent to all the horse-power which they can influence; but were we to go into this part of the question we should never have done, and we are compelled reluctantly to leave our dream in its present fragmentary condition.

A NOTE ON "THE TEMPEST," ACT III, SCENE I

The following brief essay was contributed by Butler to a small miscellany entitled "Literary Foundlings: Verse and Prose Collected in Canterbury, N.Z.," which was published at Christchurch on the occasion of a bazaar held there in March 1864, *in aid of the funds of the Christchurch Orphan Asylum, and offered for sale during the progress of the bazaar. The miscellany consisted entirely of the productions of Canterbury writers, and among the contributors were Dean Jacobs, Canon Cottrell, and James Edward FitzGerald, the founder of "The Press."*

WHEN PRINCE FERDINAND WAS WRECKED on the island Miranda was fifteen years old. We can hardly suppose that she had ever seen Ariel, and Caliban was a detestable object whom her father took good care to keep as much out of her way as possible. Caliban was like the man cook on a back-country run. "'Tis a villain, sir," says Miranda, "I do not love to look on." "But as 'tis," returns Prospero, "we cannot miss him; he does make our fire, fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us." Hands were scarce, and Prospero was obliged to put up with Caliban in spite of the many drawbacks with which his services were attended; in fact, no one on the island could have liked him, for Ariel owed him a grudge on the score of the cruelty with which he had been treated by Sycorax, and we have already heard what Miranda and Prospero had to say about him. He may therefore pass for nobody. Prospero was an old man, or at any rate in all probability some forty years of age; therefore it is no wonder that when Miranda saw Prince Ferdinand she should have fallen violently in love with him. "Nothing ill," according to her view, "could dwell in such a temple—if the ill Spirit have so fair an house, good things will strive to dwell with't." A very natural sentiment for a girl in Miranda's circumstances, but nevertheless one which betrayed a charming inexperience of the ways of the world and of the real value of good looks. What surprises us, however, is this, namely the remarkable celerity with which Miranda

in a few hours became so thoroughly wide awake to the exigencies of the occasion in consequence of her love for the Prince. Prospero has set Ferdinand to hump firewood out of the bush, and to pile it up for the use of the cave. Ferdinand is for the present a sort of cadet, a youth of good family, without cash and unaccustomed to manual labour; his unlucky stars have landed him on the island, and now it seems that he "must remove some thousands of these logs and pile them up, upon a sore injunction." Poor fellow! Miranda's heart bleeds for him. Her "affections were most humble"; she had been content to take Ferdinand on speculation. On first seeing him she had exclaimed, "I have no ambition to see a goodlier man"; and it makes her blood boil to see this divine creature compelled to such an ignominious and painful labour. What is the family consumption of firewood to her? Let Caliban do it; let Prospero do it; or make Ariel do it; let her do it herself; or let the lightning come down and "burn up those logs you are enjoined to pile"; the logs themselves, while burning, would weep for having wearied him. Come what would, it was a shame to make Ferdinand work so hard, so she winds up thus: "My father is hard at study; pray now rest yourself—*he's safe for these three hours.*" Safe—if she had only said that "papa was safe," the sentence would have been purely modern, and have suited Thackeray as well as Shakespeare. See how quickly she has learnt to regard her father as one to be watched and probably kept in a good humour for the sake of Ferdinand. We suppose that the secret of the modern character of this particular passage lies simply in the fact that young people make love pretty much in the same way now that they did three hundred years ago; and possibly, with the exception that "the governor" may be substituted for the words "my father" by the young ladies of three hundred years hence, the passage will sound as fresh and modern then as it does now. Let the Prosperos of that age take a lesson, and either not allow the Ferdinands to pile up firewood, or so to arrange their studies as not to be "safe"

for any three consecutive hours. It is true that Prospero's objection to the match was only feigned, but Miranda thought otherwise, and for all purposes of argument we are justified in supposing that he was in earnest.

The following lines were written by Butler in February 1864, *and appeared in "The Press." They refer to a visit paid to New Zealand by a team of English cricketers, and have kindly been copied and sent to me by Miss Colborne-Veel, whose father was editor of "The Press" at the time that Butler was writing for it. Miss Colborne-Veel has further permitted me to make use of the following explanatory note: "The coming of the All England team was naturally a glorious event in a province only fourteen years old. The Mayor and Councillors had 'a car of state'—otherwise a brake—'with postilions in the English style.' Cobb and Co. supplied a six-horse coach for the English eleven, the yellow paint upon which suggested the 'glittering chariot of pure gold.' So they drove in triumph from the station and through the town. Tinley for England and Tennant for Canterbury were the heroes of the match. At the Wednesday dinner referred to they exchanged compliments and cricket balls across the table. This early esteem for cricket may be explained by a remark made by the All England captain, that 'on no cricket ground in any colony had he met so many public school men, especially men from old Rugby, as at Canterbury.'"*

To the Editor of *The Press*, 15th February 1864.

SIR,

THE FOLLOWING LINES, WHICH PROFESS TO have been written by a friend of mine at three o'clock in the morning after the dinner of Wednesday last, have been presented to myself with a request that I should forward them to you. I would suggest to the writer of them the following quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

S.B.

"You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. . . . *Imitari* is nothing. So doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider."

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2.

HORATIO. . . .
. . . The whole town rose
Eyes out to meet them; in a car of state
The Mayor and all the Councillors rode down
To give them greeting, while the blue-eyed team
Drawn in Cobb's glittering chariot of pure gold
Careered it from the station.–But the Mayor–
Thou shouldst have seen the blandness of the man,
And watched the effulgent and unspeakable smiles
With which he beamed upon them.
His beard, by nature tawny, was suffused
With just so much of a most reverend grizzle
That youth and age should kiss in't. I assure you
He was a Southern Palmerston, so old
In understanding, yet jocund and jaunty
As though his twentieth summer were as yet
But in the very June o' the year, and winter
Was never to be dreamt of. Those who heard
His words stood ravished. It was all as one
As though Minerva, hid in Mercury's jaws,
Had counselled some divinest utterance
Of honeyed wisdom. So profound, so true,
So meet for the occasion, and so–short.
The king sat studying rhetoric as he spoke,
While the lord Abbot heaved half-envious sighs
And hung suspended on his accents.
CLAUD. But will it pay, Horatio?
HOR. Let Shylock see to that, but yet I trust
He's no great loser.
CLAUD. Which side went in first?
HOR. We did,
And scored a paltry thirty runs in all.
The lissom Lockyer gambolled round the stumps
With many a crafty curvet: you had thought
An Indian rubber monkey were endued
With wicket-keeping instincts; teazing Tinley
Issued his treacherous notices to quit,

Ruthlessly truthful to his fame, and who
Shall speak of Jackson? Oh! 'twas sad indeed
To watch the downcast faces of our men
Returning from the wickets; one by one,
Like patients at the gratis consultation
Of some skilled leech, they took their turn at physic.
And each came sadly homeward with a face
Awry through inward anguish; they were pale
As ghosts of some dead but deep mourned love,
Grim with a great despair, but forced to smile.

CLAUD. Poor souls! Th' unkindest heart had bled for them.

But what came after?

HOR. Fortune turned her wheel,
And Grace, disgracéd for the nonce, was bowled
First ball, and all the welkin roared applause!
As for the rest, they scored a goodly score
And showed some splendid cricket, but their deeds
Were not colossal, and our own brave Tennant
Proved himself all as good a man as they.

*

Through them we greet our Mother. In their coming,
We shake our dear old England by the hand
And watch space dwindling, while the shrinking world
Collapses into nothing. Mark me well,
Matter as swift as swiftest thought shall fly,
And space itself be nowhere. Future Tinleys
Shall bowl from London to our Christchurch Tennants,
And all the runs for all the stumps be made
In flying baskets which shall come and go
And do the circuit round about the globe
Within ten seconds. Do not check me with
The roundness of the intervening world,
The winds, the mountain ranges, and the seas–
These hinder nothing; for the leathern sphere,
Like to a planetary satellite,

Shall wheel its faithful orb and strike the bails
Clean from the centre of the middle stump.

*

Mirrors shall hang suspended in the air,
Fixed by a chain between two chosen stars,
And every eye shall be a telescope
To read the passing shadows from the world.
Such games shall be hereafter, but as yet
We lay foundations only.

CLAUD. Thou must be drunk, Horatio.

HOR. So I am.

PART III: LONDON

[*Dr. Ferguson has, or is about* [*sic*] *to return to America. The Davenports are gone to France, where nobody but mystics are free. Mr. Spear alone here cultivates acquaintance with the erratic spirits who have an aversion to Liverpool ropes. None of the metropolitan mediums seem aware of the new race of metallic spirits taking possession of the world to whom a contributor draws attention in the following paper.*—Ed. *Reasoner.*]

THOSE WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH MR. DARwin's theory on the origin of species, will be aware that it amounts to something of this nature: "Given life," says Darwin, "no matter how low, and those modes of action which we see around us show how all existing and extinct species may have come about." Of the origin of life he is as much ignorant (as far as we can see from his book) as we are ourselves, but he shows very clearly that the struggle for existence, following upon descent with modification, results in natural selection, which accumulates divergence and ends in species. The last thing which we should wish to do, would be to throw ridicule on Darwin's magnificent work, but it has set us thinking on our own account, and though we think crudely, yet we feel that we are warranted in expressing the half-shadow, half-substance, of our own views, and in leaving the intelligent reader to draw his own inferences.

It is not at first easy to decide whether we should regard the mechanical kingdom as the commencement of a new phase of life, a phase as distinct from any that have preceded it as the animal from the vegetable kingdom, or as the process by which man's body is at present undergoing modification and improvement. Much has to be said on both sides; it will therefore be our object in this, and an article that will follow it, to point out the inferences which suggest themselves—firstly, if we assume the possibility of an eventual development of mechanical life, far superior

[1] From *The Reasoner*, 1st July 1865.

to, and widely differing from, any yet known; and secondly, if we regard machines as the extra-corporaneous members of the machinate mammal, man.

It is clear that there was a time when the phases of life, which we now observe in plants and animals, had no existence perceptible by human organs; to all intents and purposes the world was as though they were not. True, the germs were there, but we may safely say that there were once neither plants nor animals upon the face of the earth. Were we permitted to see another world in this condition, without having any knowledge of the transitions which our own planet has undergone, we should almost indignantly deny that plants or animal life could ever come there; were we to see a world with plants only, we should deny that it could ever become peopled with insects, fishes, or anything of the human kind: had we been shown the germs of reason only as visible in the lower animals, we should scoff at the idea of our human intellect being evolved from such rude materials as this; yet those who accept the Darwinian theory will not feel inclined to deny that whatever impulse the animal and vegetable kingdoms have sprung from, has been derived from within the natural influences which operate upon this world, and not from any extra natural source. They will believe that the changes and chances with which countless millions of years have been pregnant, have brought the existing organizations to their present condition without any specially creative effort of an overruling mind. What shall we think then? That the resources of nature are at an end, and that the animal phase is to be the last which life on this globe is to assume? or shall we conceive that we are living in the first faint dawning of a new one? Of a life which in another ten or twenty million years shall be to us as we to the vegetable? What has been may be again, and although we grant that hardly any mistake would be more puerile than to individualize and animalize the at present existing machines—or to endow them with human sympathies, yet we can see no *a priori* objection to the gradual

SAMUEL BUTLER SOON AFTER HIS RETURN FROM NEW ZEALAND, ABOUT 1866

From a photograph

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development of a mechanical life, though that life shall be so different from ours that it is only by a severe discipline that we can think of it as life at all. We despair of condensing our remarks within the limit of an article, yet we must make an attempt. We cannot conceive of a life without the notion of an individual centre of action and consciousness; without an appearance of spontaneity, a reproductive system, and the consumption of some sort or sorts of food. A spade appears to be deficient in all these properties. A spade does not know that it is a spade, the food by which it digs a garden is eaten, not by itself, but by man, its only spontaneity is obedience to the laws of matter, and its reproductive system is provided for by man. When we look at a spade we incline to the extra-corporaneous member theory; we regard it as a process of the forearm—as one of the innumerable ways in which man has modified his own body. Yet when we look at a steam-engine we observe a startling change. It eats its own food for itself; it consumes it by inhaling the very air which we ourselves breathe; it rejects what it cannot digest as man rejects it; it has a very considerable power of self-regulation and adaptability to contingency. It cannot be said to be conscious, but the strides which it has made are made in the direction of consciousness. It is employed in the manufacture of machinery, and though steam engines are as the angels in heaven, with respect to matrimony, yet in their reproduction of machinery we seem to catch a glimpse of the extraordinary vicarious arrangement whereby it is not impossible that the reproductive system of the mechanical world will be always carried on. It must be borne in mind that we are not thinking so much of what the steam engine is at present, as of what it may become. The steam engine of to-day is to the mechanical prodigies which are to come as the spade to the steam engine, as the ovum to the human being. All we can see at present is that a new set of organisms has begun to appear—we say begun, for our ideas must be enlarged, and we cannot call ten thousand or even a million years anything but a mere

point in the duration of a class of life; it probably is a full million of years since the lever was invented by the gorilla. But what is that? A mere speck of time. Let us assume, however, that the interval between the stick and the steam engine is a million years—and allowing for the increasing ratio at which mechanical progress advances, who will deny that in another million years they may be more alive than man himself?

The interests of man do for the machines what natural selection and the struggle for existence has done for plants and animals. There is as sharp a contention between inventions thus established as though the machines fought among themselves and ate each other up. For if a single new machine is born, which is obviously better than those heretofore in use for the same purpose, it kills the old ones as though a miasma breathed upon them. They may die out faster or slower, and odd ones may linger long, but they are doomed, as the Aborigines of a new country on the approach of European civilization. The old ones may, in a fit of despair, urge on their attendant human beings to oppose the invader; they may break it in pieces, and perhaps secure a short respite for themselves, but their doom is certain if the improvement be *bona fide*. As the British rat has had to go before his Norwegian conqueror, so had the old steam engines before Watt's; the hand looms and the spinning-wheels are gone; the crossbow is clean forgotten, the stage coach, once the very pride and flower of mechanical chivalry, is now the fast dying remnant of a race. The difference between the conquerors and the conquered in men is often very small: if so, the fight is longer; so is it among the machines, yet it sometimes happens that there is a greater difference between the prowess of an old and of a new machine than there ever is between two races of men; a new machine may sometimes be as much better than an old one as a man is than a pig; this is rare, but it does sometimes happen, and no one can foresee the bounds by which the advance may leap, if a point as yet unseen be once passed.

On the other hand, the development of one species of animal to another slightly higher is a slow and precarious thing; many a good hopeful creature dies young, which had it lived might have changed the destinies of its race; or it may be crossed in love and leave no issue, or marry unadvisedly, or be overcome with its progeny by the jealousy of its fellows, before its stock is large enough to secure permanence. The progress has been very uphill work, by little and little, so that no one can lay his hand upon the change at any time and say "it is here." We are not speaking of animals under domestication, but of those who have been left to themselves. Nature, as she is called (as though man were not a part of nature!) makes a dozen failures for one slight success. She walks very slowly, and puts her improvements to cruelly severe tests. They must pass through the fire for ages before they can take their degree in permanence and be allowed to pass as new and higher species; she is an arbitrary examiner, and plucks many unfairly; but with the machines whatever it may once have been, it is not so now. The tests are fair, and they are at least as certain as man's knowledge of his own interest, and this is becoming somewhat more correct in gross material things. Doubtful cases occur sometimes, as in the gun controversy, yet even here we see that it is not for want of pains if a mistake is made. What they call nature never took such pains to see that her contending creatures fought fair; yet these two champions for the existence of their race are put to all manner of tests to see which is really, and not merely accidentally, better; in fact, they have at last come to an actual stand-up fight, such as has hardly yet been known in all machinery. They have tried which can smash the other, and the first round not being considered conclusive, they are, or were to have another under the supervision of their respective inventors. We grant that this is an exceptional case; steam engines do not fight with individual steam engines, they are liable to the struggle of race with race, by the competitive examination of champion speci-

mens, and with the fall of the champion the race falls also. They never fight individual with individual;[1] but guns delight to bark and bite naturally, and it is no wonder that they should refuse to fight according to the accepted canons of mechanical warfare; their trade is war, while other machines live by peace, it is fit therefore that guns should fight it out, while the disputes between more peaceable inventions are left for the decision of the ordinary law courts of the country.

We could write volumes on the inventions which seem to imply that the machines around us are only the first race of a new phase of life, but our space is short, and we prefer to occupy the little that remains to us with a few remarks on the probable fate of mankind, if mechanical life should prove ultimately higher than animal. At first sight it seems as though such a consummation were impossible, for since it is man's interest which has been, and is, the sole developer of the machines, how shall it be that a thing so contrary to man's interests as his own inferiority should be suffered to come about without his finding it out and checking it in time? This question is easily answered. For firstly, man is committed hopelessly to the machines. He cannot stop. If he would continue to marry as early as he does, and bring up his children with a fair prospect of their thriving, he must go on improving the machines; these objects are far dearer to him than the remote subjugation of his race. It will not be in *our* time, and ten thousand years hence may be left to take care of itself. Secondly, man's interests may not be really opposed by his becoming the lower creature; the interest of the two races may continue in the same direction, notwithstanding the change in their relative situations, and man is not generally sentimental when his material interests are concerned. It is true that here and there some ardent soul may "look upon himself and curse his fate"

[1] Our correspondent, who has long resided at the Antipodes, is unaware that in the days of George Stephenson, steam engines did run races. The Rocket won £500 in a race. – Ed. *Reasoner*.

that he was not born a steam engine, but the insensate mass will readily acquiesce in any arrangement which gives them cheaper comforts without yielding to unreasonable jealousy, merely because the mechanical destinies are more glorious than their own. The change will be so slow and subtle that man's sense of what is due to himself will never be rudely violated at any given moment; and custom will deaden our senses to the noiseless and imperceptible aggressions of our own creations. Their desires will probably never clash with ours, nor ours with theirs, and we may probably fare as much better under domestication as those creatures have done, towards whom man appears to entertain the most implacable, yet jealously conservative, enmity. Even Jupiter never wooed in a mechanical disguise, neither are the machines likely to want man as a delicacy for the table. They will breed, and beyond a doubt, varieties and sub-varieties of the human race will be developed with a special view to the requirements of certain classes of machinery; we can see the germs of this already in the different aspects of men who attend on different classes of machinery, but they will, as far as we can see, find us always in so many respects serviceable that it would hardly better suit their turn to exterminate us than it would ours to do the like by them.

It will be obvious to anyone that in this article we have done nothing more than make a suggestion, the development of which would be far beyond our own limits. We have proceeded on the assumption that mechanical life is to be distinct from animal, but in a future article we propose to consider it from a different view, and to regard machinery as a component part of the human organism.

S.B.

PRECAUTION IN FREE THOUGHT [1]

To the Editor of *The Reasoner*.

SIR,

SYDNEY SMITH SAID WELL, THAT WHEN A missionary wrote home from India of his having made so many converts to Christianity, the chances were he had only spoiled that number of Hindoos, and I have heard it stated by those who have lived long among the New Zealand Maoris that they would rather trust their life and honour with the only remaining heathen tribe than with those who had been made Christians. I fully believe it—yet I also admit that the modified Christianity of the present time is greatly in advance of the old Maori superstitions. There is little wonder that the change should not be so beneficial as might be expected, for very few men can be brought in middle life to change their mode of thought to one which is fundamentally different. They catch the most prominent features of the new method, but of the principles from which these features spring they are no longer capable. They graft the outward show of the new on to the hidden root of the old, and bystanders, not seeing the root, wonder that the fruit is bastard. For this reason I have always rejoiced that the progress of free thought in England should not advance faster than men can understand it. It is a pleasure and a duty to advance those principles which one believes to be true, for every man owes it to his age, to impress himself as truly as he can upon his own times. The more openly and fearlessly he does this, the more he fulfils his duty, and the sooner he goes to the wall if he be bad. No one can doubt that it is better every way that we should find out for ourselves a standard of right, and having made up our minds as to what it is, should do what we can to advance it in defiance of the world. But we need feel no great sorrow at not convincing many to whom a radical change of opinion would be a serious evil. Those who have by patient thought emancipated themselves from a belief in that semi-transparent, colossally gaseous, anthropomorphic existence which

[1] From *The Reasoner*, 1st August 1865.

men mis-name Jehovah, are in little danger of suffering by the changed view of the universe which results in consequence; the care, and patience, and intelligence with which they thought the matter out will still be with them, and prevent them from rushing into extravagance. But a man may think out for himself with impunity many things which it is more dangerous to receive second-hand. Lightly come is apt to lightly go. And a sudden change of creed, unless a man is very clear indeed as to the steps by which he has changed it, is not unlikely to do him as much harm as good. He has got his freethought as a windfall, and like enough he will not know how to spend it. We take no notice of the illiberal language of many who profess orthodoxy, and accuse those who differ from them of immorality; but we admit that it is no light thing to find one's self in a very small minority of one's own age on a topic of really great importance. He who rejects the belief in a personal Deity sees that he is opposed to almost all the wealth and learning of the country. I put wealth first, and do so on purpose. It is an august symbol. The universities, the public schools, the rampant Sabbatarianism of the age, the countless churches, the huge organization of the various Christian creeds, are visible signs of one's own audacity. Fairly convinced a man cannot change, and yet if he does not change, he must seem to rate the average intellectual morality of the world very low. The arguments in favour of the Christian miracles are such as should satisfy no candid and inquisitive mind. One feels that there must be a "screw loose" somewhere in every intellect which receives them, if it has ever seriously considered them, and by our rejection of them we virtually bring a charge against our age of being either very stupid, or very indolent, or very cowardly, in refusing to examine things fairly, which it professes should stand the test of a fair examination, and which it also professes to deem of the highest importance. One must do so. But one must do it with great caution. There never was a time when it was more needful to remember that the world is not so simple

as it tries to make itself out. We do not with our theology also lose our temptations, and in the weaker minds of those to whom Freethought has come lightly, and with whom it is as little of a religion as Christianity is to most Christians, there will doubtless often arise the question whether the world which is wrong in so much, may not be wrong also in calling those things vicious to which they are themselves inclined. There are, doubtless, cases in which the question is reasonable; the human intellect has been in part vitiated; but in the great majority of cases it is not, a man must not lose more faith in the world than he can help—for loss of faith in the general right-mindedness and clear-headedness of one's age is a much more serious thing than loss of faith in a personal Deity.

I say personal Deity—I should have said Deity alone—for I see not how to believe in an impersonal Deity. It is as easy to believe the trinity in unity and unity in trinity, as it is for me to conceive the notion of Deity without personifying it. If I do not personify the idea, the idea itself eludes my grasp—give us half a grain of oxygen and our imagination can diffuse it through all space, and invest it with intelligence and the other attributes of matter, but without it we are powerless. For myself I must have a personal Deity or none at all. An impersonal Deity is to me an intelligent vacuum.

If the supernatural element be removed from Christianity, we find little remaining which is not common to all those great schools of practice which have led historic ages—and those who are in doubt as to the right or wrong of any particular action, cannot do better than anchor their judgements to that law (most generously interpreted) of doing to others as they would be done by—which is common to many creeds and to still more practices. If a man bears this constantly in mind, and if he lives in habitual respect of his own conscience, the loss of a personal Deity will do him no harm. An atheist may be a very good Christian—such a Christian as Christ would have rejoiced to know; but if a

man catch at the shadow of atheism, and forget that there is a substance of practical relations with his fellow men remaining, or if he gets to look down on those who perhaps may not be so strictly logical as himself, he not only runs the risk of showing that Freethought may be as bigoted as any other thought, but instead of becoming a good Freethinker, he is after all nothing but a spoiled Christian.

S.B.

DEDOMENICI DA ROSSA [1]

THERE ARE MEN WHOSE WORK APPEARS AT first to be as a sound, but afterwards an echo only; and of these there are the echoes natural, who are so from instinct, and the echoes artificial, who think that others will mistake them for sounds and pay them accordingly. But there are also some who may be mistaken at the first for echoes, but who are nevertheless true sounds: one of these last was the painter whose name we have placed at the head of the present article.

If the narrow limits of the space at our command may serve as an excuse for such an extreme of conciseness, it may be said roughly that there have been three great centres of (other than literary) artistic creation in the last three thousand years, and three only. There was the art of Greece, which had a long and splendid day, followed by a night which appears as yet interminable; there was that of Italy from the Alps to Assisi, which has had two days and two nights—nights—but summer nights whereon the light of the sun may be distinctly traced on his passage from the western to the eastern horizon; and the art of Flanders from Amsterdam to Bruges and Ghent.

Gleams of light there have been elsewhere as in Spain, England, and Germany; but a day—hitherto, nowhere.

In Flanders the light was bright from the middle of the fourteenth century to the end of the fifteenth, then for a hundred years it suffered an almost total eclipse: during the whole of the seventeenth it shone with surpassing brilliancy: in the eighteenth it was gone; now it is beginning to glow again.

In Italy there was light, probably, from the second century before the Christian era; neither did the darkness come wholly till our own sixth century: then there was night, but not devoid of twilight till the eleventh century: with that time began the second dawning followed by a day of splendid brightness, which, however, seemed only to have reached the noon of Raffaelle and of Titian, when that night

[1] From *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, 30th September 1871.

set in which we have been in the habit of considering as total, utter, and complete. It is hardly too much to say that from the end of the sixteenth century almost to the present day there is no well-known work from an Italian easel which is not debasing to those who look upon it; and this, too, while the Italians are the same noble and lovable people that they have ever been; a people so graceful in themselves that they seem to have been marked out by nature as the fountain wherefrom grace should flow upon the world; a people so unconscious of self that they know not what affectation means in their own lives and manners, and yet that they should have been the very arch-aiders and abettors of the false and the affected in all the work that came from them! How this, and why this, we know not; but we may, perhaps, throw out a hint which may guide others towards the discovery of the clue, and we may also be able to persuade our readers that even during the second eclipse of Italian art there was at least one (and probably others unknown) whose work was individual and sincere.

Some few weeks since we were at Varallo, the head-quarters of Val Sesian art in the Middle Ages. Of the wonders of the Sacro Monte, manifold as they are, we will here say nothing; our business takes us to the church of San Gaudenzio, where there is an inestimable Marriage of St. Catherine over the high altar, the work of Gaudenzio Ferrari; also there is a charming Madonna, in painted terra-cotta, by the great sculptor Tabachetti; else of notable we found little, till, as we were about to leave the church, our eye lighted on a Virgin and Child, painted upon linen, which gave us a surprise, which we despair of being able to convey to those who have not shared it.

Was it old? No, hardly. Was it modern? No, hardly. The face was as sweet as Raffaelle, yet more individual; more like those of Filippo Lippi or Botticelli; the colour, both of the flesh and of the draperies, thrillingly delicate, the feeling neither old nor modern, but both, the best of all that is eternal; the folds of the drapery arranged as by one

who had tried to do them better, but could not get them as free and flowing as he wished, with this result, that his incompetence was better than all competence; he had attained, unconsciously to his own self, that simplification and breadth which only the best students can arrive at, and which even in the case of these becomes valueless the moment that the deliberation with which it was produced can be perceived. In this picture there was something which said as plainly as though the living painter had spoken it, that his simple and almost constrained treatment was not the result of deliberate abstraction, but arose, if not unconsciously, at any rate unself-consciously from the painter's being puzzled with the intricacy of what he saw, and giving as much as he could of it with a hand which, as Leonardo da Vinci says, was less advanced than his judgement. He was not satisfied with what he had done, he saw how it could be much better; he tried to make it better, but he could not do it; that was his possible; it must go; and by some inscrutable law it comes about that inability of such a character as this shall be the only true ability; the wisdom of the wise is set at nought, and the foolishness of the simple is chosen.

But the date of the picture? From the style there could be no saying; it was *sui generis*, unconsciously eclectic, from ancient and modern, not schools, but feelings; if an old picture, it was an anachronism as too modern, if a modern one, it was infinitely more so, as being instinct with a feeling that had been supposed to have been long dead. Modern, however, it actually is, having been painted only some forty or fifty years ago by a man whom many still remember. We expressed our surprise to the Sacristan from whom we had enquired the name and date of the painter, and were informed by him as a fact, which should even increase our wonder, that the painter had never had any course of instruction, and that he had picked up his art almost entirely by himself as best he could.

This explains the whole.

Dedomenici Da Rossa

Born at Rossa, in the Val Sesia, in the year 1758, he lived and painted all his life in his native village; placed out of the reach of instruction by birth, and too poor to go in search of it, he had been driven to do exactly what his great predecessors had done, to look at nature for himself, with his own eyes, and not with those of others. The early masters did this because there were no others whose eyes they could look through. Dedomenici did it because he could not get at such others, so that *qua* him they were non-existent; both having taken the same road arrived at the same result.

He attained considerable local celebrity, and students came to him from Turin, Milan, and all Lombardy; one of these told us that Dedomenici always laughed at those who told him he was a good painter, and that he never believed in himself as more than a second or third-rate one. He lived to be old and improved up to the very end of his life, his last work may be found in a little roadside chapel high up a lonely valley leading from Fobello to Taponaccio (close to the latter place) in the Val Mastellone; it is a Madonna and Child in clouds, with two full-length saints beneath, all the figures life-sized, we recognized it in a moment as a Dedomenici without having any previous intimation of its existence; on enquiring, we were told that we were right, a matter which we mention as showing that the painter had a style of his own. He painted this picture when nearly eighty years old, and we have little fear but that any of our readers who may happen to be within reach of it and are tempted to go and see it, will agree with us in considering it a work worthy of the very best and purest times of Italian art, as a work which, in spite of many and palpable imperfections, would have been looked up to and admired by Bellini and Giorgione, by Leonardo da Vinci, and by Raffaelle.

INSTEAD OF AN ARTICLE ON THE DUDLEY EXHIBITION [1]

IF THE AIM OF THE CURRENT ART CRITICISMS in our periodical literature were merely to save time to a hurried visitor at an exhibition of pictures, they are too long for their purpose; the style of Murray's handbooks would perhaps in this case suggest itself as the best that could be hit upon; as: Room III, 42, Virgin and Child, Bellini; 64, Man's head, Rembrandt; but if they are intended to assist the reader in forming a judgement on the pictures criticized, it is to be feared that they rather destroy than aid his power of judging, inasmuch as they too often impose a judgement on him instead of leaving him to himself. There are not many who have sufficient art knowledge and independence of mind to be able to resist an opinion which appears to be delivered *ex cathedra*, and a style which is at any rate earnest in trying to convey an impression of the almost superhuman susceptibilities of the critic.

Even the use of the "we" in critical articles is open to serious objections. People know very well that the "we" is only "I," but it is one thing to know this, and another to bear it constantly in mind. If it could be taught in all children's spelling-books that the letters "we" in most newspaper articles not only mean "I," but actually spell "I," and should be pronounced "I," the case would be different, or if the use of the first person plural, instead of singular were as general as that of the "you" instead of "thou," one would have nothing to say, but the "we" over and above its euphony undoubtedly carries with it a certain weight to which, in critical articles, it is not entitled. It suggests two, and two are better than one; if this were not so it would soon be discarded: in political articles the case is different; there probably is such real consultation over the line of policy to be taken by a paper upon any important occasion, that the "we" is quite justified.

However, if a person wishes to go to the present Dudley, or any other exhibition, with profit to himself, he may be safely advised to beware of, and utterly eschew, all the art

[1] From *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, 11th November 1871.

criticisms thereon—that is to say, unless he has sufficient art knowledge to be in no danger of being a mere slavish admirer of all that he is told to admire. He may be reminded that there are three positions which he can take with regard to any picture. He may like it, dislike it, or be unable to tell whether he does the one or the other. The first step towards criticism is to come to a clear understanding with oneself as to which of these three positions one means to take; surely one should discard all notion of whether one ought or ought not to like this or that picture, and leave this for after consideration. Moreover, there should be no attempt at finding out *why* one likes or dislikes it, this is a superstructure which may or may not be built hereafter; but the chief thing is to beware of being such a weak vessel as to allow one's own opinion to be intruded on by the likings or dislikings of another. The man who could stand in front of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgement" with Raffaelle conversing with him by his side, the man who in his heart disliking that work (as many must do, the present writer for one) could allow himself to be overawed, even by the knowledge that Raffaelle said he liked it, such an one is no safe guide in art matters.

It may be said that it is a hard thing to know whether one likes some pictures or not. Of course it is: so it is with a great many other things besides pictures; one of the most important and difficult duties which a man has to discharge towards himself during his whole life consists in the endeavouring to find out what he does like and what he doesn't, and it may be added parenthetically that the more carefully and thoroughly a man discharges this first of duties towards himself, the better he is likely to discharge every other duty. Life is not a donkey-race in which every one is to ride his neighbour's donkey, and the last is to win. It *is* a hard matter to know whether one likes a picture or no, but it ought not to be a hard matter to know that one doesn't know whether or not one likes it. If men were forced to take up either the position of liking or that of disliking, and

to be called on for their reasons, and snubbed on being found wanting, there might be some excuse for their nervous anxiety to say that which shall pass muster with somebody else as being the correct thing; but the third position is quite as respectable, and would be effective, even as affectation; indeed it is strange that it should have been so overlooked by those who wish to make others uncomfortable by a suggestion of superior wisdom. One can hardly fancy a more cruel companion at an exhibition than one who should assume an air of complete ignorance in front of every picture; affected persons have probably fought shy of it as being too near the truth to suit their purpose. However this may be, it is certain that even the artist who has spent a life in painting must often at first be unable to know his own mind on coming upon some work by an original painter with whom he has been unfamiliar. Does the art critic himself who writes so glibly, does *he* never feel misgivings as to whether the liking or disliking which he professes is anything but the reflected liking or disliking of somebody else who has succeeded in concealing the fact that even *his* liking and disliking is but the reflection of many similar reflections? Perhaps from an *ignis fatuus* as the only source of the light? Such misgivings seldom or never appear, it is to be feared that they seldom or never exist. The more's the pity.

Let us suppose that the reader has come to the conclusion while looking at any given picture that he really does not know whether it gives him pleasure or not. In this position he has a perfect right to stop; but suppose he wishes to go further, and try to find out which way the balance really inclines, and to see this or that in the picture which shall lead him either to like it or dislike it? What shall he do?

This is a more difficult matter, and the present writer is but little certain of his ground; but surely the first question which should suggest itself is whether the idea which the painter had in his head was one which it was desirable or not that he should attempt to communicate pictorially to

another; this is the foundation of the picture; its *raison d'être*. It is not the picture *per se* that is valuable or the reverse, it is that which the painter by means of his picture makes us feel that *he* felt: this is the soul of the picture which may inhabit and glorify a very humble body. "Has the painter made me feel that he felt rightly?" This is the question to ask and answer (if it may be) to one's self; or has he only painted so that he may appear to have felt so? Are all the figures upon this so much praised canvas found upon reflection to be nothing but an academic arrangement of objects, quickened neither by thought nor (other than technical) excellence? a difficult grammatical exercise? Painting is a language whereby mind is conveyed to mind, if it is not this it is nothing. And it all comes to this in the end, that the essence of a painting is the feeling with which it was painted; just as the essence of a sentence is not its grammar and structure, but the thought which it was intended to convey. A provincial accent or bad spelling can do little against a noble thought, nay, they will even at times adorn it, yet the good or defective drawing in an arm or knee which most critics will pounce upon as the first thing to praise or blame in a picture are nothing to it, but as the accent and grammar to a sentence.

True, diction and spelling, which are pardonable and even appropriate in the writing of a rustic, or of one who wrote two or three hundred years ago, would now be inexcusable, and he who would paint must learn to draw, and be otherwise master of his craft; but the misfortune is that good workmanship which is, after all, only a secondary quality (though a great one), should be held to be the end-all and be-all of painting. To take an example: Between Buccioleto and Rossa in the Val Sesia there is a little chapel containing a fresco of two bullocks drawing the dead body of a saint through an open landscape, and attended by a company of priests and knights; leaving the rest of the picture (which is full of touching points), let the reader confine his attention to the bullocks, and notice that the one is licking the other's

nose; how powerless is defective drawing here! Yet it is so drawn that were it painted now and sent in to an exhibition there is not a committee in London who would hang it. There is not a committee in London who would hang Giorgione's " Valentino Borgia " (in the Accademia Carrara at Bergamo) were it sent in to them in the state in which it left Giorgione's easel; yet how powerless are all its imperfections against it!

The first thing, therefore (if the above be sound), to settle before one can class oneself either with the likers or the dislikers of a picture, is whether or no the painter has painted in such a manner as to make the spectator feel that he felt well, and as a good man should feel; and here the writer must for the present conclude.

THE PERFORMANCE OF "JEPHTHA" AT EXETER HALL[1]

THE ORATORIO, *JEPHTHA*, WAS GIVEN AT Exeter Hall on Wednesday the 15th, by Mr. Barnby's choir. We have nothing to complain of, except that the excisions were too numerous.

Fully one-third of the oratorio was omitted, and although it may be said truly that the length of Handel's oratorios almost precludes their being given in their entirety, still there is moderation in all things, and the knife was used too unsparingly. Granted that it is necessary to shorten the oratorio, we would suggest that there is a merciful and unmerciful way of doing so. The merciful way would appear to us to consist in abolishing the repeats, except in the case of the very finest airs, and in cutting out the recitatives wholesale. Nobody wants them, except, perhaps, "Deeper and deeper still," of which we will say, parenthetically, that we doubt whether it would greatly move any one who was to hear it sung without knowing that it was "Deeper and deeper still," and that it was being sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. It is a very fine and appropriate recitative, but not Handel at his best. By the above plan time would be given for the performance of almost the whole work, and the public would be introduced to much beautiful music which they at present miss. There was certainly no excuse for the suppression of "All that is in Hamor mine."

It is noticeable that Handel either designedly or unconsciously uses as the principal subject in the second movement of the overture, almost precisely the same notes to which he has set the words, "The monster Polypheme" in the chorus "Wretched lovers," in *Acis and Galatea*. It is hardly conceivable that Handel should not have had "Wretched lovers" in his head when he wrote the overture, for the resemblance strikes at once. We have not space for a detailed analysis of the work, of which perhaps the main features are the stupendous chorus, "When his loud voice in thunder spoke" (but all the choruses are noble), and the airs, "Waft her, angels," and "Farewell, ye limpid

[1] From *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, 25th November 1871.

streams," the latter part of which last air (" Brighter scenes ") was decidedly hurried. The oratorio, as a whole, is quite worthy of Handel; not equal to the *Messiah*, *Samson*, or *Israel in Egypt*, *Alexander's Feast*, and some others of his very greatest works; nevertheless, it is a great deal better than similar works by any other composer, not excluding (to our judgement) even Mendelssohn. No one who cares about Handel's music—and who can love music and not love Handel?—should miss the opportunity of hearing it should it be given again. The worst of it is, that going to hear an oratorio is too much like going to see an express train: one cannot stay it and dwell on it, but ere one has well caught sound of it, it has gone by; the only remedy is to study the music well before and after hearing the oratorio; those who do this will get double pleasure out of the performance itself.

We must conclude with a few words of hearty commendation of the performance.

The choir was thoroughly well trained and sang excellently; neither was the orchestra deficient. What was given was given well. Of Mr. Sims Reeves there is no occasion to speak; we do not like his singing of " Deeper and deeper still," but we suppose we are wrong, and believe that it is the fault of the author of the libretto rather than Handel's or Mr. Reeves's, that the music did not please us better. We trust, however, that the reader will not confound " Deeper and deeper still " with " Waft her, angels," which satisfied us as being adequately given—which is saying a good deal. Mr. Winn and Miss Elton are good singers of Handel, rendering the music intelligently and unaffectedly, and each being possessed of a good voice. Madame Cora de Wilhorst is a well-trained singer, with a fine voice, but she is hardly a Handelian; and we noticed a tendency towards that fatal vice of modern singers, the abuse of the tremolo, which damaged what would have been otherwise much better. Two other ladies each had a short part to sing, and though they had but little to do, they each of them did

quite enough to show that they would have been capable of much more.

The additional accompaniments were not so apparent as they are sometimes; we fancied that we caught the introduction of a few notes in the opening bars of the accompaniment to "Waft her, angels" which, though used by Handel later on, were not written by him for that place, and would have been better away; otherwise, we noticed nothing that might not perfectly well have been Handel and this is giving Mr. Sullivan great praise.

PERFORMANCE OF "ISRAEL IN EGYPT" AT EXETER HALL[1]

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY GAVE A performance of *Israel in Egypt* at Exeter Hall on Friday last, Sir Michael Costa conducting. *Israel in Egypt* is one of those stupendous masterpieces which defy all criticism; admitted to be the highest flight of the greatest musician whom the world has ever seen, it is not too much to say that this oratorio is the *ne plus ultra* of the musical art. When we think of the choruses descriptive of the sighing of the children of Israel, by reason of their bondage, of how the Egyptians loathed to drink of the river, of the coming up of all manner of flies and locusts without number, of the hailstones and the fire mingled with the hail, of the thick darkness, of the leading forth of God's own people like sheep—but why go further? for if we do, there will be no escape from enumerating every piece from the commencement to the end of the oratorio; the only thing which the critic can do is simply to confess his own impotence to criticize, and to own that the work is not only above criticism, but positively above praise, so inadequate are all words to convey a worthy tribute of admiration to the stupendous dramatic and imaginative power which it displays.

It was written in the year 1738, when Handel was fifty-four years old; just after he had finished writing *Saul*, about four years before he produced the *Messiah*. It took him, in all, twenty-seven days to write; the second part, descriptive of the Exodus, having been written from the 1st to the 11th October, and the first, commenced four days later, from the 15th of October to the 1st November. We doubt whether any one ever employed twenty-eight days better. There is no overture; we must say that we regret this, and cannot understand why Handel should not have written one, unless that he really felt himself unequal to the task. Certainly we find it hard to fancy what sort of a composition it ought to be; nevertheless, a movement of some sort, even if it were only a dozen bars, would be an assistance.

[1] From *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, 2nd December 1871.

There are about a dozen bars of tremendous consecutive chords, more full and Titanic than anything else which we know,—we had almost said in music—buried away in an unknown *leçon* of Handel's, and lately republished by Litolf, as the opening movement to his third collection of Handel's harpsichord music (the collection can be got for fifteen pence); there are some arpeggios interspersed among them which should be omitted, but the chords will run from end to end without the arpeggios with hardly any manipulation, and when thus played, we can only say that we know nothing like them. We have sometimes thought that these chords ear the very things that are wanted as a sort of introductory movement to *Israel in Egypt*. Their colossal character suits the oratorio to perfection, their effect, with a full orchestra, would be tremendous, and they would not take more than a minute and a half to perform. If Handel were alive, we believe that he would have given his consent to the experiment at once (he who wrote to Jennens asking him to be good enough "to point out the passages in the *Messiah* which he thought wanted altering"—and altered many of them); but one hardly dares propose it seriously.

The performance was simply perfect as far as chorus and orchestra were concerned; and the solos and duets were on the whole excellently given. We demur to the sudden spurt from the violins which follows the word "blood" in the recitative, "He turned their waters into blood"; we did not like it, and we do not believe that Handel would have done so; we do not believe that it is in Handel's score. It produced much the same effect upon us, as a somewhat similar spurt given just on the word "dark" in the air, "Total eclipse" in *Samson*, which was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society in the spring; it jarred upon us as not illustrating the music; the accompaniment (it seemed to us) should have been hushed at the word "dark" in "Total eclipse," and there should be none at all to the "blood" in the recitative; if such a heightening of the effect were legitimate, we should ourselves have preferred

to see the gas turned down a shadow of a shade, but not so much as to attract attention or cause suspicion that the darkness was due to anything but sympathy with the dramatic power of the music. Miss Elton sang " Their land brought forth frogs," and gave it admirably; but why that sudden rise of an octave on the last three notes? Miss Elton cannot like it herself, and if she were to sing these as she did the concluding ones of " Thou shalt bring them in," her audience would soon get to like it much better; but this is the only fault we can find with her. In the chorus, " He spake the word," the treble of the instrumental passages, descriptive of the buzzing of the swarms of flies, was lost in the body of the hall; it is well to subdue it, but from our position (a very good one) it was almost inaudible. The hailstone chorus was encored, also the duet, " The Lord is a man of war," sung by Messrs. Lewis Thomas and Brandon, and " The enemy said," sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby. The encores appeared to us to be well deserved; Messrs. Thomas and Brandon are good singers of Handel, but we protest against Mr. Rigby's rendering of the words, " My hand shall destroy them," a rendering which positively pained us at the conclusion of the air. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was in excellent voice, and sang the duet, " The Lord is my strength," with Miss Sofia Vinta, a difficult and perhaps somewhat ungrateful task for both the ladies, for the duet passes almost unnoticed immediately after the great chorus which had preceded it and taxed the attention of the audience to the utmost.

HANDEL'S "DEBORAH" AND BACH'S "PASSION"

THE FIRST OF THE ABOVE-MENTIONED works was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall on the 26th January last. It is unnecessary to say anything about the performance, which the reader will rightly assume to have been as near perfection as can be. Mr. Lewis Thomas was deservedly encored in the air, "Tears such as tender fathers shed," and Miss Julia Elton—a most intelligent and agreeable singer of Handel—was nearly compelled to repeat the fine air, "In the battle fame pursuing."

The work itself is one of Handel's finest. The overture is charming, especially the jig which forms the last movement, and which is afterwards used as the accompaniment to the magnificent chorus, "O Baal! ruler of the skies," a chorus of which we can only say that we know of nothing to beat it in the whole range of Handel's music. Its effect is magical and irresistible; were it in the middle of *Israel in Egypt* it would attract attention as a gem. The opening chorus, "Immortal Lord," and "The great King of Kings" at the close of the second part, are both in Handel's best manner. There is no part of the work which drags, and all lovers of Handel's music will do well to make acquaintance with it as soon as they have the opportunity of doing so. Let them look out for the words "immensely bright" in the chorus, "O Baal! ruler of the skies." The passage begins, "For thee, the sun (all on one note) immensely bright," and on the word "immensely" there shoots forth a beautiful spray-like growth of melody, which must be heard to be understood; it is as though there were a sudden breaking forth from behind clouds and shining of the sun himself.

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Bach's *Passion* was given by Mr. Barnby's choir on Tuesday evening. The performance of this most difficult music was admirable, and needs no comment, all that could be done

[1] From *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, 2nd March 1872.

to make it attractive was done by chorus, orchestra, solo singers, and conductors, and we have no word of anything but praise for all the parties concerned. As regards the work itself we are compelled to speak very differently; we have heard it several times, and our distaste for it has increased on every occasion. We believe it to be one of the dreariest, most untuneful, undramatic, and utterly unlovely works that ever came from the pen of any musician. We are sorry to say so, for we are profound admirers of Bach's instrumental music, and believe that Handel himself was not superior to Bach when there was no human emotion or passion to be rendered, but unfortunately Handel's strength–dramatic effect, and sympathy with every emotion of the human heart –is Bach's weakness. If one removes Bach's difficulties by giving him no words to deal with, and if one removes Handel's opportunities by giving him no subject of human interest to treat, then the two men will stand on a level– but not till then.

The performance of such a work as Bach's *Passion* is a mistake. It misleads people into thinking that all " good music " must be of the same wearisome character. Even the chorales pall upon one after the first one or two; the recitatives are interminable and intolerable, the airs most irritating from their utter want of either " go " or melody, or feeling, or any other quality which can make an air delightful. The choruses are better, but they are little else than spasmodic snatches, scraps, fragments, bits of what would be fine as the middle of a chorus, but without method or articulation–no leading up to a climax and no letting down. The " Lightning and Thunder " chorus is better than most, but does not satisfy, and leaves the hearer irritated and disappointed. In some parts there are things which are simply flagrant violations of good taste, as the evidently intended musical allusion to the cock's crowing in the recitative, " Now Peter sat without in the Palace," an allusion not assigned to the instruments, but to the human voice, and later on in the same recitative the detestable whining on the words " wept

bitterly," which people actually applauded and seemed to want to hear a second time.

To change the subject, however. We were relieved in the very middle of Tuesday's heavy tedious performance by seeing the announcement that *Israel in Egypt* was to be given by Mr. Barnby's choir on Tuesday 5th March, and can confidently predict that the occasion will not be one which should be allowed to pass by the lover of good music.

We also notice with much pleasure Handel's *Solomon* is advertised for Friday, 15th March.

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